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The Isles of Azores

"The fight between the 'Revenge' and the 'San Philip,' off Flores."

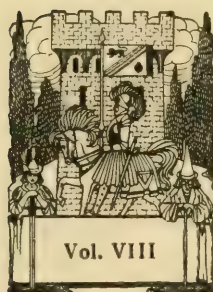
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Library for Young People

GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS DEEDS

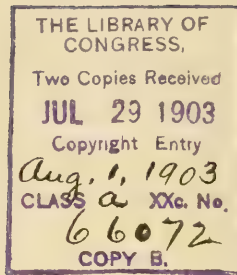
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
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NEW YORK
P. F. COLLIER & SON


1903



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INTRODUCTION

"Great men exist that there may be greater men."—EMERSON

REAT men are those who raise their heads above the multitude, not because they are different from other men, but because they have in a greater degree what is common to all. The world of men is like a sea of swimmers, in which only a few can keep their heads up to be seen and known, the rest sink and are forgotten in a common mediocrity.

"As rich as Cræsus" is a proverb. Few think of how precariously he held his vast possessions. Of him we are told that, defeated by Cyrus, the Persian king, he was about to be burned to death, when on the funeral pyre in the anguish of his heart he cried, "Solon! Solon! Solon!" and to Cyrus, inquiring what he meant, he related how, years before, Solon, the philosopher, had said to him, when he thought that he might rightly be called the happiest of mankind, "No; happiness belongs rather with poverty and virtue," and that Cyrus, struck by the

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remark, forbade his execution and made him his friend until his dying day. It is a pretty story, containing a wise philosophy of life and an example of a generous heart.

There are required for the hero the lofty spirit and the high endeavor. A man can not be called great who is hailed as such by the trumped-up applause of the unthinking multitude. How many such names the advancing years have obliterated as the sun burns off the seed sown in the scant soil of the rock, where no nourishment can give it vitality.

A name and nothing else!

No one who desires to know about the great men who have lived in the world can afford to be ignorant of the life of Julius Cæsar the Roman, whom Shakespeare called "the foremost man of all the world." Plutarch, the historian, wrote of him in his simple, charming way as he wrote of many another ancient monarch or distinguished man. Emerson said: "We can not read Plutarch without a tingling of the blood." His writings have been the nursery of great men for centuries.

In order to keep the names of distinguished men alive, cities, temples and monuments have been built and all have perished. Their names have been forgotten. But the names of the great are kept living in

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the hearts and minds of men, in books which are the true monuments of heroes.

The imagination is stirred by the alarm felt by the Greeks because of the threatened Persian invasion. The Greeks in that perilous time stood for the refinements of civilization. It would have been an irreparable loss had they yielded. They were a feeble folk, but they withstood the advancing hosts of the Persians, a million of men, with great patriotic ardor. Marathon and Salamis are names to stir the blood to-day. "Some things," says Froude, "and some persons deserve to be commemorated eternally."

Great occasions have inspired the pens of men to the putting forth of great works in the realm of literature. Many a poet who could not wield the sword has written with the pen in glowing, stirring words, in verses like trumpet sounds, to quicken the pulses, like painted pictures which make the old scenes live again. While men do brave and noble deeds the historians and biographers and poets are makers of their fame; especially the poets whose very name in the original Greek is maker. To these men, who have done in order that we may do, we owe a debt of gratitude. By their endeavors we are inspirited, by their zeal our hearts burn, by the splendor of their successes our lives shine as by reflected light, and in

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some rude way, it may be, and in poor fashion we may sometimes imitate their bright deeds. Nay, often the supreme quality of their actions, as by a natural succession, descend to later generations. Before they die they hand the torch to some unknown successor; and, as among the torch-bearing Greeks of old the light is kept burning in long line, the evidence as it were of the divine in our human nature.

As the Greeks of old feared the Persian invasion, so the Englishmen of a later day feared the haughty power of Spain. The Armada which Philip, their king, was building caused many a tremor to pass through the frames of the stout Englishmen. Was it possible that they could withstand the vast array of high-decked, tall-masted galleons? Whether they could or not, they meant to try, and try they did, succeeding well—the tempestuous sea, which wrecked many of the Spanish ships, coming to their aid. But what a time for England! and how the spirits of Englishmen rose to the occasion as the beacon lights flew from hill to hill throughout the “tight little island,” signals of the coming invasion.

“Far on the deep the Spaniards saw along each southern
shire

Cape beyond cape in endless range those twinkling points
of fire.”

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You may search the annals of naval history long and well, and go the world over in your quest, and you will not find in them, on any leaf, a record of a more heroic action than that which took place off the Azores between the English ship the "Revenge" and "an Armada of the navy of Spaine." It is a noteworthy circumstance that the great Sir Walter Raleigh wrote an interesting narrative of this action and that this account inspired Lord Tennyson to write his spirit-stirring ballad. Of this ballad, read to him by Tennyson, gruff old Thomas Carlyle said: "Eh! Alfred, you have got the grip of it."

There is an expressive line in the poem, coming as a kind of postlude to the great tragedy:

"And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the summer sea."

One night on reading this line, at his home, Tennyson turned to his guest, Joachim, the great violinist, and asked him: "Could you do that on your violin?"

Here is stout old Oliver Cromwell, great in his simplicity, leader of men, praised of noble poets like Milton and Marvell, in his own time, and yet his body was taken from the grave and hung on a gibbet at Tyburn as though he were a common malefactor, one who did more for England, it is possible to say,

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than any other monarch; and so for two hundred years his name was held in contumely by Church and State until Carlyle raised him up, put him on a pedestal, and brought him again to the favor of men. Of his greatness no man can dispute. Within the last three years two most prominent men have essayed to write his life, Theodore Roosevelt in the United States, John Morley in England. With Marvell we may say:

“And if we would speak true
Much to this man is due.”

Milton's tribute is significant of the esteem in which he was held by the men of his time—

“Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed.”

One who studies England's naval history finds it full of a panorama of brilliant and heroic actions. For centuries the keels of her ships have furrowed the great waters, her meteor flag has shone on every sea; the thunder of her guns has caused her enemies to tremble. “The Battle of the Baltic” is of double interest to every reader, in that it was a conflict of great importance in England's naval history; and also because it was the scene in which the great Nel-

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son played again a conspicuous part. The first two lines of the poem concisely describe it:

“Of Nelson and the north
Sing the glorious day’s renown.”

The battle will ever be Nelson’s battle, though he was not in chief command. So long as England has a ship to float his memory will be green.

A little island south of France gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte, a great soldier—the greatest soldier of modern times. A little island in mid-ocean saw him die. A small town in Belgium, a small European State, witnessed the culmination of his career. Waterloo has always been another name for defeat; and yet so great was Napoleon that, notwithstanding his utter defeat, his name survives and is more often on the lips of men than that of his successful rival, Wellington. Of Waterloo many men have written. Lord Byron’s lines are famous. The contrast between the gayety at the ball in Brussels on the eve of the battle and the sudden alarm at the signal to arms is finely brought out. And then the battle, a world-battle! How the historians have written of it, searching out its every minute incident. How brilliantly the English attacked, Yorkshire men and men of Devon; England, north and south; Scotsmen—

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Highlanders and Lowlanders; Irishmen, men of Ulster and of Cork! How defiantly the French troops fought, veterans of Jena and Austerlitz, of Wagram and of Leipsic! How happily Blücher came with reinforcements, as the gods were wont in pagan times to relieve the despairing hero in desperate straits, to turn the tide against the imperial guard fighting superbly; or how unhappily, it may seem, if one's sympathies are enlisted on the other side! Of that great epoch in European history, the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, what student of human nature, of political science, or of military warfare ever wearies?

Tennyson and Longfellow, contemporaneous poets, wrote each a stirring ballad; the Englishman, "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; the American, "Paul Revere's Ride." The charge of Balaklava in the Crimean War was a throwing away of brave men's lives, no less to be commemorated, however. "It was magnificent," said General Bosquet; "but it was not war." Paul Revere rode at midnight to let the colonists know that the redcoat soldiers of Great Britain were on the march, to awaken them to the conflict which established a free government to be a blessing to mankind. We read Tennyson's poem to learn how brave men may die charging even "the

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mouth of hell," in desperate valor. We read Longfellow's poem to understand how alert a brave people were to resent any interference with those rights which their forefathers had won through centuries of conflict.

There is a famous stanza in Emerson's "Concord Hymn" which American orators are fond of quoting:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once th' embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

He who reads McMaster's "Carmen Bellicosum" can not fail to catch somewhat of "the spirit of '76." The poem has a rhythm of fife and drum, the inspiring melody of a battle march—

"In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals
Yielding not."

There came to the American people in 1861 the Civil War, with its countless brave heroes on either side. Men willing to fight for a principle. To all their questions of duty the drum answered, "Come." Not one regiment only, like the New York Seventh, but many marched down Broadway with men like Theodore Winthrop at their head and in their ranks, to the music of cheering voices.

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Barbara Frietchie's gray head won the reverence of men who knew what loyalty to conviction meant. General "Stonewall" Jackson won fame as a soldier and as a man loyal to his religious convictions; and General Sheridan—Phil Sheridan—showed what can be done when the fortunes of battle are at lowest ebb. The high tide was reached at Gettysburg, the tide of war and as well the culmination of the great Lincoln's fame, than whom no ruler was ever greater in his simplicity. In addition to simplicity and honesty, Lincoln possessed the essential qualities of a heroic nature, courage and self-denial. To these must be added a fortuitous requisite, publicity; for a great man is not great, nor does a man become a hero, until his greatness or his heroism is known. Lincoln was privileged to play his part on a wide stage with all mankind for an audience. At Gettysburg he delivered a memorable address, a gem of literature, in which occurs this oft-quoted sentence—a counsel of brave doing for all time—"The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

To these men, who have done in order that we may do, we owe a debt of gratitude.

EDWARD KIRK RANSON.

GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS DEEDS

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GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS DEEDS

THE STORY OF KING CRÆSUS

CRÆSUS, the son of Alyattes, began to reign over Lydia, being thirty and five years old. This Cræsus made war upon all the Greeks that dwelt in the western parts of Asia, seeking some occasion of quarrel with every city. And if he could find some great matter, he used it gladly; but if not, a little thing would serve his turn. Now, the first of all the cities which he fought against was Ephesus; and when the Ephesians were besieged by him they offered their city as an offering to the goddess Artemis, fastening a rope to the wall from her temple. (The space between the temple and the wall was seven furlongs.) All the cities of the Greeks that are on the mainland did Cræsus subdue, so that they paid tribute to him. And when he had ended this business, he purposed in his heart to build ships, and to make war on the Greeks that dwelt in the islands. But when all things were now ready for the building of the ships, there came to Sardis a certain Greek, a man renowned for wisdom. Some say that this

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Greek was Bias, the wise man of Priene, and some that he was Pittacus of Mitylene. This Greek caused Cræsus to cease from his shipbuilding, for when the King would know whether he had any news from Greece, he said to him, "O King, the islanders are buying ten thousand horses, that they may set riders upon them, and so march against thee and thy city of Sardis." When Cræsus heard this he was glad, hoping that the man spake truth, and said, "Now may the Gods put this into the hearts of the islanders, that they should make war with horses against the sons of the Lydians." Then the Greek answered and said, "O King, I see that thou prayest with all thy heart that thou mayest find the islanders coming against thee here on the mainland with horses, and verily thou doest well. What then dost thou think that the islanders pray for now that they know thee to be building ships? Surely that they may find the Lydians coming against them on the sea, that so they may take vengeance on thee for their brethren on the mainland, whom thou hast brought into slavery." This saying pleased King Cræsus mightily; and because the Greek seemed to him to speak truly, he ceased straightway from his shipbuilding, and made alliance with the Greeks that dwelt in the islands.

Now after certain years, when all Asia that lieth to the westward of the river Halys had been subdued by Cræsus (only Lydia and Cilicia were not sub-

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dued), and his kingdom flourished with great wealth and honor, there came to Sardis all the wise men of the Greeks, as many as there were in those days. But the greatest of all that came was Solon of Athens. This Solon had made laws for the Athenians, for they would have him make them, and afterward he dwelt abroad for ten years. And he said that he did this that he might see foreign countries; but in truth he departed that he might not be compelled to change any of the laws that he had made. For the Athenians themselves could not change any, having bound themselves with great oaths to Solon, that they would live for the space of ten years under the laws which he had made for them.

Solon therefore came to Sardis, and Cræsus entertained him in his palace. And on the third or fourth day after his coming the King commanded his servants that they should show Solon all the royal treasures. So the servants showed him all the things that the King possessed, a very great store of riches. And when he had seen everything and considered it, and a fitting time was come, the King said to him, "Man of Athens, I have heard much of thee in time past, of thy wisdom and of thy journeyings to and fro, for they say that thou wanderest over many lands, seeking for knowledge. I have therefore a desire to ask of thee one question: 'Whom thinkest thou to be the happiest of all the men that thou hast seen?' " And this he said hoping that Solon would

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answer, "Thou, O King, art the happiest man that I have seen." But Solon flattered him not a whit, but spake the truth, saying, "O King, the happiest man that I have seen was Tellus the Athenian." Then Cræsus, marvelling much at these words, said, "And why thinkest thou that Tellus the Athenian was the happiest of men?" Then Solon answered, "Tellus saw his country in great prosperity, and he had children born to him that were fair and noble, and to each of these also he saw children born, of whom there died not one. Thus did all things prosper with him in life, as we count prosperity, and the end of his days also was great and glorious; for when the Athenians fought with certain neighbors of theirs in Eleusis, he came to the help of his countrymen against their enemies, and put these to flight, and so died with great honor; and the whole people of the Athenians buried him in the same place wherein he fell, and honored him greatly."

But when Solon had ended speaking to the King of Tellus, how happy he was, the King asked him again, "Whom, then, hast thou seen that was next in happiness to this Tellus?" For he thought to himself, "Surely now he will give me the second place." Then Solon said, "I judge Cleobis and Biton to have been second in happiness to Tellus."

Cleobis and Biton were youths of the city of Argos. They had a livelihood such as sufficed them; and their strength was greater than that of other men.

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For not only did they win prizes of strength, but also they did this thing that shall now be told. The men of Argos held a feast to Heré, who hath a great and famous temple in their city; and it must needs be that the mother of the two young men, being priestess of Heré, should be drawn in a wagon from the city to the temple; but the oxen that should have drawn the wagon were not yet come from the fields. Then, as the time pressed and the matter was urgent, the young men harnessed themselves to the wagon and dragged it, and their mother the priestess sat upon it. And the space for which they dragged it was forty and five furlongs; and so they came to the temple. And when they had done this in the eyes of all the assembly, there befell them such a death that nothing could be more to be desired; the Gods, indeed, making it manifest that it is far better for a man to die than to live. For indeed the thing fell out thus. When all the people of Argos came about the woman and her sons, and the men praised the youths for their great strength, and the women praised the mother that she had borne such noble sons, the mother in the joy of her heart stood before the image and prayed that the goddess would give to her sons, even Cleobis and Biton, that which the Gods judge it best for a man to have. And when the priestess had so prayed, and the young men had offered sacrifice, and made merry with their companions, they lay down to sleep in the temple, and

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woke not again, but so ended their days. And the men of Argos commanded the artificers that they should make statues of the young men, and these they offered to the god at Delphi.

But when Solon thus gave the second place of happiness to these young men, King Cræsus was very wroth, and said, "Man of Athens, thou countest my happiness as nothing worth, not deeming me fit to be compared even with common men." Then Solon made answer, "O Cræsus, thou askest me about mortal life to say whether it be happy or no, but I know that the Gods are jealous and apt to bring trouble upon men. I know also that if a man's years be prolonged he shall see many things that he would fain not see, ay, and suffer many things also. Now I reckon that the years of a man's life are threescore and ten, and that in these years there are twenty and five thousand days and two hundred. For this is the number, if a man reckon not the intercalated month. But if he reckon this, seeing that in threescore and ten years are thirty and five such months, and the days of these months are one thousand and fifty, the then whole sum of the days of a man's life is twenty and six thousand two hundred and fifty. Now of these days, being so many, not one bringeth to a man things like to those which another hath brought. Wherefore, O King, the whole life of man is full of chance. I see indeed that thou hast exceeding great wealth and art king of many men.

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But as to that which thou askest of me, I call thee not happy, till I shall know that thou hast ended thy days prosperously. For the man that hath exceeding great riches is in no wise happier than he that hath sufficient only for the day, unless good fortune also remain with him, and give him all things that are to be desired, even unto the end of his days. For many men that are wealthy beyond measure are nevertheless unhappy, and many that have neither poverty nor riches have yet great happiness, and he that is exceeding rich and unhappy withal, excelleth him that hath moderate possessions with happiness in two things only, but the other excelleth in many things. For the first hath the more strength to satisfy the desires of the soul, and also to bear up against any misfortunes that cometh upon him; but the second hath not this strength; and indeed he needeth it not, for his good fortune keepeth such things far from him. Also he is whole in body, and of good health, neither doth misfortune trouble him, and he hath good children, and is fair to look upon. And if, over and above these things, he also end his life well, then I judge him to be the happy man whom thou seekest. But till he die, so long do I hold my judgment, and call him not happy indeed, but fortunate. It is impossible also that any man should comprehend in his life all things that be good. For even as a country sufficeth not for itself nor produceth all things, but hath certain things of its own

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and receiveth certain from others, and as that country which produceth the most is counted the best, even so is it with men, for no man's body sufficeth for all things, but hath one thing and lacketh another. Whosoever, O King, keepeth ever the greatest store of things, and so endeth his life in a seemly fashion, this man deserveth in my judgment to be called happy. But we must needs regard the end of all things, how they shall turn out; for the Gods give to many men some earnest of happiness, but yet in the end overthrow them utterly."

These were the words of Solon. But they pleased not King Cræsus by any means. Therefore the King made no account of him, and dismissed him as being a foolish and ignorant person, seeing that he took no heed of the blessings that men have in their hands, bidding them always have regard unto their end.

Now it came to pass after Solon had departed from Sardis that there came great wrath from the Gods upon King Cræsus, and this, doubtless, because he judged himself to be the happiest of all men. And it happened in this wise. He saw a vision in his sleep, that told him of the trouble that should come upon him with respect to his son. For the King had two sons; but the one was afflicted of the Gods, being dumb from his birth, but the other far surpassed his equals of age in all things. And the name of this son was Atys. Now the vision that he saw in his sleep showed him that Atys should be smitten with a spear-

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point of iron, and so die. Therefore when he woke from his sleep and considered the matter, being much terrified by the dream, he sought how he might best keep his son from this peril. First, then, he married him to a wife; and next, he suffered him not to go forth any more to battle, though he had been wont aforetime to be the captain of the host; and, besides all this, he took away all javelins and spears, and such like things that men are wont to use in battle, from the chambers of the men, and stored them elsewhere, lest perchance one of them should fall from its place where it hung upon the wall and give the youth a hurt.

Now it chanced that while the matter of the young man's marriage was in hand, there came to Sardis a certain stranger, upon whom there had come the great trouble of blood-guiltiness. The man was a Phrygian by birth, and of the royal house: and he came into the palace of Cræsus, after the custom of that country, and sought for one that should cleanse him from his guilt; and Cræsus cleansed him. (Now the matter of cleansing is the same, for the most part, among the Lydians as it is among the Greeks.) And when the King had done for him according to all that was prescribed in the law, he would fain know who he was, and whence he had come. Wherefore, he asked him, saying, "My friend, who art thou? and from what city of Phrygia—for that thou art a Phrygian I know—art thou come, taking sanctuary at my

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hearth? And what man or woman didst thou slay?" And the man answered, "O King, I am the son of Gordias, the son of Midas, and my name is Adrastus, and I slew my own brother, not wittingly. For this cause am I come to thee, for my father drave me out from my home, and I am utterly bereft of all things." To this King Cræsus made reply, "Thou art the son of friends, and to a friend art thou come. Verily as long as thou abidest here thou shalt lack for nothing that I can give thee. And as for thy trouble, it will be best for thee to bear it as easily as may be." So the man lived thenceforth in the King's palace.

Now about this time there was a mighty wild boar in Olympus, that is a mountain of Mysia. It had its den in the mountain, and going out thence did much damage to the possessions of the Mysians; and the Mysians had often sought to slay him, but harmed him not at all, but rather received harm themselves. At the last they sent messengers to the King; who stood before him, and said, "O King, a mighty monster of a wild boar hath his abode in our country and destroyeth our possessions, and though we would fain kill him we cannot. Now therefore we pray thee that thou wilt send thy son, and chosen youths with him, and dogs for hunting, that they may go with us, and that we may drive this great beast out of our land." But when they made this request Cræsus remembered the dream which he had dreamed, and said, "As to my son, talk no more about

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him, for I will by no means let him go, seeing that the youth is newly married to a wife, and careth now for other things. But chosen youths of the Lydians shall go with you, and all the hunting dogs that I have; and I will bid them to do their utmost to help you, that ye may drive this wild beast out of your land."

This was the King's answer; and the Mysians were fain to be content with it. But in the meanwhile the youth came in, for he had heard what the Mysians demanded of his father; and he spake to the King, saying, "O my father, I was wont aforetime to win for myself great credit and honor going forth to battle and to hunting. But now thou forbiddest me both the one and the other, not having seen any cowardice in me or lack of spirit. Tell me, my father, what countenance can I show to my fellows when I go to the market, or when I come from thence? What manner of man do I seem to be to my countrymen? and what manner of man to the wife that I have newly married? What thinketh she of her husband? Let me therefore go to this hunting, or, if not, prove to me that it is better for me to live as I am living this day." To this Cræsus made answer, "My son, I have seen no cowardice or baseness or any such thing in thee; but there appeared to me a vision in my sleep, and it stood over me and said that thy days should be few, for that thou shouldest die being smitten by a spear-point of iron. For this reason I

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made this marriage for thee, and send thee not forth on such occasions as I was wont to send thee on, keeping thee under guard, if so be that I may shield thee from thy fate at the least so long as I shall live. For thou art now my only son, for of him whom the Gods have afflicted, making him dumb, I take no count." To this the young man made answer, "Thou hast good reason, my father, to keep guard over me, seeing that thou hast had such a dream concerning me; yet I will tell thee a thing that thou hast not understood nor comprehended in the dream. Thou sayest that the vision told thee that I should perish by a spear-point of iron. Consider now, therefore, what hands hath a wild boar and what spear-point of iron, that thou shouldest fear for me? For if indeed the vision had said that I should perish by a tooth, or by any other thing that is like to a tooth, then thou mightest well do what thou doest; but seeing that it spake of a spear-point, not so. Now, therefore, that we have not to do battle with men, but with beasts, I pray thee that thou let me go." Then said King Cræsus, "It is well said, my son; as to the dream, thou hast persuaded me. Therefore I have changed my purpose, and suffer thee to go to this hunting."

When he had said this, he sent for Adrastus the Phrygian; and when the man was come into his presence, he spake, saying, "Adrastus, I took thee when thou wast afflicted with a grievous trouble, though indeed with this I upbraid thee not, and I cleansed

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thee from thy guilt, and received thee into my palace, and sustained thee without any cost of thine. Now, therefore, it is well that thou shouldest make me some return for all these benefits. I would make thee keeper of my son now that he goeth forth to this hunting, if it should chance that any robbers or such folk should be found on the way to do him hurt. Moreover, it becometh thee, for thine own sake, to go on an errand from which thou mayest win renown; for thou art of a royal house and art besides valiant and strong." To this Adrastus made answer, "O King, I had not indeed gone to this sport but for thy words. For he to whom such trouble hath come as hath come to me should not company with happy men; nor indeed hath he the will to do it. But now, as thou art earnest in this matter, I must needs yield to thy request. Therefore I am ready to do as thou wilt; be sure, therefore, that I will deliver thee thy son, whom thou biddest me keep, safe and unhurt, so far as his keeper may so do." So the young men departed, and chosen youths with them, and dogs for hunting. And when they were come to the mountain of Olympus they searched for the wild boar, and when they had found it, they stood in a circle about it, and threw their spears at it. And so it fell out that this stranger, the same that had been cleansed from the guilt of manslaying, whose name was Adrastus, throwing his spear at the wild boar and missing his aim, smote the son of Cræsus. And the youth died

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of the wound, so that the vision of the King was fulfilled, that he should die by a spear-point. And straightway there ran one to tell the thing to Cræsus. And when he had come to Sardis, he told the King how they had fought with the wild boar, and how his son had died.

Cræsus was very grievously troubled by the death of his son; and this the more because he had been slain by the man whom he had himself cleansed from the guilt of blood. And in his great grief he cried out very vehemently against the Gods, and specially against Zeus, the god of cleansing, seeing that he had cleansed this stranger, and now suffered grievous wrong at his hands. He reproached him also as the god of hospitality and of friendship—of hospitality, because he had entertained this man, and knew not that he was entertaining the slayer of his own son; and of friendship, because he had sent him to be a keeper and friend to his son, yet had found him to be an enemy and destroyer. And when he had done speaking there came Lydians bearing the dead body of the young man, and the slayer followed behind. So soon, therefore, as the man was come into the presence of the King, he gave himself up, stretching forth his hands, and bidding the King slay him on the dead body. And he spake of the dreadful deed that he had done before, and that now he had added to it a worse thing, bringing destruction on him that had cleansed him; and he cried out that he was not fit to

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live. But when Cræsus heard him speak, he pitied him, for all that he was in grievous trouble of his own, and spake to him, "I have had from thee, O my friend, all the vengeance that I need, seeing that thou hast pronounced sentence of death against thyself. But indeed thou art not the cause of this trouble, save only that thou hast brought it to pass unwittingly; some god is the cause, the same that long since foretold to me this very thing that hath now befallen me." So Cræsus buried his son with all due rites. But Adrastus the son of Gordias the son of Midas, that had been the slayer of his own brother, and had now slain the son of him that had cleansed him, waited behind till all men had left the sepulchre, and then slew himself upon it; for he knew that of all the men in the world he was the most unhappy.

For the space of two years did King Cræsus sit sorrowing for his son. But in the third year his thoughts were turned to other matters. For he heard that the kingdom of Astyages the son of Cyaxares had been overthrown by Cyrus the son of Cambyses, and that the power of the Persians increased day by day. For which reason it seemed good to him that he should prevent this people, if by any means he could, before they should become too mighty for him. And so soon as he had conceived this purpose in his heart, he made trial of all the oracles that are both in Europe and in Asia, sending messengers to

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Delphi, and to Abæ that belongeth to Phocis, and to Dodona. Also he sent to the oracles of Amphiaraüs, and of Trophonius, and of Branchidæ that is in Miletus. These are the oracles in the land of Greece of which he sent to inquire, and in Libya he sent to the oracle of Hammon. First he sent to make trial of all these whether they should be found to know the truth about a certain thing, purposing that if they should be so found he would send to them yet again and inquire whether he should take it in hand to make war against the Persians. Now he had given commandment to the messengers whom he sent to make trial of the oracles, that they should reckon the days diligently from the day whereon they set out from Sardis, and that on the hundredth day they should inquire of the oracles, saying, "What doth Cræsus the son of Alyattes, king of Lydia, chance to be doing this day?" and that they should write down the words of the oracle and bring them back to him. Now what the other oracles answered no man knows; but at Delphi, so soon as the Lydians were come into the temple to inquire of the god, the Pythia, for so they called the priestess that uttereth the mind of the god, spake, saying—

"I know the number of the sand,
I know the measures of the sea;
The dumb man's speech I understand,
Though naught he say, 'tis clear to me.
I smell a savor new and sweet;
Strange is the feast the Lydians keep;

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Mingled in brazen caldron meet
The tortoise flesh and flesh of sheep;
Around the burning embers glow,
With brass above and brass below."

These words the Lydians wrote down from the mouth of the Pythia, and so departed, and went their way to Sardis. The other messengers also came, bringing with them the oracles that had been delivered to them. Then the King opened each and read the writing; and not one of them pleased him. But when he knew the answer that had been brought from Delphi, forthwith he prayed and received it with reverence, for he judged that there was no true oracle in the world save that of Delphi only, seeing that it had discovered the very thing that he was doing. For after that he had sent his messengers to the oracles, when the appointed day was come, he devised this device. He imagined something that could not, he thought, by any means be discovered; for he chopped up together the flesh of a tortoise and the flesh of a lamb, and cooked them himself in a brazen caldron, upon which he had put a lid of brass. This was the answer that came to Cræsus from Delphi; but as to the oracle of Amphiaraüs, the answer that it made to the messengers when they had duly inquired of it no man knows, yet did Cræsus think that this also was a true oracle.

Here shall be told the story of Alcmaëon of Athens, to whom Cræsus sent bidding him come to

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Sardis, for that he had helped the King's messengers when they inquired of the god at Delphi, furthering their business with all diligence. And when Alcmaeon was come, the King said to him that he should be permitted to go into his treasury, and take therefrom for himself all the gold that he could carry on his body. Then Alcmaeon prepared himself for this business. First he clothed himself with a tunic, in which he made a great fold for a pocket; and next he got him the widest and biggest boots that he could find, and so went into the treasury. And lighting on a heap of dust of gold he filled his boots with it as much as they would contain, even up to his knees; and also the fold of his tunic he filled with gold; also into his hair he put so much of the dust as it would contain. Other gold he took into his mouth, and so made his way out of the treasury; but scarcely could he drag his boots after him; and indeed he seemed like to anything rather than to a man, for his mouth was filled out and swollen beyond all a man's semblance. And when Cræsus saw him he laughed, and gave him all that gold and as much more. This was the beginning of the wealth of the house of Alcmaeon.

After this King Cræsus sought to propitiate the god that was in Delphi with many and great sacrifices. For first he sacrificed three thousand beasts of all such as it is lawful to offer to the Gods, and next he builded up a great pile of couches that were covered with gold and silver, and of cups of gold,

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and of purple garments and tunics, and set fire to the pile, for he thought that by so doing he should make the god a friend to him. And he gave commandment to the Lydians that they should sacrifice in like manner every one of them such things as they had. And when this sacrifice was ended, he melted a great store of gold, and made bricks of it. Of these the bigger sort were six hand-breadths in length, and the smaller three hand-breadths, and all of them a hand-breadth in height. There were one hundred and sixteen of these bricks in all, four of them being of pure gold, and weighing each one talent and half a talent, and the rest of gold that was mixed with alloy; these weighed two talents to the brick. Also he made the image of a lion of pure gold, ten talents in weight. This lion, when the temple of Delphi was burned, fell down from the bricks (for it had been set up on them); and how it lieth in the treasury of the Corinthians, and weigheth seven talents and half a talent.

When Cræsus had finished casting these bricks, he sent them to Delphi and other things with them; to wit, two very great mixing bowls, of gold the one, and of silver the other. The bowl of gold lieth now in the treasury of the Corinthians, being in weight four talents and half a talent and twelve ounces. And the silver bowl lieth in the corner of the ante-chamber. It holdeth six hundred firkins; and the Delphians mix wine in it at the feast of the Showing of the Images. Also he sent four silver casks, that

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stand now in the treasury of the Corinthians, and two vessels for sprinkling water, of gold the one, and of silver the other. On the gold bowl are written these words: "This the Lacedæmonians offered to the god." But these words are not true, for a certain man of Delphi (whose name, though it be known, shall not be mentioned in this place) engraved them, thinking to please the Lacedæmonians. Yet the boy, through whose hand the water flows, is an offering of the Lacedæmonians, but of the vessels themselves neither the one nor the other. Other offerings of no great account did Cræsus send to Delphi. Yet of one must mention be made; to wit, the golden statue of a woman three cubits in height. This the men of Delphi affirm to be the likeness of the bread-cutter of King Cræsus. Also the King offered to the god the necklace of his wife and her girdles also. He sent gifts likewise to the temple of Amphiaraüs.

Now Cræsus gave commandment to the Lydians that carried these offerings for him to Delphi and to the temple of Amphiaraüs that they should inquire of the oracles whether or no he should make war against the Persians, and whether he should seek to gain for himself any allies that should help him. So when the Lydians that had been sent on this errand were come, they inquired of the oracles, saying, "Cræsus, King of the Lydians, and of other nations, holding these to be the only truth-speaking oracles that are among men, sendeth to you gifts that are

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worthy of your wisdom, and would now inquire of you whether he shall make war against the Persians, and also in what nations he shall seek for allies for himself." These are the things that the messengers of Cræsus inquired of the oracles, and the two agreed together in their answers; for first they said, "If Cræsus make war against the Persians, he shall bring to the ground a great empire," and next they counselled him to find out who of the Greeks were the most powerful at that season, and to make them his allies. This answer rejoiced the King exceedingly, for he made sure that he should bring the empire of Cyrus and the Persians to the ground. Wherefore he sent again to Delphi, and gave to every man two gold pieces, having first inquired how many men there were in the city; for which bounty the people of Delphi gave in return to him and all other Lydians that they should have first approach to the oracle, and should be free of tribute, and should have the chief seat at feasts and games. Also that any man of Lydia might, if he so willed, be free of the city of Delphi.

After he had bestowed this bounty on the men of Delphi, Cræsus inquired of the oracle the third time; for now that he had assured himself that it spake the truth, he was instant in using of it. Therefore he inquired of it again; and this time he would fain know whether his kingdom should remain for many years. To this the oracle answered these words—

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“Man of Lydia, when the mule
O'er the Medians' land shall rule,
Think of name and fame no more,
Fly by Hermus' stony shore.”

And Cræsus, when he heard these words, was yet more exceedingly delighted, for he said to himself, “Surely now a mule shall never be king of the Medes in the place of a man. Wherefore this kingdom shall abide to me and my children after me forever.” After this he inquired what city of the Greeks was the most powerful at that season; and he found that there were two cities excelling in strength; to wit, Athens and Sparta, but that of these the city of Athens was much troubled by strife within itself, but that Sparta was prosperous exceedingly, and had of late years subdued unto itself the greater part of the island of Pelops, in which island it is. For these causes he sent messengers to Sparta with gifts, who spake after this manner, “Cræsus, King of Lydia and of other nations, hath sent us, saying, ‘Men of Lacedæmon, the god, even Apollo, hath commanded me that I should make to myself friends of the Greeks, whomsoever I should find to be the strongest. Now, therefore, seeing that I find you to be the chiefest people in Greece, I do the bidding of the oracle, and come to you, and would have you for my friends and allies in all honesty and good faith.’” These words King Cræsus spake by the mouth of his messengers. And the thing pleased the Lacedæmonians well, for

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they also had heard the words of the oracle; and they made a treaty with Cræsus, and confirmed their friendship and alliance with an oath. And indeed there had been certain kindnesses done to their city by King Cræsus aforetime. For they had sent messengers to Sardis to buy gold for a certain statue that they would make; but when they sought to buy it, Cræsus gave it to them for a gift. For this cause the Lacedæmonians made alliance with Cræsus; also they were well pleased that he had chosen them out of all the Greeks to be his friends. So they made themselves ready to help him when he should call upon them; and they prepared a mixing bowl of brass, wrought on the outside of it with divers figures of beasts about the brim. This bowl held three hundred firkins; and the Lacedæmonians thought fit to give it to Cræsus in return for the things that he had given to them. Now the bowl came never to Sardis; but as to why it came not some say one thing and some say another. The Lacedæmonians say indeed that when the men that had charge of it were near to the island of Samos, the Samians came forth with ships of war, and assailed them and took away the bowl from them. But the men of Samos say that they who had charge of it, when they found that the time had passed, Sardis being now taken by Cyrus, sold the bowl in Samos, and that certain persons bought it and offered it for an offering in the temple of Heré. Perchance the truth of the matter is this,

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that the men sold it indeed, yet affirmed when they were returned to Sparta that the Samians had taken it by force. And this is the story of the bowl.

After these things Cræsus marched with a great army into the land of Cappadocia, not reading the oracle aright, but hoping that he should bring to the ground the power of Cyrus and the Persians. And while he was yet making preparations for war there came to him a certain man of Lydia whose name was Sandanis. The man had been before accounted wise, but thenceforth had such renown for wisdom among the Lydians as had none beside. The man spake thus, "O King, the men against whom thou art preparing to make war have tunics of leather, and all their other garments also are of leather, and for food they have not what they would but what they can get, and the country wherein they dwell is rocky and barren. Also they use not wine, but drink water only; nor have they figs to eat, nor indeed any good thing. If therefore, O King, thou shalt conquer these men, what wilt thou take from them, for indeed they have nothing. But if they should prevail over thee, think what good things thou wilt lose. For when they have once tasted our good things they will hold fast by them, nor wilt thou drive them away. As for me, I thank the Gods that they have not put it into the hearts of the Persians to march against the land of Lydia." For it was so that the Persians before they conquered the Lydians had no good things of their

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own. For all that Sandanis prevailed not with King Cræsus to turn him from his purpose.

King Cræsus, being steadfastly purposed to make war with the Persians, marched into the land of the Cappadocians, wherein is the river Halys, being the boundary between his kingdom and the kingdom of Cyrus. Now the reasons that King Cræsus had for making war were these. First, he desired to enlarge the borders of his dominion, adding thereto the land of the Persians; and next, he had it in his heart to avenge upon Cyrus his sister's husband Astyages; for Cyrus had subdued him, and taken from him his kingdom, as shall be told hereafter. But how it came to pass that Cræsus was brother-in-law to Astyages shall be told at this present. Certain families of the wandering Scythians, being at variance with their own people, fled into the land of the Medes, the King of the Medes in those days being Cyaxares, the son of Phraortes. This Cyaxares at the first dealt kindly with these Scythians, as being men who were suppliants for his grace. And indeed he made so much of them that he put with them certain children who should learn their language and the art of shooting with the bow, in which they excel. Now the Scythians were wont to go hunting every day, and failed not to bring home venison; but after a while, on a certain day it chanced that they brought home nothing. And when King Cyaxares saw them returning with empty hands he was wroth with them,

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and entreated them shamefully, being indeed a man of violent temper. Then the Scythians bethought them how they might avenge themselves for this dishonor; whereupon they took one of the children whom they were teaching, and cut him into pieces, and dressed the flesh as they were wont to dress the venison which they took in hunting, and gave it to the King as if it were some wild beast which they had slain. But so soon as they had given it they fled to Alyattes at Sardis; and Cyaxares and his guests eat of the meat which had been prepared in this fashion.

Now when the King heard how the Scythians had dealt with him, he sent to Alyattes and demanded that they should be given over to him for punishment, but Alyattes would not. After this there was war between the Lydians and the Medes for five years; and in this war the Lydians oftentimes had the advantage, and the Medes also oftentimes. But when they had fought against each other with equal fortune for five years, it so befell that in the sixth year, when they joined battle for the first time, the day became dark as the night. And this change of day into night Thales of Miletus had foretold, and indeed had appointed for it the selfsame year wherein it happened. But when the Lydians and the Medes saw what had befallen, they were the more eager to make peace the one with the other; and they that brought about this agreement were Syennesis of Cilicia, and Labynetus of Babylon. These caused

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that the two kings should make a treaty the one with the other and should confirm it with an oath. Moreover, they made a covenant that Alyattes should give his daughter Aryenis to the son of Cyaxares to wife, and this son was Astyages; for they knew that such treaties stand not firm without there be some bond by which they that make them are bound. As for these nations they make oaths in the same fashion as do the Greeks; only they add this, that they make a cutting upon their arms, and they lick up the blood each man from the arm of the other.

When Cræsus with his army was come to the river Halys, he was in great doubt how he should cross it. But Thales of Miletus, who chanced to be in the camp of the King, contrived a device by which it was done. For he caused that the river, which before had flowed on the left hand of the army, should flow upon the right hand. And this he did by digging a deep ditch into which the river was turned before it came to the place where the army was encamped; and this, being made of the shape of a crescent, was carried in the rear of the army, and so was brought again into the river. Thus was the stream of the Halys divided between the river and the ditch; and being divided it could easily be crossed. Some stories say that the river was wholly dried up, all the water flowing into the ditch. But this is altogether incredible, for if the whole river had been turned into the ditch, how could King Cræsus with

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his army have crossed it when he returned from the battle with Cyrus to Sardis? And indeed it is scarcely to be believed that the river was so turned, though this story be commonly told among the Greeks, who say that there were no bridges over the Halys in those days, but rather it is to be believed that there were bridges, and that the King led his army across by them.

When Cræsus had crossed the Halys he came to a city of Cappadocia that was called Pterium; and this Pterium was the biggest and strongest city of those parts, lying as near as may be over against Sinope, which is on the Black Sea. This city Cræsus took by assault, and sold all the dwellers therein for slaves, and took also all the towns thereof, and removed out of the place where they dwelt all the people, though indeed they had done him no wrong. When Cyrus heard that King Cræsus was come against him, he also gathered his army together and went to meet him, taking with him as many as dwelt on the way by which he marched. But before that he set out he sent out heralds to the Ionians, bidding them revolt from Cræsus, whom indeed they served unwillingly; but the Ionians would not hearken to him. Cyrus therefore came up and pitched his camp over against the camp of the Lydians, which was near to the city Pterium; and after a while the two kings joined battle. And the battle waxed hot, and many were slain on both sides, but neither gained the advantage; and

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when it was night they separated perforce. But Cræsus was ill content with the number of his army, for it was less by many thousands than the army of Cyrus. For which reason on the next day, seeing that Cyrus came not forth from his camp to assail him, he departed with all haste, returning to Sardis, for he had it in his mind to call the Egyptians to his help, according to his covenant with them, for he had made alliance with Amasis, king of Egypt, before he made alliance with the Lacedæmonians. Also he would send for help to the men of Babylon, for with these also he had alliance; and in those days Laby-netus was king of Babylon. Lastly he sent a summons to the Lacedæmonians that they should send an army to him at the appointed time. For his purpose was that he should gather together all these his allies, and should also collect as great an army as might be of his own people, and so, when the winter was past, and the spring was come again, should march against the Persians.

Having therefore these thoughts in his heart, so soon as he came to Sardis he sent heralds to Babylon, and to Egypt, and to Sparta, saying that they should send each of them an army to him at Sardis in the fifth month from that time; but as for the soldiers that he had hired with money, these he sent away, suffering them to be altogether scattered, for it did not so much as enter his thoughts that Cyrus, seeing that he had not done more than fight with him on

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equal terms, would march against Sardis. Now while he was busy considering these things there befell this marvel, that the whole space before the city was filled with serpents, and that so soon as the serpents were seen there the horses, leaving their accustomed pasture, fell to and devoured them. This thing Cræsus held to be a portent, as indeed it was; and straightway he sent messengers to Telmessus, where there are those that interpret such things. But these messengers, though indeed they went to Telmessus and heard from the interpreters what the meaning of this portent might be, were not able to show the matter to the King; for before that they came back to Sardis King Cræsus had been vanquished and taken prisoner. But the meaning of the portent according to the interpreters of Telmessus was this, "Let Cræsus look to see an army of strangers in his land; and let him know that when this army is come to his land it will subdue the inhabitants thereof; for the serpent is a son of the land, but the horse is a stranger and an enemy." This was the answer of the interpreters of Telmessus; and they made it when Cræsus was already vanquished, but they knew nothing of that which had befallen Sardis and the king thereof.

But so soon as Cræsus had departed after the battle at Pterium, Cyrus, knowing that he had it in his thought to scatter his army, judged that he should do well if he marched straightway against Sardis be-

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fore that the Lydians could gather themselves together against him a second time. And this thing he did without delay. For he marched into the land of Lydia with all haste; nor did Cræsus receive any message of his coming before that he saw the King himself with his army. Then was Cræsus sorely perplexed, for the matter had turned out wholly against his expectations. Nevertheless he took heart and led out the Lydians to battle. And indeed in those days there was not in the whole land of Asia any nation that was more stalwart and valiant than the nation of the Lydians. The people were accustomed to fight from horseback, carrying long spears, nor were there any horsemen more skilful. The Lydians therefore and the Persians were arrayed one against the other in the plain that lieth before Sardis, and this plain is very great and wholly bare of trees. But when Cyrus saw the array of the Lydians he was afraid of their horsemen, so many and well equipped were they. Then a certain Mede, Harpagus by name, counselled him what he should do, and Cyrus hearkened to him. He took all the camels that followed his army, carrying victuals and baggage, and taking their burdens from them, set riders upon them, arming all of them as horsemen. And having so furnished the camels, he commanded that they should go before his army against the horsemen of Cræsus. And behind the camels he put the foot soldiers, and behind the foot soldiers the horsemen. And when

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the whole army was drawn up in battle array, he straightway commanded them that they should slay all else of the Lydians who might fall in their way, but that Cræsus himself they should not slay, not even if he should defend himself when they laid hands upon him. Now the reason why he set the camels in array against the horsemen was this. The horse is sore afraid of the camel, and cannot endure to look upon the shape of the beast or to smell the smell. For this cause therefore he used this device, that the King of the Lydians might find no gain from his horsemen, by whom he hoped that he should win a great victory. And indeed so soon as ever the two armies had joined battle, and the horses smelled the smell of the camels and saw them, they turned and fled. So was Cræsus utterly disappointed of his hope. Nevertheless the Lydians bare themselves bravely; for when they saw what had fallen them, they leaped from their horses and fought with the Persians on foot. But after a while, when many had been slain on both sides, the Lydians were driven into their city, and were besieged therein by the Persians.

Now it seemed to Cræsus that the siege would be of many months. Therefore he sent again other messengers to his allies saying that, whereas he had before bidden them to assemble themselves at Sardis in the fifth month, there was now need that they should come with all the speed that might be, for that the King was besieged. Now of the other allies

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nothing need be said; but as to the Lacedæmonians, when the messengers of Cræsus came to them, they were at variance with their neighbors, the men of Argos. Notwithstanding, they made all haste to come to the help of the King; and were indeed ready to set forth, with ships duly furnished, when there came to them tidings that the city of Sardis was taken and Cræsus led into captivity. When they heard this they changed their purpose and went not; nevertheless they thought it a grievous thing.

Now the taking of Sardis was in this wise. On the fourteenth day after the beginning of the siege, Cyrus sent horsemen throughout his army, saying that he would give great gifts to the man who should first mount upon the wall. But when the whole army had attacked the city, and prevailed nothing, a certain Mardian, whose name was Hyræades, desisted not as did the others, but made his attempt on a certain part of the citadel where no sentinels were set. And none were set because no man had any fear that the citadel could be taken from this quarter, for the place was very steep. And this indeed was the only part of the citadel to which Meles, who had been king of Sardis in old time, had not caused the lion's cub to be carried. Now the story of the lion's cub is this. A woman in Sardis brought forth a young lion, and the interpreters of Telmessus said, "If thou carry the young lion round about its wall, no man shall take Sardis." So Meles caused them to carry

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the cub round about the wall wherever it could be attacked, but of this place he took no account, so steep was it and hard of access. Now Hyrœades had seen on the day before that a certain Lydian had come down by this place after a helmet that had rolled down from the top, and had fetched the helmet, and so returned. And having seen this thing he bare it in mind; and the next day he climbed up the same way, and many Persians after him. So Sardis was taken and all the city plundered. As to the King himself, there befell this thing that shall now be told. He had a son, of whom indeed mention has been made before. A goodly youth he was in all other respects, but he was dumb. Now in the days of his prosperity Crœsus, having done many other things that the youth might be healed of his infirmity, sent also messengers to the oracle of Delphi to inquire of the god. To these the Pythia made answer in these words—

“O king of many lands, the thought
Thou keepest in thy heart is vain:
The help with many prayers besought
Think not to ask of heaven again;
For ill the day and full of fear
That first thy dumb child’s voice shall hear.”

Now it came to pass that when the Persians were taking the citadel, one of them made as if he would have slain Crœsus, not knowing who he was. And Crœsus, though he saw the man coming against him, heeded him not, so great was his trouble; for he

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thought that it would be well for him to die. But the youth, that had been dumb all his days, when he saw the Persian about to strike, by reason of his fear and of the instant necessity of the thing, cried out, saying, "Fellow, slay not King Cræsus." Thus did he speak for the first time; but afterward, for the rest of his life, he spake even as other men.

So the Persians gained possession of the city of Sardis. And Cræsus himself they took alive, and led him to Cyrus their king; and all the years that he had reigned were fourteen; fourteen also was the number of the days for which his city was besieged. And thus was the prophecy of the oracle fulfilled, that he should bring to an end a great empire; to wit, his own. Then Cyrus commanded that they should build a great pile of wood, and should set Cræsus thereon bound in chains, and with him fourteen men of Lydia, and burn them with fire. But whether in so doing he thought to offer the first-fruits of his victory to some god, or was performing a vow which he had made, or having heard that Cræsus had been a great worshipper of the Gods, desired now to see whether any god would come and help him in his need, cannot certainly be known. But when Cræsus stood upon the pile, and the fire had now been put to it, there came into his thoughts, notwithstanding the great strait wherein he stood, that the saying of Solon was indeed true, and spoken by inspiration of the Gods, when he said that none of living men might

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be counted happy. And when he thought of this he cried out with a loud voice, having before kept silence altogether, "Solon, Solon, Solon!" which when Cyrus heard, he bade the interpreters ask of Cræsus who was this that he called upon. But when the interpreters asked this thing, for a time Cræsus kept silence, but afterward, for indeed he was constrained to speak, made this answer, "He is one with whom it would be better than many possessions for all rulers to have speech." Then, as no man could understand these words, they inquired of him again what they might signify. And as they were earnest with him, and would not leave him in peace, he told them how there had come to his court one Solon, a man of Athens, who having seen all his wealth and prosperity, had made little account of it; and how that there had befallen him all that this same Solon had said, though indeed the man spake not of him in particular but of all mortal men, and especially of those who judged themselves to be happy.

This was the answer which Cræsus made; and now the pile had been lighted, and the extremities were on fire. But when Cyrus heard from the interpreters the words of Cræsus, he repented him of his purpose, bethinking him how that he, being but a mortal man, was now giving another man that had aforetime been not less prosperous than himself to be burned with fire, and fearing lest there should come upon him vengeance for such a deed, and considering also that

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there was nothing sure in human affairs. For which reasons he bade them that stood by quench the fire and cause Cræsus and the men that were with him to descend from the pile. But these, with all their striving, could not prevail over the fire. Then Cræsus—for this is the story of the Lydians—when he saw that Cyrus had repented him of his purpose, and that every one was striving to quench the fire but could not, cried with a loud voice to Apollo, beseeching the god that if he had ever made an offering that was to his liking, he would deliver him from his present peril. This he besought of the god with many tears, and lo! of a sudden, though the day before had been fine and calm, there came a great storm with a most vehement rain, which quenched the fire. Then Cyrus knew of a surety that Cræsus was a good man and dear to the Gods. And having caused him to descend from the pile, he asked him, saying, "Tell me, Cræsus, what man persuaded thee to lead thy army against my land, and to make me thine enemy, having been before thy friend?" Then Cræsus answered, "This I did, O King, for thy good fortune, but to my loss. Nor was it a man that did this, but the god of the Greeks, who encouraged me to make war against thee. For surely no man is so foolish that of his own will he should choose war instead of peace; for in peace the children bury their fathers, but in war the fathers bury their children. But these things have fallen out as the Gods would have them."

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When he had said these things Cyrus bade them loose his chains, and put him near to himself, and marvelled when he regarded him, both he and the Persians that were with him. And Cræsus said nothing, thinking about many things. But after a while when he saw the Persians plundering the city of the Lydians, he turned him to King Cyrus, and said, "Is it allowed to me, O King, to speak that which is in my heart, or shall I be silent?" And Cyrus bade him be of courage and speak what he would. Then Cræsus asked him, "What is it that this great multitude is so busy about?" "They are spoiling thy city," said Cyrus, "and carrying off thy possessions." "Nay," said Cræsus, "this is not my city that they spoil, nor my possessions that they carry off; for I have now no share or lot in these things. But the things that they plunder are thine." Then Cyrus took heed of the words which Cræsus had spoken to him; and bidding all others leave him, he asked him again what he thought of these matters. Then Cræsus made answer, "The Gods have made me thy servant, wherefore I count it right to tell thee if I perceive aught that thou seest not. The Persians are haughty by nature, but they are poor. And if thou sufferest them to plunder in this fashion and to gain for themselves great wealth, be sure that this will befall thee. That man among them who shall get the most will be he that will rebel against thee. If, therefore, my words please thee, do according to my bidding. Set

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spearmen as guards at all the gates, and let them take away from all that come out the things that they carry with them, saying at the same time, 'We must needs give tithe to Zeus of all these things.' And they will not hate thee as if thou didst take the things from them by force, but will judge thee to do that which is right, and will give them up willingly."

When Cyrus heard these words he was pleased with them beyond measure, judging them to have been wisely said. So when he had commended Cræsus for his wisdom, and had given commandment to the spearmen according to these words, he said, "Thou hast it in thy heart to do good deeds and say good words as befitteth a king; ask, therefore, some boon of me which thou wouldest have granted to thee straightway." Then said Cræsus, "O King, thou canst not please me more, than if thou wilt suffer me to send to the god of the Greeks, whom I have honored with gifts more than all Gods beside, and to lay these fetters before him, and ask him whether it is his custom to deceive them that do him honor."

And when Cyrus would know why he desired to put this question accusing the god, Cræsus set before him the whole matter, both that which he had asked, and the answer of the god, and the offerings which he had made, and how he had made war against the Persians, being encouraged thereto by the god. And when he had ended this tale he besought Cyrus again that he would suffer him to reproach the

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god with these things. And Cyrus when he heard it, laughed and said, "This request I grant thee, O Cræsus, as I will grant thee everything that thou shalt ask me hereafter."

And when Cræsus heard these words he sent certain Lydians to Delphi, and bade them lay the fetters on the threshold of the temple and inquire of the god whether he was not ashamed to have encouraged Cræsus by his oracles to march against the Persians, thinking that he should overthrow the empire of Cyrus, of which undertaking these, the fetters to wit, were the first-fruits, and whether it was the custom of the god of the Greeks to be unfaithful. And when the Lydians did as had been commanded them, the Pythia made this answer, "That which is fated it is by no means possible to avoid, not even to a god. And Cræsus hath suffered for the transgressions of his forefather in the fifth generation, who, being a body-guard of the king, slew his master, a woman helping him with her craft, and took his honor to himself, though he had no part or lot in it. And Apollo was very earnest with the Fates that they should not bring this evil upon Sardis in the days of Cræsus, but that they should bring it in his son's days. Yet could he not prevail.

"Nevertheless all that the Fates granted to him that did he for Cræsus, delaying the taking of Sardis for the space of three years; for let Cræsus be sure of this, that the taking of Sardis is later by three years

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than had been ordained at the first. Also when he was in peril of being burned with fire the god helped him and delivered him. And as for the oracle, Cræsus doth not right to blame him, for Apollo foretold to him that, if he should make war against the Persians, he should bring to the ground a great empire. If therefore he had been well advised in this matter, he should have sent again to inquire of the god whether his own empire or the empire of Cyrus were thus signified. But seeing that he understood not the thing which was said, nor inquired a second time, let him blame himself. And as to that which Apollo answered him when he inquired of him the last time, speaking of a mule, this also Cræsus understood not. For Cyrus was this mule, being born of parents that were not of the same race, his mother also being of the more noble stock and his father of the worse. For she was a woman of the Medes and the daughter of King Astyages, and he was a Persian and no King, but a servant that married the daughter of his master." This was the answer that the priestess gave to the Lydians; and when Cræsus heard it he confessed that he had erred and not the god.

In this way did the empire of the Lydians come to an end.

THE TAKING OF BABYLON

WHEN Cyrus had overthrown the kingdom of the Lydians, and had conquered also such countries and cities as had appertained thereto, he made war in the next place against the Assyrians. Now the Assyrians have many other great and famous cities, but the greatest and famous of all is Babylon, for there, when Nineveh was destroyed, was set up the palace of the King. The city of Babylon is built foursquare, and the measure of each side is one hundred and twenty furlongs. Round about the walls there is a ditch, very deep and broad and full of water; and after the ditch there is a wall, of which the breadth is seventy and five feet and the height three hundred feet. On the top of the wall, at the sides thereof, are built houses of one story, being so much apart that a chariot with four horses may turn in the space. And in the wall there are a hundred gates, of brass all of them, with posts and lintels of the same. The city is divided into two parts, between which floweth the river. Now the name of this river is Euphrates, and it cometh out of the land of Armenia, and floweth into the Red Sea.

On either side the wall is pushed forward into

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the river; also along each bank of the river there runneth a wall of baked brick. The city is built with houses of three stories or four, these being ordered in straight streets that cross each other. And wheresoever a street goeth down to the river there are gates of brass in the walls of brick that is by the riverside, gates for each street. Also over and above the outer wall of the city there is an inner wall, of wellnigh equal strength, but in thickness not so great.

In each part of the city there was a great building, of which one was the King's palace and the other the temple of Belus. This temple hath brazen gates, and is foursquare, being two furlongs every way. In the midst there is a tower which is solid throughout and of the bigness of a furlong each way; and on this tower is built another tower, and yet another upon this, and so forth, seven in all. Round about these towers are built stairs; and for one who hath climbed half-way a landing-place and chairs where he may rest; and in the topmost tower there is a temple very splendidly furnished, and a couch and a table thereby, but no image.

There is another temple below, and in it a statue of Zeus sitting, and before it a table of gold; the throne and the steps are also of gold; and the weight of all its eight hundred talents. Outside is a golden altar, on which a thousand talents of frankincense were wont to be burned at the great feast. Here

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also was a great statue of gold, twelve cubits high, and solid throughout. This statue Darius was minded to take, but dared not; yet did Xerxes take it, and slew the priest that would have hindered him.

Of this city of Babylon there have been many kings, and two queens. Of these queens the first made for the river great banks, for before her day it used to overflow all the plain of Babylon. The name of this Queen was Semiramis, and the name of the second Queen was Nitetis. This Nitetis, seeing that the kingdom of the Medes increased daily, and that they were not content with what they had, but sought to subdue others, and had conquered many cities, among which was Nineveh, devised a defence against them. For first she caused that the river Euphrates, which before had flowed in a straight course, should now fetch a compass; and this she did by making for it new channels. And now one that saileth on this river cometh thrice in three days to the self-same village, and the name of this village is Ardericca. Also she made a great lake, digging it out by the side of the river; and the circuit of this lake is four hundred and twenty furlongs. Now both these things she did for the same end, that the stream of the river might be the slower and the voyage to Babylon a voyage of many windings and that when the voyage on the river should be ended then there should be the voyage on the lake.

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All this was done on that side of the city which looketh toward the country of the Medes; for she would not that the Medes should come into her dominion and learn her affairs. Also she did this great work for the city. There being two parts, and the river flowing between them, the citizens had been wont in days of former kings to cross if they had need, from the one part to the other in boats; and this was a toil to them. She caused her servants to cut very large stones, and when these were finished she commanded that they should turn the river into the lake which she had dug. And while this was a-filling, the old stream being now dry, she embanked with brick the side of the river, and the ways also that led thereto from the gates. But in the middle part of the city she built a bridge with the stones which she had caused to be cut, binding them together with iron and lead. On this bridge there were laid, so long as it was day, four-cornered timbers, on the which the men of Babylon crossed the bridge. But at nightfall the timbers were taken away, so that the people of the city might not steal from each other. And when this was finished she brought the river again into this channel.

This queen devised this deceit. She made for herself a tomb over that one of the gates by which the people were chiefly wont to go forth. On this tomb she wrote certain words of which the significance was this: *"If one of the Kings after me lack money,*

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let him open this tomb and take what he will. But let him not open it unless he need, for it will be the worse for him." This tomb no man could meddle with till Darius came to the kingdom. Now it seemed a grievous thing to Darius that no man should use the gate, and that money should be there, and that it should call men to take it, yet should not be taken. For no one used the gate because there was a dead body above his head as he went out. Wherefore he opened the tomb; but having opened it found no money therein, but only the dead body of the queen and these words, saying, "*If thou were not insatiate of money and a lover of gain, thou hadst not opened the resting-place of the dead.*"

Now the king against whom Cyrus made war was the son of this woman, and his name was Labynetus; and this had been the name of his father also. Now when the Great King, the King of the Persians, marcheth anywhither he is well provided with food and cattle, and also with water from the river Choaspes, which floweth by the city of Susa; for the King drinketh not of any other river save this only. And many four-wheeled wagons, drawn by mules, follow the army whithersoever it goeth, bearing vessels of silver wherein is the water, having been first boiled. But when Cyrus came in his march to the river Gyndes (this river floweth in to the Tigris) there befell this thing. While he was seeking to cross the river, which is of such bigness that ships can sail

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thereon, one of the white horses which are sacred would have crossed the river by swimming, and in so doing was drowned. Then Cyrus was very wroth with the river that had done him this wrong; and sware that he would make it so weak that a woman should be able to cross it without wetting her knee. When he had sworn this oath he divided his army into two parts, and commanded each part that it should dig long trenches by the side of the river—one part working on each side—and the number of the trenches should be one hundred and eighty for each part. And as there was a great multitude of men the work was accomplished in no great space of time; nevertheless they consumed the whole summer in this work. So the river Gyndes was made to flow into these trenches, three hundred and sixty in all. And when this was done, and the winter was over, together with the next spring Cyrus led his army to Babylon. And when he came near to the city, the Babylonians came forth to meet him; and when the battle was joined, the Babylonians fled before Cyrus, and were shut up in their city. Now they had gathered provisions for many years, for they knew that Cyrus was a man of war, and sought to conquer all the nations round about. So, therefore, their walls also being very strong, they took no account of the siege; but Cyrus was much troubled, for even after a long time he had done nothing in the matter of taking the city. And whether he him-

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self devised the device, or another devised it for him, cannot be said; but this he did. He divided his army into two portions; and of these he set one above the city where the river floweth into it, and the other he set below it where the river floweth out. To these he gave commandment that when they should see the river so shallow that a man could cross it they should enter the city by it. And when he had thus ordered things, he himself departed with such of the army as were of no account for war, and when he came to the lake which Nitetis, Queen of Babylon, had made by the riverside, then did he thus. He made a great trench, and turned the river into the lake, which in those days was a marsh only and not filled with water. And when this had been done the river became shallow, so that a man might cross it, and the Persians to whom the commandment had been given, perceiving what had happened, and that the water now came but up to the middle of a man's thigh, entered the city of Babylon by way of the river. Now if the men of Babylon had known beforehand or perceived the thing that Cyrus was doing, then all these Persians had perished miserably, for they would have shut all the gates leading down the river, and would have gone up themselves on to the walls that were built along the banks of the river, and so would have had the Persians as it were in a fish-trap. But in truth the Persians came upon them unawares. Now the bigness of the

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city was such that they who dwelt in the middle parts knew not that the outside parts had been taken; but played and danced and delighted themselves, till indeed they were made to know it in such fashion as they liked not.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

MARDONIUS, the son of Gobryas, came down from Susa, and he had a great army and many ships. He was a young man, and he had newly married the daughter of King Darius. When he was come to the land of Cilicia, he took ship and sailed to the coast of Ionia, the other ships following him. And being in Ionia he did this thing (a marvellous thing, doubtless, in the eyes of them that believe not the story of Otanes, how he would have set up among the Persians the rule of the people); he cast down from their place all the lords of the Ionians, setting up in every city the rule of the people. When he had done this he went with all haste to the Hellespont, whither was gathered together a great multitude of ships and many thousands of men. These crossed the Hellespont in the ships, and so marched through the land of Europe. And their purpose was, as they said, to have vengeance on the cities of Athens and Eretria; but in truth they had it in their minds to subdue as many as they should be able of the cities of the Greeks. First, then, they subdued the Thrasians. These did not so much as lift a hand against the Persians, and so were added to the nations whom they had in slavery. From Thasos they went to Acanthus, and leaving Acanthus

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they sought to pass round Mount Athos, which is a great promontory, running far out into the sea. Here there fell upon the ships a very mighty wind, such as they could in nowise bear up against, and did them much damage. Men say indeed that there perished of the ships three hundred, and of men more than twenty thousand. For the sea in these parts is full of great monsters, which laid hold on many of the men; many also were dashed against the rocks, and were so destroyed; and some perished because they could not swim, and some from cold. Thus it fared with the ships. As for Mardonius and his army, the Brygi, that are a tribe of Thracians, assailed him in his camp by night and slew many of his men, and wounded Mardonius himself. Notwithstanding, the Brygi escaped not the doom of slavery, for Mardonius left not this region till he had utterly subdued them. But when he had done this he went back to Asia, for his army had suffered much from the Thracians, and his ships from the storm at Mount Athos. Thus did this great undertaking come to an end with little honor.

For all this Darius changed not his purpose concerning Athens and the other cities of Greece. For every day, at his bidding, did his servant say to him, "Oh, King, remember the Athenians." Also the children of Pisistratus ceased not to speak against the city. The King indeed desired, having for a pretence his quarrel against the Athenians, to subdue

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all the Greeks that would not give him earth and water; for the giving of these things is to the Persians a token of submission. Mardonius, seeing that he had fared badly in his undertaking, the King discharged of his office, appointing thereto Datis, that was a Mede, and Artaphernes, his brother's son. These then he sent on the same errand on which he had sent Mardonius, saying to them, "Make slaves of the men of Eretria and of the men of Athens, and bring them to me that I may see them." So these two went down from the city of Susa to Cilicia, having with them a very great army and well-appointed; and while they were encamped here in a plain that is called the Aleian plain, there came also to that country the whole array of ships as had been commanded, and with the rest ships designed for the carriage of horses, for in the year before the King had commanded the inhabitants that such should be built. On these ships, therefore, they embarked their horses, and on the other ships the rest of the army, and so set sail to Ionia, having in all six hundred ships of war.

But they sailed not along the coast after the former manner, going northward to the Hellespont and to Thrace, but voyaged through the islands, beginning with Samos; and this they did, as it seems, because they feared the going round Mount Athos, remembering what loss and damage they had suffered at this place in the former expedition. Also

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they had Naxos in their mind, for this had not as yet been conquered. They sailed, therefore, first to Naxos, and the people of the island did not abide their coming, but fled forthwith to the mountains. And the Persians made slaves of all on whom they could lay their hands, and burned the temples and the city with fire, and so departed. While they were doing these things the men of Delos left their island of Delos and fled to Tenos. But Datis suffered not the ships of the Persians to come to anchor at Delos, but bade them tarry over against it in Rhenea; and having heard where the men of Delos had bestowed themselves, he sent an herald, saying, "Holy men, why have ye fled from your dwelling-place, and have thought that which is not fitting concerning me? For indeed my own purpose and the commandment also which has been laid upon me by the King is this, that we should do no harm to the land in which the two Great Ones, Apollo and Artemis, were born, neither to it nor to the inhabitants thereof. Return ye therefore to your own dwellings and inhabit your island." This was the message which Datis sent to the men of Delos; and afterward he burned three hundred talents' weight of frankincense upon the altar of their temple. And it came to pass that when he had departed from Delos, the island was shaken by an earthquake. Now it had never been so shaken before, nor hath been since. This thing, without doubt, happened for a sign to the sons of

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men of the evils that were coming upon them. And indeed, in the days of Darius the son of Hystaspes, and Xerxes the son of Darius, and Artaxerxes the son of Xerxes, that were kings of Persia, the one after the other, there befell the Greeks worse evils than had befallen them for twenty generations before the days of Darius, of which evils some indeed came from the Persians and some from the chief among themselves when they contended together for the pre-eminence. Therefore it may well be believed that Delos had never been shaken before as it was shaken in these days.

From Delos the barbarians sailed to the other islands of that sea. And whithersoever they came they took some of the islanders to serve in the army and the ships, and of their children some to be hostages. But when they came to Carystus, the people of the land would not give hostages, neither were they willing to help in making war upon the cities of their neighbors, meaning thereby Eretria and Athens. Then the Persians besieged the town and laid waste their country till the men of Carystus agreed to do as had been required of them.

When the Eretrians heard that the Persians were coming against them with a great host and many ships, they sent to the Athenians praying for help. This the Athenians refused not to give, but sent to such of their citizens as had had land allotted to them in the country of the horse-breeding Chalcidians that

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they should go to the help of the men of Eretria. But these, though they sent this message to the Athenians, had no steadfast or worthy purpose in the matter. Some of them indeed were for leaving the city, that they might flee to the hill country of Eubœa, but others, looking only to their own gain, and thinking that they should best get this from the Persians, made ready to betray their country. This, when Æschines the son of Nothus, than whom there was none greater in Eretria, heard, he told to the Athenians that had come the whole matter, and said to them: "Depart ye straightway to your own country, lest ye also perish." And the Athenians hearkened to the counsel of Æschines and departed, crossing the Oropus, and so got safe away. After this the ships of the Persians came to the land of Eretria, and put out the horses that they carried, and made ready as if they would fight with the enemy. But the Eretrians had no mind to come out of their walls and fight; only they hoped that they might perchance keep these against the enemy, for as to the counsel of leaving their city and fleeing to the hills, this they had given up. Then the Persians attacked the wall with great fury; and for six days they fought, many being slain on both sides; but on the seventh day, two men, of good repute among the citizens, whose names were Euphorbus and Philagrus, betrayed Eretria to the Persians; and these, entering into the city, first burned the temples, thereby revenging the burning

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of the temples of Sardis, and next made slaves of all the people, according as King Darius had given them commandment.

When they had thus dealt with Eretria, they sailed against Athens, having no doubt that they should speedily deal with this also after the same fashion. And seeing that Marathon was the most convenient for their purpose, and nearest also to Eretria, thither did Hippias the son of Pisistratus lead them. And the Athenians, so soon as they heard of their coming, marched with their whole force to Marathon. Ten generals they had, of whom the tenth was Miltiades the son of Cimon, the son of Stesagoras.

This Cimon had been banished from Athens by Pisistratus. And it chanced to him that as he went into banishment he won the prize at Olympia for the race of four-horse chariots. This same prize his half-brother Miltiades had also won. And in the next games at Olympia, being five years afterward, he won again with the same mares; but granted to Pisistratus that his name should be proclaimed as the winner. Because he did this he came back to Athens under safe-conduct. And yet again he won the same prize with the same mares at the games next following; and having done this he was slain by the sons of Pisistratus, for Pisistratus himself was not yet alive. In the commonhall was he slain by men that were sent against him at night. He is buried before the City, beyond the road that is called the Hollow

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Road; and over against him are buried the mares that won for him these prizes. This same thing was done by other four mares, belonging to Evagoras the Lacedæmonian, but besides these none other have done it. This Cimon had two sons, of whom the elder, Stesagoras, was brought up by his friends in the Chersonese, and the younger, being named Miltiades, after this same uncle, was with his father in Athens.

This Miltiades then the Athenians had chosen with nine others to be general. But before this he had but narrowly escaped death. For first the Phœnicians pursued him so far as Imbros, being very desirous to lay hands upon him and to take him to the King. And when he had escaped from these, and, coming to his own country, believed that he was now in safety, his enemies brought him into judgment by reason of the lordship which he had had in the Chersonese. But these, too, he escaped, and the people chose him for their general.

First of all the generals, before they led forth their army out of the city, sent a herald to Sparta, Pheidippides by name, who was an Athenian by birth, and by profession a runner, and one who had diligently exercised himself, and was very swift of foot. This man affirmed and declared to the Athenians that when he came in his running to Mount Parthenius, which is above Tegea, there met him the god Pan, and that Pan called him by his name,

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Pheidippides, and said to him: "Say to the Athenians, Why do they take no heed of me, though I am their friend, and have often done them good service in time past, and will do so hereafter." The Athenians, believing that this story was true, afterward, when things had gone well with them, built a temple to the god Pan under the Acropolis, and honored him with yearly sacrifices and a procession of torches. Pheidippides then, being thus sent by the generals, came to Sparta on the next day (between Athens and Sparta there are one hundred and thirty and seven miles). And so soon as he was come he went to the rulers and said: "O men of Sparta, the Athenians pray you that ye come and help them, and suffer not the most ancient city in the land of Greece to be brought into slavery by the barbarians. Already have they brought the men of Eretria into slavery, and Greece hath become the weaker by a famous city." This message did Pheidippides deliver to the Spartans. And to them when they heard it seemed good that they should help the men of Athens. Only they could not go to their help forthwith, because they would not break the law. For it was then but the ninth day of the moon; and on the ninth day it was unlawful for them, they said, to march, because the moon was not yet full. Therefore they waited for the full moon.

In the meantime Hippias the son of Pisistratus led the Persians to Marathon; and the prisoners from

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Eretria he landed on the island that is called Ægileia. And when the barbarians had disembarked from the ships, he busied himself with the setting of them in order. In the doing of this it happened to him to sneeze and cough with much violence; and, he being an old man, his teeth for the most part were grievously shaken, and one of them he spat forth. This tooth fell into the sand, and he made much ado to find it, but could not. Seeing this he groaned, and said to them that stood by: "This land is not ours, neither shall we be able to subdue it; as for the share of it that was mine this tooth has taken it."

By this time the army of the Athenians was drawn up in the precinct of Hercules. To them being there there came the men of Platæa, every man that was able to bear arms. For the Platæans had before this time given themselves over to Athens, and the Athenians had by this time had no small trouble on their behalf.

The cause of the Platæans so giving themselves over was this. At the first, when they were pressed hard by the Thebans, they came to King Cleomenes, who chanced to be in their country, and would have given themselves over to him and the Lacedæmonians. But Cleomenes and his people would not receive them, saying: "We dwell in a country that is very far from you, and our help would be but of small avail to you. For indeed it might happen to you, and not once only, that ye should be made slaves,

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before any of us could so much as hear of the matter. Therefore we counsel you to give yourselves over to the men of Athens; seeing that they dwell close at hand and are good to help." This was the counsel of the Lacedæmonians, which they gave, not because they had any love for the men of Plataea, but thinking that the Athenians would have trouble without end if by these means they should be set at enmity with the Thebans. The men of Plataea willingly hearkened to their counsel, and sent envoys, who, journeying to Athens, sat themselves down on the altar and surrendered themselves, the Athenians keeping at this time the festival of the twelve gods. When the Thebans heard what had been done they marched against the men of Plataea; and on the other hand the Athenians came to their help. When these were now about to join battle, the Corinthians—for they chanced to be there—would not suffer them so to do, but made an agreement between them, both consenting thereunto. This agreement was that if any of the dwellers in Bœotia wished not to come into the league of Thebes, it should be lawful for them to stand aloof. When the Corinthians had given this sentence they departed to their own city. The Athenians also departed; but as they were on their way, the Thebans set upon them, but were worsted in the battle. Then the Athenians were no longer willing to abide by the boundaries which the Corinthians had determined for the men of Plataea,

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but took instead the river Asopus to be the boundary between them and the Thebans. So now the men of Platæa, being willing to make a return to the Athenians for the benefit which they had received, came to their help at Marathon.

The generals of the Athenians were divided in their opinion, some being unwilling that they should join battle with the Persians, for they considered how few in numbers they were to stand against so great a host; but others, among whom was Miltiades, were for joining battle. Then, there being this division, as it seemed likely that the worse counsel would prevail, Miltiades went to the war-archon, whose name was Callimachus, a man of Aphidnæ. The war-archon among the Athenians was appointed by lot, and in former days it was the custom that he should vote together with the ten generals. To him therefore went Miltiades, and spake to him these words: "Thou hast it in thine hands, O Callimachus, either to bring Athens under the yoke of slavery, or to make it free for evermore, and in so doing to gain for thyself a name that shall never die, and glory such that not even Harmodius and Aristogeiton won for themselves. For indeed never since Athens was a city has it come into such danger as that wherein it now stands. For if it bow its neck to the yoke of the barbarian and be given over to this Hippias, what it will suffer thou knowest very well; but if it escape this danger, then will it become the very first city in

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the land of Greece. And now I will set forth to thee how these things may pass, and also how it lies with thee to determine whether they shall turn out for the better or the worse. We generals are ten in number, and our opinions are divided, for some would have us join the battle with the Persians, and others would not. Now hear what will take place if we join not battle with these strangers forthwith. There will be a great dispute in the city, and the counsels of men will be turned aside from the right, so that the party of the Persians will prevail. But if we join battle before this evil begin to show itself, then I doubt not, if the Gods deal fairly with us, that we shall prevail in battle, and so be safe. And now all this lies upon thee, whether it shall be so or no. If thou wilt add thy vote to my vote, then shall this thy native country be free, and shall be the first city in all Greece. But if, on the other hand, they that be unwilling to fight shall gain the day, then shall happen to us the contrary of all the good things of which I have spoken." With these words Miltiades persuaded Callimachus; and when the vote of the war-archon was given to them that counselled battle, it was agreed that battle should be given. After this, each one of those generals that had given his vote for joining battle, when his turn of command came round—for each man commanded in turn day by day—gave up his turn to Miltiades. Nevertheless Miltiades made not use of any of their turns, but waited till his own proper

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turn came round. And when this was come then the Athenians were drawn up in order of battle; their right wing was led by Callimachus—for in those days it was the custom among the Athenians that the war-archon should lead the right wing—and after him came the tribes of the Athenians, one after the other, in their order, according to their numbers, and last of all, upon the left wing, were the men of Plataea. And ever since the battle that was fought upon this day it has been the custom among the Athenians, when they hold their sacrifice and solemn convocation in the fifth year, that the herald of the Athenians should pray aloud in these words: "May the Gods send all blessings to the men of Athens and to the men of Plataea." Now the Athenians sought to make their line of battle equal to the line of the Persians; and that they might do so they took away men from the centre, so that this was the weakest part of the army, the wings being the strongest. And so, so soon as the battle had been set in array, and the sacrifice being made appeared to be favorable, then the Athenians, being let go, charged the Persians at a running pace, the space between the two armies being eight furlongs or thereabouts. And the Persians, when they saw them coming against them at a run, made ready to receive them, but thought that they must be possessed with utter madness and frenzy, seeing that they were so few in number and yet were running to meet them, and this though they had

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neither horsemen nor archers. So the barbarians judged; but not the less the Athenians, joining battle in one body with their enemies, quitted themselves in a manner worthy of all praise. For indeed never before had Greeks so charged against their enemies in battle at a running pace, nor had any before endured to see without fear men clad and armed in the fashion of the Medes. For indeed before that day the very name of the Medes had been a terror to the Greeks to hear. Long time did the barbarians and Athenians fight together in Marathon. In the middle of the line the barbarians prevailed, for there the Persians and the Sacæ had their place. These broke the line of the Greeks, and pursued them for some space toward the mountains. But on each of the two wings the Greeks prevailed, the Athenians being on the one wing and the men of Platæa upon the other. These, having broken their enemies, suffered them to flee, and when wheeling round the two wings upon the barbarians that had broken the middle of the line, they prevailed over these also. Then the Persians fled to their ships, and the Athenians pursued them, smiting them and slaying them; and when they, pursuing them, came to the sea, they called for fire and would have burned the ships. In this part of the battle fell Callimachus, the war-archon, who had shown himself that day a man of valor. Also there fell Stesilaus, son of Thrasilaus, being one of the ten generals. Also Cynægirus, son to Eupho-

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rion, whose brother was Æschylus the poet, was slain at this time; for, laying hold of the stern ornament of one of the ships of the Persians, he had his hand cut off by the blow of an axe; and there perished with him other Athenians also of note and name. Nevertheless the Athenians took seven of the ships at this time. With the rest the barbarians pushed off from the shore, and having taken up the prisoners from Eretria from the island whereon they had left them, they sailed round the promontory of Sunium, hoping that they should come to the city before that the army of the Athenians should be able to return thither. In this matter the house of the sons of Alcmaëon were accused by their fellow countrymen, who said that they had held up a shield for a signal to the Persians; and that it had been covenanted that they should do so, that the Persians might take the city unawares and empty of men. So the Persians sailed round Cape Sunium; and the Athenians marched with all the speed that they could that they might defend the city; and when they were come they encamped in the precinct of Hercules, that is at Cynosargæ; and it so chanced that they came from the precinct of Hercules that is in Marathon. For a while the ships of the barbarians lay off Phalerum, which was in those days the port of Athens, but in no long time sailed back to Asia.

In this battle that was fought in Marathon there were slain of the barbarians six thousand and four

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hundred or thereabout, and of the Athenians one hundred and ninety and two. In the battle also there happened this marvel. A man of Athens, Epizelus by name, the son of Couphagoras, fighting in the press, and bearing himself bravely, was of a sudden smitten with blindness, and this without being wounded anywhere in the body or stricken at all. And he was blind for the remainder of his days. Now the story which this man told about the matter was this. "I saw," he said, "a man of great stature fully armed stand over against me, and he had a great beard that covered his whole shield. Me indeed he passed by, but the man that stood next to me he smote and slew."

When Datis was on his way to Asia, being at Myconos, he saw a vision in his sleep. What this vision was no man knows; but this is certain that so soon as the day dawned he caused a search to be made in all the ships; and in a certain Phœnician ship he found an image of Apollo that was covered with gold, and would know whence it had been brought. And when he knew from what temple it had been taken, he sailed with his own ship to Delos. And he put the image in the temple and laid a command upon the men of Delos—for they had by this time come back to their island—that they should carry back the image to the Delian temple of the Thebans. (This temple stands on the seashore over against Chalcis). When he had given these commands

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Datis departed, but the men of Delos neglected to do as he had said; but twenty years after the Thebans, having been warned by an oracle, fetched it themselves.

When Datis and Artaphernes were come to Asia they took the people of Eretria whom they had carried away captive and brought them up to Susa, to King Darius. Now King Darius had before this been greatly enraged against the people of Eretria, holding that they had done him wrong without provocation; but when he saw them thus brought before him and in his power, he did them no harm, but settled them in a station of his own in the land of the Cissia. This station was called Ardericca, and it is distant from Susa twenty and six miles or thereabout. Five miles from this Ardericca is a great well whence they got three things, to wit, bitumen, salt, and oil. Here then King Darius settled the people of Eretria, and here they remained many years afterward still speaking their own language.

When the full moon was past there came to Athens two thousand Lacedæmonians, having marched with all speed, so that they came to Athens on the third day after they had set out from Sparta. These, though they had come too late for the battle, much desired to see the Persians that had been slain. So they went to Marathon, and when they had seen them and had greatly praised the Athenians, they departed to their own home.

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WHEN King Darius heard tidings of the battle at Marathon his wrath, which was already hot against the Athenians by reason of their doings at Sardis, waxed yet more fierce, so that he was more earnest than ever to make war against Greece. And straightway he sent messengers to all the cities in his dominions, bidding them gather together soldiers—and of these many more than he had commanded before—and with these, ships and horsemen and food and vessels of transport. And for the space of three years after these commands had been given, all Asia was in an uproar, seeing that the bravest of her children were being chosen to march against the Greeks, and were making ready to go. But in the fourth year the Egyptians, who had been enslaved by Cambyses, revolted. Then was Darius more zealous than before to march both against the Athenians and the Egyptians. But while he was making ready so to do, there came a great disputing among his sons who should be King after him; for the law of the Persians is that the King declares who shall reign after him before he goes to the war. Now Darius had had three sons born to him by his wife, the daughter of Gobryas; and these were born before that he was made King: and after that he was made King he had

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four others born to him of Atossa, that was the daughter of Cyrus. Of the first three Artabazanes was the eldest, and of the four Xerxes. These disputed among themselves, and Artabazanes claimed the kingdom because he was the eldest of all, and because it was the custom over all the world that the eldest should have the pre-eminence; but Xerxes claimed it because his mother was daughter to Cyrus, and it was Cyrus that had established the kingdom of the Persians. Now while Darius doubted about the matter, there came up to Susa Demaratus the son of Ariston. The same had been deprived of his kingdom in Sparta and had fled from the city. When this man knew what it was that the sons of Darius disputed about, he came forward, according to report, and gave counsel to Xerxes that over and above the words that he had said he should say also this, that he had been born when Darius was already King and had dominion over all the Persians, but that Darius was a subject only when Artabazanes was born. "And indeed at Sparta," said Demaratus, "the law is this, that if a king have children that are born before he be made King, and also a child that is born after, then he that is born after is preferred." Of these words of Demaratus Xerxes made such use that King Darius declared that he should be King in his room. But in the year after it so befell that while he was preparing to make war both against the Greeks and against the Egyptians, King Darius died,

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having reigned over the Persians thirty and six years in all; and Xerxes, his son, reigned in his stead. Now at the first Xerxes by no means desired to make war against the Greeks, but against the Egyptians he made great preparations. Then said Mardonius, the son of Gobryas, who was cousin to the King, being sister's son to King Darius, "My lord, it is by no means fitted that the Athenians, seeing that they have done grievous wrong to the Persians, should thus go unpunished. Do therefore first the thing that thou hast now in hand, and when thou hast humbled the Egyptians go forth against the Greeks. So shalt thou have great renown throughout the world, and men shall fear hereafter to trouble thy land." And besides thus speaking of vengeance Mardonius would also add that Europe was a very beautiful land, bearing all manner of fruitful trees, and of an excellent fertility, and altogether such that no man but the King was worthy to possess it. All this he said because he was a lover of change and adventure; also he hoped to be made ruler over the land of Greece. And at last he had his way, persuading Xerxes to take the matter in hand. There were other things that helped him persuading Xerxes to this act. First there came envoys from the house of Aleuas, that was King in Thessaly, who would fain have the King come against the land of Greece, and showed all zeal in his cause. Also certain of the house of Pisistratus that had come up to Susa

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held the same language. These had with them one Onomacritus, a man of Athens, that was a soothsayer, and one that had set in order the prophecies of Musæus. Once, indeed, there had been enmity between the son of Pisistratus and this Onomacritus; for Hipparchus had banished him from Athens, having found that he had added to the prophecies of Musæus a certain prophecy how that an island which lies near unto Lemnos should one day be swallowed up in the sea. A certain Leros had found him out in this, and Hipparchus banished him, having been wont to consult him continually. But now the sons of Pisistratus were reconciled to him, and took him in their company to Susa, and talked much of him and of his wisdom. And so soon as he was brought before the King, he repeated to him certain of the prophecies. If there were any prophecy that spake of disaster to the Persians, of this he would make no mention, but such as seemed to promise them success he would set forth, how that it was in the fates that a Persian should bridge over the Hellespont. Thus did Onomacritus make much of his prophecies, and the sons of Pisistratus and the sons of Aleuas set forth their opinions to the same purpose.

So King Xerxes was persuaded to make war upon the Greeks.

All things being now ready, the host of Xerxes crossed over from Asia into Europe, the foot soldiers and the horsemen going over the bridge that was

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toward the Black Sea, and the servants of the army and the beasts of burden the bridge that was toward the Ægean. First came the Ten Thousand, all of them wearing crowns; and after them came a mixed host of all nations. These passed over on the first day; and on the next day passed over the horsemen, and they that carried their spears turned toward the ground. These also had crowns on their heads. After these came the sacred horses and the sacred chariot; and next to these Xerxes and the spearmen and the thousand horsemen, and after these the rest of the army. And all the ships sailed to the shore over against Abydos.

When Xerxes had crossed over, he watched his army crossing over under the lash, and this they did without pause or rest for seven days and seven nights. It is reported that when Xerxes had passed over a man that dwelt in these parts cried out, "O Zeus, why art thou come in the likeness of a Persian, and calling thyself Xerxes and not Zeus, with the whole race of men following thee, to destroy the Greeks, when thou couldst have destroyed them without so doing?"

When they had all crossed over there happened a great marvel, of which Xerxes took no account, though indeed it was easy to understand. The marvel was this, that a mare brought forth a hare. And what was to be understood from it was this—that Xerxes was leading against the Greeks a great host

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and splendidly equipped, and yet before many days he would come again to the same place as one that fled for life.

Then Xerxes went on his way, the fleet sailing along by the coast. And when he came to Doriscus he had a desire to know the number of his army. What indeed were the numbers of the several nations can not be said; but the number of the whole host was found to be a thousand thousand and seven hundred thousands. These were numbered in a way that shall now be told. They brought ten thousand men into one place; these they placed together as closely as they could, and having done this, they drew a circle about them; and when they had done this circle and let the ten thousand go, they made a heap about the circle, so high as the middle of a man. When they had so done they brought others into the place that was thus hedged about till they had filled it. When they had numbered the host they set it in order nation by nation.

These nations were many in number. First of all were the Persians, wearing turbans on their heads and about their bodies tunics with sleeves of divers colors, having iron scales like to the scales of a fish. On their legs they had trews, and their shields were of wicker. For arms they had short spears and long bows and arrows of reed; also they had daggers hanging from their girdles by the right thigh. The Medes were accoutred in the same way; and in-

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deed this fashion of armor is Median rather than Persian.

The Assyrians had helmets of brass, wrought in a strange fashion. These had shields and spears and daggers like to the Egyptians; and besides they had clubs of wood with knots of iron and linen corslets.

The Scythians had trews. These carried bows and daggers, and battle-axes also. The Indians were clad in cotton, with bows of cane, and arrows also of cane pointed with iron. As for the Arabians they had long cloaks bound about the waist with girdles, and at their right side they carried bows bending backward. They that came from Ethiopia were clad in skins of panthers and lions. Their bows were of the stems of palm leaves, four cubits and more in length; their arrows were small and of reed, having heads of stone for iron. (This same stone is used for engraving of seals.) They had spears also, with the horns of antelopes made sharp for spear-heads, and knotted clubs also. When they were about to go into battle they would paint the one half of their bodies with chalk and the other with vermilion. There were also Eastern Ethiopians (these had straight hair, while they of the West had hair more woolly than the hair of other men) equipped like to the others, but having the scalps of horses on their heads. These they flay off with the ears and mane. The ears stand upright

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and the mane is for a crest. For shields they have bucklers made of the skins of cranes.

Many nations came from the Lower Asia, as Phrygians and Paphlagonians, and Lydians, these last being clad and armored very much in Greek fashion. There were also Mysians (who in old time came forth from Lydia, but then dwelt in the Mysian Olympus). These had helmets and bucklers and staves of wood with one end hardened in the fire. Also the Bithynians came from this land, having before dwelt about the Strymon, in Thrace. These had skins of foxes on their heads, and tunics with long cloaks of many colors about their bodies, and buskins of fawn skins about their legs and feet; and for arms javelins and light shields and short daggers.

From these and many other nations of Asia and Africa came the footmen of the host. They had captains of tens and of hundreds and of thousands and of ten thousands; and over all six generals, Mar-donias, Tritantæchmes, son of Artabanus, Megabyzus, son of Zopyrus, the same that took the city of Babylon for King Darius, and three others.

These six commanded all the footmen save only the Ten Thousand. These Ten Thousand were Persians all of them, chosen men. These Hydarnes led, and they were called the Immortals, because if any man among them die or fall sick, straightway another is chosen into his place, so that they are ten

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thousand always, neither more nor less. Of all the host the Persians were the bravest and most splendidly equipped.

The horsemen came from many nations. Among these were the Sagartians, a wandering people. These are wont to have no arms either of iron or bronze, save only a dirk. But they have lassoes of leathern thongs and trust to these. They fight in this fashion. When they go into battle, they cast their lassoes having nooses at the end; and that which is entangled in the noose they draw toward them, be it man or horse, and slay it.

Of the Indians some rode in chariots drawn by wild asses. The Arabians rode on camels that were as swift as horses. These were set last, because the horses could not endure the sight of the camels. Of horsemen there were in all eighty thousand.

The number of the ships of war was one thousand and two hundred and seven. Of these the Phœnicians furnished three hundred and the Egyptians two hundred, and the men of Cyprus one hundred and fifty, and the men of Cilicia one hundred. The Ionians and the Æolians and the Greeks that dwelt about the Hellespont and the Black Sea furnished two hundred and sixty and seven. And on all the ships there were fighting men, Persians and Medes and Sacæ. The best of all the ships were the Phœnician, and of the Phœnician ships the best they that came from Sidon.

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As to the names of them that commanded the ships, there is no need to tell them. For indeed they were not commanders but slaves, even as the others. But the Persians that commanded were Ariabignes son of Darius, and Megabazus, with two others. Of smaller ships and transports and the like there were three thousand in all.

One of the generals must needs be mentioned, namely Artemisia, the daughter of Lygdamis. She, her husband being dead and her son but a lad, had the lordship of her city, even Halicarnassus; and she went with Xerxes against Greece, not of necessity, but of her own free will, so valiant was she and of so manlike a spirit. She furnished five ships to the king, and in all the fleet there were none better, save only those of the Sidonians; nor was there one of the allies that gave better counsel to the King than did this Artemisia.

When Xerxes had numbered the host and the fleet, and had set them in order, it seemed good to him to go through them and see them for himself. This therefore he did. First he rode on a chariot, driving from nation to nation, and inquiring about each many things; and there followed scribes, who wrote down that which was answered. This he did till he came to the very end of the footmen and of the horsemen. After this he left his chariot and embarked on a ship of Sidon, and sitting under a tent of gold sailed along by the prows of the ships, these

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all having been launched and being drawn up about four hundred feet from the shore, and the fighting men upon them, some ready armed as for battle. The King sailed between the ships and the shore; and the scribes followed him and wrote as before.

When he had ended these things he sent for Demaratus, the son of Ariston, that had been King in Sparta, and had been banished thence, and asked him, saying: "Demaratus, it is my pleasure to ask thee a certain question. Thou art a Greek; and as I hear from thee and from other of thy people, thou comest of a city that is by no means the least or weakest in the land of Greece. Tell me, then, will the Greeks abide our coming, and lift a hand against us? For, as it seems to me, not all the Greeks, nor all the barbarians of the west, if they were gathered together, could stand up against me when I come against them, if they were not of one mind. But tell me, what thinkest thou?"

Then said Demaratus: "Shall I answer thee that which is true or that which is pleasant?"

The King said: "Speak that which is true. It shall not be the worse for thee."

When Demaratus heard this, he said: "O King, thou biddest me speak the truth, so that I may not be found hereafter to have lied unto thee. With us Greeks poverty is born and bred; and we have gotten for ourselves valor by help of wisdom and law, and by valor we keep ourselves both from poverty and from

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servitude. Now that which I am about to say regards the Spartans only, though indeed I honor all the Greeks that dwell in the Dorian country. Know then, in the first place, that the Spartans will receive no conditions from thee that shall bring slavery upon Greece; and in the second, that they will surely come forth to meet thee in battle, yea, though all the Greeks besides be on thy side. But as to their number there is no need to inquire; for if there be a thousand that shall march out to battle, or if there be more or less these will surely fight."

When Xerxes heard this he laughed, and said: "What is this that thou hast said, Demaratus? Shall a thousand men fight with a whole army? Tell me now. Thou hast been, thou sayest, King of these Spartans. Wilt thou then forthwith fight singly with ten men? Yet if all thy nation be such as thou sayest, thou being their King shouldst, according to your custom, contend against as many again; so that if a common man be a match for ten men of my army thou shouldst be a match for twenty. But if they that so boast themselves are no bigger or stronger than the Greeks that I have seen, thyself, to wit, and others, then is this talk but empty words. Consider now the likelihood of the thing. How could a thousand, or ten thousand, or even fifty thousand, stand up against such an army, the more so if they be free and not under the rule of one man? For say that there be five thousand of them, yet shall we have

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more than a thousand to one. If, indeed, they were under the rule of one man after our fashion, then might they for fear of him be valiant even beyond their nature, and fight few against many, being driven thereto by the lash. But being free, and left to choose, they will do neither the one nor the other. I verily believe that Greeks could scarce stand up in battle against Persians, the number being equal. But as to this, that one man can fight against many, we have indeed a few such in our army, but a few only, for some of my spearmen would not refuse to fight one man against three Greeks. But about this thou knowest nothing, and so talkest idly."

To this Demaratus made answer: "O King, I knew at the beginning that if I should speak the truth I should not please thee. But the truth thou wouldst have me speak; therefore I told thee the things that concerned the Spartans. And yet I love them not, as thou knowest very well, seeing that they took from me the place and dignity that came to me from my father, and drove me out into banishment, whereas thy father Darius received me and gave me sustenance and a home to dwell in; and it is not to be believed that a wise man would scorn such kindness, but rather that he would cherish it in his heart. For myself I engage not to fight with ten men, nor yet with two, nor indeed would I willingly fight with one; yet if there should be any necessity or great cause, I would gladly fight with any of the men who say

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they are a match for three Greeks. And as for the Spartans, when they fight singly they are as good as any men in the world; and when they fight together they are better than any. For though they be free, yet are they not wholly free. For they have a master over them, even Law, whom they fear more than thy people fear thee. Whatsoever this master commands, that they do. And he commands them that they turn not their backs in battle, how many soever be their enemies, but abide in their place, and conquer or die. If thou thinkest that these things that I say are naught, then will I hold my peace hereafter. Howbeit, I pray that all things may be as thou wouldst have them, O King."

This was the answer of Demaratus. And the King laughed, and sent him away in peace.

Now it must be remembered that Xerxes, though he said that he was marching against Athens, had it in his mind to subdue all Greece. And this the Greeks knew beforehand, though indeed they did not all regard the matter in the same way. For some had no fear of the barbarians, as having given them earth and water, and thinking therefore that they should receive from them no harm; but others, having not given these things, were in great fear. For whereas they thought that all the ships in Greece were not enough to meet the Persians, so also they knew that the greater part of the cities would take no part in the war, but greatly favored the enemy.

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And here must be said a thing which because it is true ought to be said, though most men will dislike it. If the Athenians, for fear of the danger that was coming upon them, had left their country, or, not leaving it, had submitted themselves to Xerxes, then certainly none would have sought to withstand the Persians by sea; and if none had withstood the Persians by sea, then there would have come to pass on the land what shall now be set forth. Though many breastworks had been built across the Isthmus, yet would the Lacedæmonians have been betrayed by their allies; not of their free will, indeed, but because their cities would have been taken, one after the other, by the fleet of the barbarians. So would they in the end have been left alone, and being so left alone, after many deeds of valor, would have perished with great glory. Or if not, then seeing beforehand that all the other Greeks were submitting themselves to the Persians, they also would have made an agreement with Xerxes. So, in either case, would Greece have been made subject to the barbarians. For what would have been the profit of walls built across the Isthmus while the king had the mastery by sea? If a man then should say that in truth the Athenians were the saviors of Greece, he would speak truly; for to whichever side they had inclined that would have been the weightier. And they, having a fixed purpose that Greece should be free, stirred up all the nations that had not submit-

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ted themselves to the Persians, and so, next to the Gods, drove back the enemy.

And this they did though they were sorely terrified by the oracle. For when they sent messengers to inquire of the god at Delphi, and these had offered sacrifices after the custom, and were now come into the shrine, the priestess gave to them this answer. (The name of the priestess was Aristonice).

“Why sit ye still? Fly, wretched race,
To earth’s far bounds the fatal place.
Fly hearth and home and craggy hill,
Round which the wheel-like city stands;
Through all her being fares she ill,
Body, and head, and feet, and hands.
The fire consumes them, and from far,
Wild Ares drives his Syrian car.
Full many a tower, both fair and tall,
Not thine alone, before him fall;
Full many a holy place and shrine
The fire’s devouring flames shall seize;
Cold stands the sweat on face divine,
And shake with fear the trembling knees;
From high-pitched roof the blood-drops fall,
Fell signs of storm and coming woe;
Leave, suppliant band, Apollo’s hall,
Prepare you for the fate ye know.”

When the messengers from Athens heard these words they were greatly troubled. But Timon, the son of Androbulus, a chief man among the citizens of Delphi, seeing how utterly cast down they were

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by the evil that was prophesied concerning their country, counselled them that they should take tokens of suppliants in their hands, and in this guise go and inquire of the oracle once more. This then the Athenians did, and spake, saying, "O King, prophesy unto us some better thing about our country, having regard to these tokens of suppliants which we bring into thy presence. Else will we not depart from thy sanctuary, but will abide here till the day of our death." Then the priestess prophesied to them a second time, using these words:

"Pallas desires with deep desire
To change the purpose of her sire.
Again entreats him, and again;
But vain her prayers, her counsel vain.
Yet sons of Athens, hear once more
The firm, unyielding word of fate;
Whene'er the fair Cecropian state,
From bound to bound and shore to shore
Before the foeman's might shall bow,
One boon will Zeus All-wise allow
To Pallas' prayer—that ne'er shall fall
Fair Athens' stay, her wooden wall:
Think not to wait that evil hour
Horsemen or footmen's dark array;
Fly, fly their host; yet comes the hour
Ye stand to meet the foemen's power.
Thou, holy Salamis, shalt bring
Dark death to sons of women born,
Or when abroad the seed they fling,
Or when they pluck the ripened corn."

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These words seemed to be, as indeed they were, milder than the former words. So the envoys wrote them down, and returned with them to Athens.

When the messengers told the words that they had heard and written down to the people, there were many and various opinions among those who sought to interpret the oracle. Some of the older men said that it seemed to them that the god bade them fortify the citadel, for that in old time the citadel of Athens had been surrounded with a fence. And this fence they supposed to be the "wooden wall." And there were others that said the "wooden wall" signified their ships; but these were confounded by the last words of the oracle:

"Thou, holy Salamis, shalt bring
Dark death to sons of women born,
Or when abroad the seed they fling,
Or when they pluck the ripened corn."

These words troubled them much, for the readers of oracles declared that it was signified by them that they should fight in ships and be worsted at Salamis.

Now there was at Athens a certain man that was but newly risen into the front rank of the citizens. This was Themistocles the son of Neocles. He then coming forward affirmed that the oracle-readers did not read the words aright, for that, if they had been really spoken concerning the Athe-

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nians, the god would have said, "Sad Salamis," rather than "Holy Salamis," it being decreed that the dwellers in the land should die there. It was manifest therefore, he said, to one that interpreted the words aright that they were spoken concerning the barbarians, and not concerning the Athenians. Wherefore he advised his fellow-citizens that they should make ready to fight in ships, for that these were their "wooden wall." When Themistocles had set forth these opinions, the Athenians judged them to be better than the opinions of the oracle-readers. For these would have hindered them from fighting in ships, yea, from so much as lifting up their hands against the enemy, and would have had them leave their country, and find some other wherein to dwell.

Before this, another counsel of this same Themistocles had been given excellently in season. It so chanced that the Athenians had much money in their public treasury, having received it from their mines at Laurium. This they were about to divide among the citizens, man by man, so that each should have ten drachmæ; but Themistocles persuaded the Athenians that this division should not be made, but that they should use the money for the building of two hundred ships for the war that they had on hand, that is to say, the war against Ægina. This war indeed it was that was the saving of Greece, for it compelled the Athenians to become seafaring men. As for the

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two hundred ships, they were not used for the end for the which they were made; but they were a help to Greece when she most needed them. So many ships had the Athenians ready before the war; and they began to build others. And now, after hearing the oracle and consulting thereupon, they judged it well to put their whole force on shipboard, even as the god commanded them; and so, together with such of the Greeks as were of the same mind, to give battle to the barbarians.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ

KING XERXES brought with him from Asia twelve hundred and seven great ships; and in each ship there were two hundred rowers and thirty fighting men. Also he had of smaller ships, having fifty oars or under, three thousand, and in each of these, taking one with another, there were eighty men. Therefore the whole number of the men that served on the ships was five hundred and seventeen thousand and six hundred. Of foot soldiers there were seventeen hundred thousand, and of horsemen eighty thousand, and of Arabs riding on camels and of Libyans that fought from chariots twenty thousand. There were also one hundred and twenty ships of Greeks that dwelt in Thrace and in the islands thereof, and in these twenty and four thousand men. To these must be added foot soldiers of the Thracians, the Pæonians, the Macedonians, and others. And the sum of the whole was two million six hundred and forty-one thousand six hundred and ten. And of all this great host there was none fitter to be the ruler for beauty and great stature than King Xerxes himself. Of those that followed the camp, and of the crews of the provision ships and other vessels of transport, the number was more rather than less the number of the fighting men. As for the

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women that ground the corn, and others that came with the army, and the horses, and the beasts of burden, and the dogs, their number can not be told.

King Xerxes pitched his camp in the region of Trachis, and the Greeks pitched their camp in the Pass. (This Pass is called Thermopylæ, that is to say, the Hot Gates, by the greater part of the Greeks, but the inhabitants of the country call it Pylæ, that is to say, the Gates.) Here then the two armies were set over against each other, the one being master of all the country from the Pass northward, and the other having that which lay to the southward. Now, the Greeks that abode the coming of the Persians in this place were these—three hundred Spartans, heavy-armed men; and men of Tegea and Matinea a thousand, from each five hundred, and from Orchomenus one hundred and twenty, and from the rest of Arcadia a thousand. From Corinth there came four hundred, and from Phlius two hundred, and from Mycenæ eighty. So many came from the Peloponnesus; of the Bœotians there came seven hundred from Thespiæ and four hundred from Thebes. Besides these there had come at the summons the Locrians of Opus with all the men that they had, and a thousand Phocians. For these the other Greeks had summoned to their help, saying to them by messengers, "We all that are here are come but as the vanguard of the host; as for the others, we look for their coming day by day. The sea also is in safe

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keeping, being watched by the men of Athens and the men of Ægina, and such others as have been appointed to this work. Remember also that he who now comes against Greece is no god, but a man only; nor is there any mortal, nor ever will be, with whom from the very day of his birth misfortune is not always close at hand, and the greater the man the greater also the misfortune. Wherefore it may be believed that he who now comes against us, being but a mortal man, may fail of his purpose." When the Phocians and Locrians heard these words, they came to the help of the Greeks at Trachis. All of these had commanders of their own, for every city one; but he that was most admired and had the chief command of the army was a Spartan, Leonidas by name, being the twenty-first in descent from Hercules, and having obtained the kingdom in Sparta contrary to expectation. For he had two brothers that were older than he, to wit, Cleomenes and Dorieus, and so had no thoughts of the kingdom. Nevertheless, when Cleomenes died without male offspring, and Dorieus also was dead, having perished in Sicily, the kingdom came to Leonidas, for he was older than Cleombrotus. (This Cleombrotus was the youngest of the sons of Anaxandrides.) This Leonidas had to wife Gorgo, the daughter of Cleomenes; and now he went to Thermopylæ, taking with him three hundred men, according to the custom of the Kings of Sparta. These three hundred he

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had chosen from such as had male children. On his way, he took with him the four hundred men of Thebes, their commander being Leontiades. Now, the cause why Leonidas made much account of taking these men rather than any other of the Greeks was this. It was commonly laid to the charge of the Thebans that they favored the cause of the Persians. For this cause he summoned them to the war, seeking to know whether they would send the men or would plainly refuse the alliance of the Greeks. And the Thebans, though they wished otherwise, nevertheless sent the men. The Spartans indeed sent on Leonidas and his company beforehand, purposing themselves to follow. For they thought that when the allies knew that these were already gone, they would also make ready; and they feared lest these should favor the Persians, if they themselves should be seen to linger. And they purposed, when they should have kept the feast—for it chanced to be the feast of the Carneia—to leave a garrison in Sparta, and to follow with their whole force. And the rest of the allies were minded to do the same thing; and it so befell that the festival of Olympia was being kept at this time. But when they sent these men before them, they had no thought that matters at Thermopylæ would be brought to an end so speedily.

Now, the Greeks that were at Thermopylæ, when they saw that the Persians were now near to

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the mouth of the Pass, were sore afraid, and took counsel together whether they should not depart. The Peloponnesians, for the most part, desired to return to the Peloponnesus and guard the Isthmus; but Leonidas, seeing that the Phocians and Locrians were greatly vexed at this counsel, gave his sentence that they should remain, and should send messengers to the cities of the Greeks, bidding them send all the help that they could, for that they were over few to stand up against so great a host.

While the Greeks were holding a council on this matter, Xerxes sent a scout, a horseman, to see how many in number they were, and what they were doing. Now, the man heard, while he was yet in Thessaly, that a small company of men were gathered together in this place, the chief of them being Spartans, and the leader King Leonidas, of the house and lineage of Hercules. And when he rode up to the place where the army was encamped, he saw a part of the men. The whole army he saw not, for they had built again the wall that was across the Pass, and were guarding it; and they that were within the wall he saw not; but they that were without the wall, having their arms piled beside them, he saw. Now it so chanced that they who had their place at the time without the wall were the Spartans. These the horseman saw busy with exercises and combing their hair. All this he much marvelled to see, finding also how few they were in number.

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And when he had learned everything for certain, he rode back again in peace; for no one pursued after him, or indeed paid him any heed whatsoever. And when he was come back he told Xerxes all the things that he had seen. But when Xerxes heard these things he could by no means understand that which was indeed the truth; how these men were making ready to slay as many as might be of their enemy, and so perish. Thinking therefore that the whole thing was but foolishness, he sent for Demaratus, for the man was yet with the army. And when Demaratus stood before him he asked him about these things, desiring to know what they signified. And Demaratus said, "Thou hast heard from me, O King, the truth concerning these men before this, even when we were first beginning this war; but when thou heardest it thou didst but laugh at me, though I told thee that which I knew would surely come to pass. For indeed, O King, I strive always with my whole heart to tell thee the truth. Hear, therefore, yet again what I say. These men are come hither to contend with us for the Pass; and this they now prepare to do; and they have this custom among them, that when they are about to put their lives in peril they adorn their heads with exceeding care. Know, also, O King, that if thou canst subdue these men, and such others of their nation as have been left behind in Sparta, there is no nation upon the earth that will abide thy coming or lift up a hand against

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thee; for this city that thou now fightest against is the most honorable in all Greece, and these men are the bravest."

But these things seemed to Xerxes to be wholly beyond belief; and he asked again the second time, "In what manner will these men, being so few, as we know them to be, fight with my great army?"

But Demaratus answered this only, "O King, deal with me as with a liar if everything fall not out even as I have said." Notwithstanding, he could not persuade the King that it was so in truth.

Four days, therefore, did the King suffer to pass, hoping always that the Greeks would flee away from their place. But on the fifth day, seeing that they were not departed, but were full, as it seemed to him, of impudence and folly, he grew angry, and sent against them the Medes and the Cissians, giving them a command that they should take these Greeks alive and bring them before him. But when these men came up and fell upon the Greeks, many of them were slain. Then others came up into their places and ceased not from fighting, though indeed they suffered a very grievous slaughter, so that it was manifest to all men, and more especially to the King, that though he had very many that bore arms, yet had he but few men of war. And this battle endured throughout the whole day.

The Medes, having been thus roughly handled, fell back, and the Persians took up the fighting in

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their place, even the Ten Thousand, that had the name of the Immortals, whom Hydarnes commanded. These men thought to finish the matter very speedily. Nevertheless, when they came to deal with the Greeks, they accomplished nothing more than had the Medes, but fared just as ill, for indeed they fought in a narrow place, and their spears were shorter than the spears of the Greeks, and their numbers availed them not at all. As for the Spartans, they fought in a notable way, showing themselves more skilful by far in battle than were their enemies. Then they would sometimes turn their backs, and make as though they were all fled; and when the barbarians saw them flee they would pursue after them with much shouting and uproar. Then the Spartans would turn again and stand face to face with the barbarians; and when they turned they would slay such multitudes as could not be counted. Here also there fell certain of the Spartans, but a few only. In the end, when the Persians after many trials could not by any means gain the Pass, neither by attacking in division nor by any other means, they went back to their camp. And twice, while these battles were being fought, did Xerxes leap from his seat in great fear for his army.

The next day also the barbarians fought, but fared no better than before; for they hoped that the Greeks, being few in number, had been overcome with their wounds, and would not be able any more

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to stand up against them. But these had been ordered in companies, according to their nations, and so fought; the one coming in the place of another. Only the Phocians did not fight, being set over the mountain that they might guard the path. Wherefore the Persians, finding that they prevailed not one whit more than before, turned back to the camp.

The King, therefore, was greatly perplexed what he should do. But while he considered there came to him a certain Ephialtes, a man of Malea, and desired to talk with him. This man, hoping to receive a great reward from the King, discovered to him the path that led over the mountain to Thermopylæ. Thus did he bring to destruction the Greeks that abode in the Pass. In after time, for fear of the Spartans, this man fled into Thessaly. And when he fled the wardens of the Pass put a price upon his life. This they did when the Amphictyons met at Pylæ. And as time went on Ephialtes came back from banishment and went to Anticyra. There a certain Athenades slew him; not for this treachery, but for some other cause. But the Spartans honored Athenades not the less on this account. This was the end of Ephialtes. As for the other story, that there were two others, to wit, Phanagoras and Corydallus, that led the Persians by this path, it is not believed. For the wardens of the Pass set a price not on these two, but on Ephialtes, having without doubt a perfect knowledge of the whole matter. Also it is well

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known that Ephialtes went into banishment for this cause. Let him therefore be named as having done this great wickedness.

The King was greatly pleased at the thing which this man undertook, that is to say, the showing of the path; and he sent Hydarnes and the Ten Thousand that were called the Immortals. These setting out from the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps, crossed over the river Asopus, and marched all night, having Œta on their right and Trachis on their left. And when it was morning they were found close to the top of the mountain. At the first, indeed, the Phocians that had been set to guard the path knew not of their coming for the whole of the mountain was covered with a wood of oak trees. But when they came near, the morning being calm, there was heard a loud rustling, as indeed could not but be, the Persians treading the leaves under their feet. Then the Phocians leaped up and took their arms, and forthwith the barbarians appeared; and the Phocians, when they saw the armed men, were greatly astonished; for when they had not thought to deal with any enemy whatsoever, lo! there was an army at hand. Hydarnes indeed was much troubled, fearing that the men that he saw were Spartans. And he inquired of Ephialtes who they might be; and when he knew the certainty of the matter he commanded the Persians to make them ready for battle. Then the Phocians, finding that the arrows fell very thickly

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upon them, and thinking that the Persians were set upon their destruction, fled to the top of the mountain, and prepared to meet their death. But Hydarnes and Ephialtes took no heed of them, and went down the side of the mountain with all the speed they could.

As for the Greeks that were in the Pass, they knew of the doom that should come upon them so soon as the day appeared; first of all from the sooth-sayer Megistias (for Megistias learned it from the sacrifices). Afterward came in certain deserters with tidings that the Persians had made a compass by the path across the mountains; lastly, when the day was breaking, came the scouts running down from the hills. Then the Greeks held a council, considering what they should do; and they were divided; for some would not leave the post where they had been set, and others were very eager to depart. And when the council was broken up, some departed, going each to their own cities, and others made ready to abide in the Pass with Leonidas. Some say indeed that Leonidas sent away them that departed, having a care for their safety; but it did not become him and the Spartans that were with him, he said, to leave their post that they had come to keep at the first. And indeed it seems fit to be believed that Leonidas, seeing that the others were fainthearted and would not willingly abide the peril, bade them go, but that he himself held it to be a shameful thing to depart.

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For he knew that he should get for himself great glory by abiding at his post, and that the prosperity of Sparta should not be destroyed. For when the Spartans at the very beginning of the war sent to inquire of the Pythia, seeking to know what should befall them, there was given to them an oracle, that one of two things must come to pass, to wit, that Sparta must perish, or that one of their kings must fall in battle.

And that oracle was this—

“Dwellers in Sparta’s proud domains,
Hear what the will of fate ordains :
Or falls your noble city low
Beneath the feet of Persian foe ;
Or all your borders shall bewail
A Zeus-descended monarch slain ;
Nor bull nor lion shall avail
The foe’s fierce onset to restrain ;
Lo ! onward moves his dark array,
Mighty as Zeus, and will not stay
Till King or city be his prey.”

Remembering therefore this oracle, and desiring to get for the Spartans all the glory of this matter, Leonidas sent away the others. This is rather to be believed than that they had a controversy in the council, and so departed in an unseemly fashion and without order.

And that this was so is manifest both from other things and also from what befell Megistias the sooth-

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sayer. This Megistias was an Acarnanian and of the house, it was reported, of Melampus; and Leonidas would have sent him away together with the others, lest he should perish with them. Megistias indeed would not depart, but he sent away his son who chanced to be with the army; for indeed he had no other son but him only.

The others thereupon hearkened to the words of Leonidas and departed; but the Thespians and the Thebans only abode with the Spartans. This the Thebans indeed did against their will, for Leonidas kept these to be as hostages; but the Thespians remained of their own free will, affirming that they would not leave Leonidas and his companions. Wherefore they abode in the Pass and perished together with the Spartans. Their leader was Demophilus.

So soon as the sun was risen Xerxes made libations; and about the time when the market begins to fill he commanded that the army should advance. This he had been bidden to do by Ephialtes, because the way for them that descended the mountain was shorter by far than the way for them that ascended. Now, when the Persians were seen to approach, Leonidas and his companions, as knowing that their end was near, went further than they had gone on the days before into that part which is broader. For before they had been wont to guard the wall, and advancing therefrom to fight in the narrows of the

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Pass. But now they joined battle with the barbarians in the open space, slaying great multitudes of them. As for these, indeed, the captains of their companies standing behind them and having great whips, drove them forward. And many were thrust into the sea by the press and so perished; and many were trodden down by their companions. Nor did any one take any count of them that perished. And the Greeks, knowing that death was at hand, now that the barbarians had come round over the mountains, recked not of their lives, but fought with rage that was beyond all measure. By this time the spears of the greater part were already broken, so that they smote down the Persians with their swords. While they thus fought King Leonidas was slain, having done many deeds of valor; and there fell many other Spartans with him, men of renown. Many famous Persians also were slain at this time, and among them were two sons of Darius. And there was an exceeding fierce fight between the Spartans and Persians concerning the body of Leonidas; but in the end the Spartans prevailed, so great was their valor, and carried it away, and they drove back the Persians four times. But when the Greeks perceived that the Persians that followed Ephialtes were at hand, they returned to the narrows of the Pass, beyond the wall, and gathered themselves together in the company on the mound that is at the entering in of the Pass, where in aftertime there was set a lion

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of stone over the grave of King Leonidas. Here such as had swords yet remaining to them unbroken, defended themselves with them; and the rest fought with their hands and teeth, till at the last the barbarians, some pulling down the walls and assailing them in front and others surrounding them on every side, overwhelmed them with stones and arrows.

All the Spartans and Thespians showed themselves right valiant; but the bravest of all was Dieneces, a Spartan. It was this Dieneces that spake a very noteworthy saying before the Spartans joined battle with the Persians. And the saying was this. A man of Trachis affirmed that when the Persians shot off their arrows the sun was darkened by the number of them. But Dieneces was not one whit astonished at the matter, but, taking no heed at all of the multitude of the Persians, made answer, saying, "This is good news that the stranger from Trachis brings us, for if the Persians so hide the sun then shall we fight in the shade." Many such like sayings did this Dieneces speak. Next after this Dieneces were two brothers, Alpheus and Maron; and of the Thespians the bravest was one Dithyrambus.

All these were buried even where they were slain. On them that died before that Leonidas had sent away a part of his army, there was written this epitaph—

"Four times a thousand men from Pelops' land
Three thousand times a thousand did withstand."

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But over the Spartans by themselves there was written—

“Go, tell the Spartans, thou that passest by,
That here, obedient to their laws, we lie.”

And over the soothsayer was this—

“Here lies the great Megistias, whom of yore
The Persian host, from swift Asopus shore
Ascending, slew. The seer his doom could read,
Yet left not Sparta’s chieftains in their need.”

The other columns, indeed, and that which was written upon them did the Amphictyons set up; but the column of Megistias the seer and the inscription thereon Simonides set up for friendship’s sake.

Of the three hundred two, Eurytus and Aristodemus, were absent from their companions on the day of the battle. Now, these two might, if they had been willing to agree, either have returned both of them to Sparta, for Leonidas had sent them away from the army and they lay at Alpeni, grievously afflicted with sickness of the eyes, or if they were not willing so to return, have died along with the others. As for Eurytus, when he knew that the Persians had come round by the path, he called for his arms and put them on him, and bade his helot lead him into the battle. So the helot led him to the battle, and then turned and fled, and Eurytus thrust himself into the press of the battle, and so perished. But as for Aristodemus, his courage failed him, and

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he tarried at Alpeni. Now, if Aristodemus only had been sick and so returned alive to Sparta, or if they two had so returned together, it may well be believed that the Spartans would have had no indignation against them; but seeing that, both being in the same case, one perished, but the other was not willing to die, it could not but be that they should have great indignation against him that still lived.

Such is the story that some tell about Aristodemus; but others say that, having been sent as a messenger from the army, when he might have returned before the battle, he lingered on the way of set purpose, but that his fellow messenger returned and was slain. This Aristodemus, going back to Sparta, was held in great shame and dishonor. For no Spartan would give him fire, nor would any talk with him, but they called him "Aristodemus the Coward." Notwithstanding at the battle of Platæa he did away with all his disgrace.

As for the Thebans that were with Leonidas, for a while they fought together with the other Greeks against the Persians, doing this by compulsion. But when the barbarians prevailed, and the Greeks gathered themselves together at the mound, then the Thebans separated themselves from them, and stretching forth their hands came near to the barbarians, and cried, speaking indeed the veriest truth, that they had yielded themselves to the Persians, and had given earth and water to the King, none sooner, and

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that they had come to Thermopylæ under compulsion, and were without guilt for the loss that had befallen the King's army. Thus they were saved alive, and, indeed, they had the Thessalians to witness for them that they spake the truth. Nevertheless they were not altogether fortunate, for some of them were slain by the barbarians as they approached, and the others were branded with the King's mark, for such was the command of Xerxes. The first that suffered this was their general Leontiades. The son of this Leontiades, Eurymachus, was afterward slain by the men of Platæa when he came with four hundred other Thebans seeking to take their city.

These things being finished, the King sent for Demaratus and spake to him, saying, "Demaratus, thou art a good man, as I know by thy speaking of the truth, for indeed all things have turned out according to thy saying. Tell me now how many in number are the Spartans that yet remain? and how many of them are such as they that have now fought against us?"

Then said Demaratus, "O King, there are many Lacedæmonians; but in this country of Lacedæmon there is a certain city, Sparta, wherein are, as near as may be, eight thousand men as brave as them that fought in the Pass. The other Lacedæmonians are not a match for these; but they are brave men."

Xerxes said, "Tell me now, Demaratus, how shall we best get the mastery over these men? Speak, for

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thou wast a King among them and must needs know all their counsels."

Demaratus made answer, "Since thou seekest counsel of me so earnestly, O King, I will tell thee, as is right, the best thing thou canst do. Send three hundred of thy ships against the land of the Lacedæmonians. Now there lieth over against this land a certain island, Cythera, concerning which island one Chilon, a very wise man that once dwelt among us, was wont to say that it would be far better for the Spartans that it should be sunk under the sea than that it should be above the sea. This he said because he feared always lest some such thing should be done as I am now about to tell thee. And he said it knowing nothing of thy coming against Greece, but fearing all coming of strangers to this place. Send men therefore to this island, and let them harass the Spartans from thence. And it shall be that if they have a war of their own close at home they will not be a trouble to thee, so as to help the other Greeks when thy army seeks to subdue them. And when thou hast subdued the rest of Greece, the Spartans, being left alone, will be feeble. But if thou wilt not follow this counsel then know that there shall come to pass that which I now tell thee. When thou comest to the Peloponnesus thou wilt find a narrow neck of land; and at this neck all the men of the Peloponnesus that are leagued together against thee will be gathered together. and there wilt

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thou have to fight battles fiercer by far than that which thou hast now seen."

Now it so chanced that Achæmenes, who was brother to King Xerxes, and had command of the fleet, was present when Demaratus thus spake. Fearing then that the King might follow this counsel, he brake in, "I see, O King, that thou listenest to the counsels of a man that envies thy good fortune, and seeks to betray thee. This indeed is ever the manner of the Greeks; they envy good fortune, and hate that which is stronger than themselves. If now, when we have lost four hundred ships by shipwreck, three hundred more shall be sent away from the fleet to sail round the Peloponnesus, then will our enemies be a match for us. But if we keep our whole fleet together, then will it be such as they will not dare to encounter. Consider also that if that which we have on the land and that which we have on the sea advance together, the one will be able to help the other. But if thou part them asunder, the fleet will not be able to help thee, nor thou to help the fleet. Only order thine own affairs well, and take no thought about thine enemies, whether they will join battle with thee, or what they will do, or how many they be in number. Surely they without us can manage their own affairs and we ours without them. As to the Spartans, if they come out to fight against us, they will in no wise heal this great wound that they have now received at our hands."

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To this the King made answer, "This is well said, Achæmenes, and I will follow thy counsel. For though Demaratus saith what he deems the best for me, his judgment is worse than thine. But this I will not believe, that he has not good will for me and my fortunes. So much I know from the counsel that he has given me before, and also from his own affairs. For that a many may envy a fellow-citizen that is more fortunate than he, and may hate him secretly, and if he be asked for counsel will not speak the thing that is best, is to be believed, unless indeed he be of a very rare and excellent virtue. But a friend rejoices in the prosperity of a friend that is of another country, and gives him counsel according to the best of his power. Now, this Demaratus is my friend, and I warn all men that hereafter they keep themselves from speaking evil of him."

When Xerxes had thus spoken, he went to see the bodies of them that had been slain. And when he came to the body of Leonidas, knowing him to have been the captain and King of the Spartans, he commanded that they should cut the head from it and put it on a cross, which may be taken for a proof that there was no man that Xerxes hated so much as he hated Leonidas while he was yet alive; for else he had not done this dishonor to his dead body. For the Persians are wont, for the most part, more than other men, to show honor to them that have shown themselves good men in war.

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It must yet be told how the Spartans first knew that the King had it in his mind to bring an army against Greece. This Demaratus, of whom mention has been made, was not friendly, it would appear, to them that had driven him forth. Wherefore it may be doubted whether he did this thing that shall now be told from goodwill or from insolence. So soon as Xerxes had fixed it in his mind to march against Greece, Demaratus, being then in the city of Susa, and hearing the matter, desired to send tidings of it to the Spartans. And the way which he devised of sending them was this, for there was great peril lest he should be discovered. This, therefore, was his contrivance. He took a tablet that had two leaves, and having cleared away from it the wax, he wrote upon the wood the purpose of the King. And having done this he melted the wax again over the writing, knowing that the guards of the road would not trouble themselves about a tablet that was seen to be empty. But when the tablet was brought to Sparta no one could understand the matter, till Gorgo, that was daughter to Cleomenes and wife to Leonidas, discovered it to them, for she said, "Scrape the wax from off the tablet and you will of a surety find writing upon the wood." Thus did the Spartans hear of the coming of the King, and forthwith sent tidings of it to the other Greeks.

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THE ships of the Greeks, having departed from Artemisium, came to Salamis. The Athenians had besought them to do this that they might carry their women and children out of their country, and might also take counsel together what was best to be done. For indeed things had not happened according to their expectations. For they had thought to find the men of the Peloponnese drawn up with their whole force in the land of Bœotia to do battle with the barbarians. But now they heard that these purposed to build a wall across the Isthmus, and so defend their own country, suffering the rest of Greece to take thought for itself. And this the Greeks did. And so soon as they were come thither there flowed to them no small force that had been gathered together at Pogon, the haven of the Træzenians. For the word had gone forth that all who would fight for Greece should be gathered together at Pogon. All these the same Euribiades that was at Artemisium commanded, being a Spartan but not of the house of the Kings. Of all the ships the best were the ships of the Athenians, being in number one hundred and eighty. These were now altogether manned by their own people, for the men of Platæa had gone to carry away their wives and children from their city. The

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men of Ægina sent thirty ships, leaving certain others to defend their city. From the island of Naxos there came four. These indeed had been sent by their people to help the Persians, but they made light of the command and helped the Greeks. This they did at the instance of Democritus, a notable man among the Naxians and captain of a ship. The men of Seriphos and Siphnos and Melos also helped the Greeks, being the only islanders that had not given earth and water to the barbarians. These three sent in all four ships of fifty oars. And of all the countries beyond the sea the men of Crotona only came to the help of the Greeks in their great peril. These sent one ship which Phayllus, a man that had been crowned at the Pythian games, commanded. Now the number of the ships in all was three hundred and seventy and eight; but in this number the ships of fifty oars were not reckoned.

Meanwhile there had been made a proclamation among the Athenians that each man should save his children and his household as best he could. The most part sent them away to Trœzen; but some sent them to Ægina, and some to Salamis. This they did with all speed, desiring to obey the words of the oracle, and also for another reason which shall now be told. The Athenians say that in their citadel in the temple there dwells a great snake that is the guardian of the place. And indeed they set out for this snake a monthly provision of food, as for a veri-

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table creature; and the monthly provision is a honey cake. This honey cake which before had always been eaten, was now seen to be untouched. When the priestess told these things to the people they were more earnest than before to leave the city, as thinking that the goddess Athene had deserted the citadel. Nevertheless they did not all depart, for the Persians, when they came, found the city indeed desolate of inhabitants, but in the citadel certain men, that were either ministers of the temple or of the poorer sort that for lack of means had not departed with the rest of the people to Salamis. But some of them went not, thinking that they rightly understood the oracle of the Pythia when she said, "The wooden wall shall not be taken;" for that by this wall was signified, not the ships, but a veritable wall of wood. These therefore had fenced about the citadel with doors and pieces of wood, and so awaited the coming of the Persians.

The Persians indeed encamped on the hill that is over against the citadel (this hill the Athenians call the hill of Ares) and began the siege, shooting at the Greeks arrows with burning tow upon them that so they might set fire to the barricade. Nevertheless the men held out, though indeed they were in evil case, and their wooden wall had failed them; nor would they hearken to the words of the sons of Pisistratus when these would have them surrender, but they rolled down great stones upon the bar-

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barians as these came up to the gates, and so kept the place. And for many days Xerxes was in great doubt, and knew not how he should prevail over them; but at last they discovered a way of access. For it must needs be that the oracle should be fulfilled, that all the country of the Athenians upon the mainland should be conquered by the barbarians. Certain Persians climbed up the hill where there was no watch, no one believing that any man could mount by that way, so steep was it. (The place is on the face of the cliff, behind the gates and the way by which men commonly ascend.) So soon as the Athenians saw them now already on the top, some threw themselves from the wall and so perished; and some fled for refuge to the sanctuary. But the Persians, when they had opened the gates of the citadel for their fellows, slew all them that had taken sanctuary; and afterward they plundered the temple and burned all the citadel with fire. Then Xerxes, being now wholly master of Athens, sent off a messenger, a horseman, to Artabanus, to tell him of his good success. Also, on the second day after the sending of the herald, he commanded the Athenian exiles that had followed in his train to go up to the citadel and do sacrifice in the place according to the custom of their country. This he did either by reason of a dream, or because it repented him that he had burned the temple. And the exiles did as the King commanded. And when they were come to the citadel

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they found a marvellous thing. There was in the citadel a temple of Erectheus, whom the Athenians call the "earth-born," and in the temple an olive tree, which Athene left for a memorial of her when she contended with Poseidon for the land of the Athenians. Now this olive had been burned with other things in the temple, but when the Athenians went up, according to the King's commandment, they found that there had sprung forth from the trunk a fresh shoot of a cubit in length.

So soon as tidings came to the Greeks of Salamis of the things that had befallen Athens and its citadel, there came upon them such fear that some of the captains would not wait till the council should have voted, but embarked in their vessels with all haste, and hoisted up their sails, as though they would fly without delay. And such as stayed at the council voted that the fleet should give battle to the Persians at the Isthmus. Afterward, it being now night, the captains departed, each man to his own vessel.

And when Themistocles was come to his ship there met him a certain Mnesiphilus, an Athenian, who asked him what the council had decreed. And when Themistocles said, "They have decreed that we should sail to the Isthmus, and there fight for the Peloponnese," Mnesiphilus made answer, "If these men take away their ships from Salamis, there will be no one country for which ye may fight. For the Greeks will depart each to his own city, and neither

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Eurybiades nor any other man shall be able to hinder them from so scattering themselves. So shall Greece perish by the folly of their children. If, therefore, there be any device by which thou canst deliver us from this end, haste and make trial of it. Happily thou mayest persuade Eurybiades to change his purpose and remain in this place."

This counsel pleased Themistocles well. To Mnesiphilus indeed he answered nothing, but he went straightway to the ship of Eurybiades, and said that he had a matter concerning the common weal about which he would speak with him. Then said Eurybiades, "Come into my ship if thou hast aught to say." So Themistocles sat by his side and told him all that he had heard from Mnesiphilus—only he said these things as if from himself—and added also many other things. So urgent was he that at the last Eurybiades went forth and gathered together the other captains to council. So soon then as these were gathered together, before that Eurybiades had set forth the matter wherefore they were assembled, Themistocles, as one that was wholly intent on his purpose, said many things, so that Adeimantus of Corinth cried out to him, "Themistocles, in the games they that start too soon are scourged." "Yea," said Themistocles, excusing himself, "but they that linger are not crowned." Thus he answered the Corinthian softly. And to Eurybiades he spake, not indeed after his former manner, how that the ships

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would be scattered from where he should have sailed to the Isthmus, for the allies were present, and he thought it not seemly to say this thing in their ears, but rather in some such fashion as this: "It is in thy hands to save Greece, if thou wilt hearken unto me and abide in this place, and so give battle to the barbarians, not heeding those who would have thee depart hence to the Isthmus with thy ships. For hear now, and set these two things one against the other. If the host give battle at the Isthmus, then shall we fight in the open sea, than which there could be nothing less to our advantage, seeing that our ships are fewer in number and these heavier. Also we shall lose Salamis and Megara and Ægina, though we prosper in the battle. For remember that the army of the barbarians will follow, together with their fleet, and that thou wilt thus bring both the one and the other to the Peloponnesus, and so put all Greece upon the hazard. But if thou wilt hearken unto me, see what we shall gain. First we shall do battle in a narrow space, a thing much to our advantage and to the harm of our enemies. And secondly, we shall yet keep Salamis, where we have put our wives and children, and Megara also and Ægina. And at Salamis, saith the oracle, we shall prevail over the barbarians."

When Themistocles had thus spoken, Adeimantus of Corinth reproached him again, bidding him be silent, because he was a man without a city (for

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Athens had been destroyed by the barbarians). Then Themistocles brake out against him and the Corinthians with many bitter words, and saying, "Nay, but we have a city and a land greater than yours, for we have two hundred ships well manned, whose attack no city of the Greeks would be able to withstand." Then he turned to Eurybiades, and said with all earnestness, "If thou wilt abide here and bear thyself bravely all will be well; but if not, then wilt thou bring Greece to ruin. For verily we will take our wives and children and go straightway to Siris in Italy, which is ours. Verily, when ye have lost our help, ye will remember what I have said this day."

When Eurybiades heard these words, he changed his purpose, knowing that if the Athenians should depart, the rest of the fleet should not be able to withstand the Persians. Wherefore he made his resolve that he would stay and give battle at Salamis. Then all the captains made ready for battle. After this, at daybreak there was an earthquake, and it seemed good to the Greeks to make supplications to the Gods, and to call the sons of Æacus to their help. And this they did, for they put up prayers, and sent a ship to Salamis to fetch Æacus and his children.

A certain Dicæus, an exile of Athens and a man of repute among the barbarians, told this tale of what he saw about this time. He chanced to be with Demaratus the Spartan in the plain of Thria, the

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land of Attica having been by this time laid waste by the army of Xerxes, and he saw coming from Eleusis a great cloud of dust, such as a host of thirty thousand men might make in their march. And while the two marvelled who these could be that could cause such dust, he heard voices and the sound, as it seemed to him, of the hymn to Bacchus. Now Demaratus heard the voices, and asked what they were saying, for he knew nothing of the mysteries of Eleusis. Then said Dicæus, "O Demaratus, of a truth some great trouble will overtake the army of the King. For seeing that Attica is void of inhabitants, these that sing are surely gods, and they come from Eleusis to help the Athenians and their allies. If therefore this that we see turn to the Peloponnese, there will be peril to the King and to his army, but if to Salamis, then there will be peril to the fleet. For know that year by year the Athenians keep a feast to the Mother and Daughter, and the voices which thou heardest were singing the hymn of the feast." Then said Demaratus, "See that thou tell the matter to no man. For if the King hear it, thou wilt surely perish. Hold thou thy peace therefore; the Gods will order as they please with the army of the King."

By this time the ships of the barbarians were come to Phalerum, which is a haven of Athens. And it seemed good to Xerxes to learn the judgment of them that had command in the fleet. Wherefore

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he went on board and sat on a seat of honor, and all the kings and the captains sat before him, each in his place, after the pleasure of the King. The King of Sidon sat in the first place, and in the second the King of Tyre. Then Xerxes sent Mardonius, bidding him ask each in his order what he counselled, whether they should fight or no. To this all made answer in the same words that they should fight, save Artemisia of Halicarnassus only, who spake after this fashion, "Say to the King, O Mardonius, what I now say to thee. Seeing that I bare myself not less bravely than the others in the battles at the island of Eubœa, I have the right to speak what I judge to be most for thy advantage. I say then spare thy ships and fight not. These men are better than thine upon the sea, even as men are better than women. Art thou not master of Athens, for which thou camest hither? Doth any man resist thee? Or if thou art not yet satisfied, thou canst easily accomplish all that is in thine heart to do. These men will not long abide in their place, and indeed they have, I fear, no store of food in the island; and if thou goest forward toward the Peloponnese, they will be scattered each to his own city, for the men of the Peloponnese will not care to fight for the Athenians. But I fear me much that some great evil will befall thee, if thou art resolved to join battle with the Greeks by sea. For remember that good masters have ever evil servants, and evil masters good ser-

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vants; thou indeed art the best of men, but thy servants are evil. For these thy allies, as they are called, these men of Egypt and of Cyprus and of Cilicia and of Pamphylia, are of no account."

When Artemisia spake these words all that wished her well were much troubled, for they thought that she would surely be cruelly dealt with by the King, because she counselled him not to give battle; but all that were enemies to her rejoiced, and they that envied her for the honor which the King had done to her beyond all the allies, thinking that she would perish. Nevertheless Xerxes, when the words of all the kings and the captains were told to him, was not pleased with any so much as with the words of Artemisia. Nevertheless it seemed good to him to follow the counsel of the greater number, and to give battle; for he thought that the ships had not done their best at Eubœa because he himself had been absent, and was minded to see the battle that should now be fought with his own eyes.

So the ships of the barbarians sailed to Salamis and took their places, as they had been commanded, no man hindering them; for the Greeks, especially the men of the Peloponnese, were greatly troubled, fearing lest they should be shut up in Salamis while their own country was left without defence.

The same night the army of the barbarians went forward to the Peloponnese. There indeed all things had been done that the Persians might not be able to

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come into the country. For so soon as there came the tidings how that Leonidas and his companions had fallen at the Pass, straightway the inhabitants assembled from their cities and pitched their camp at the Isthmus, their commander being Cleombrotus, who was brother to Leonidas. First they blocked up the way of Susa, that leads from Megara to Corinth; and afterward they built a wall across the Isthmus. This work they wrought in a few days only, for there were many thousands of men, and they worked without ceasing either by night or by day. Now the nations that were gathered at the Isthmus were these: the Lacedæmonians, all the Arcadians, the Corinthians, the men of Elis, the men of Sicyon, and of Epidaurus, and of Philus, and of Trœzen, and of Hermione. But the other nations, as the Achæans and the Argives, came not to the Isthmus, nor gave help to the Greeks, but rather, if the truth is to be told, gave help to the Persians.

Meanwhile there was much doubt and fear among the Greeks at Salamis. For a time indeed the captains talked privately the one with the other, marvelling at the ill counsel of Eurybiades that he left the Peloponnese without defence; but at the last their discontent brake forth, and the assembly was called together, in which many things were said to the same purpose as in the former assembly, some affirming that they ought to sail away to the Peloponnese that they might defend it, it being a vain thing, they said,

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to remain at Salamis and fight for that which was already in the power of their enemies and the men of Athens and of Ægina and of Megara being urgent that they should remain and give battle.

Then Themistocles, perceiving that his counsel should not prevail against the counsel of the men of the Peloponnese, went out secretly from the assembly and sent straightway a messenger in a boat to the camp of the Persians. (The name of the messenger was Sicinnus, he was servant to Themistocles and tutor to his children; and after the war Themistocles caused him to become a citizen of Thespiæ, for the Thespians were admitting strangers to citizenship, and gave him great riches.) This Sicinnus therefore going in a boat to the camp of the barbarians, spake to their captains, saying, "The commander of the Athenians has sent me, without the knowledge of the rest of the Greeks, to say that the Greeks are in great fear and purpose to fly from their place, and that ye have a great occasion of destroying them utterly, if only ye will not suffer them to escape. For indeed they are not of one mind, nor will they withstand you any more, but ye will see them fighting the one against the other, they that are on your side being opposed to them that are against you. And this my master does because he is a friend to the King, and because he would rather that you should prevail than that the Greeks should have the mastery."

When Sicinnus had thus spoken he departed

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straightway. And the Persians, because they believed what Sicinnus had told them, first landed many of their men on Psyttaleia, which is a little island between Salamis and the mainland; and next, about midnight, they moved the westernmost wing of their ships to Salamis, and those that were posted at Ceos and Cynosura set sail also, and filled all the strait even as far as Munychia. This they did that the Greeks might not be able to escape, but might be shut up within Salamis, and so pay the penalty of what they had done at Artemisium. As for the landing of the Persians at Psyttaleia, it was done for this cause, that when the battle was joined, and the broken ships and shipwrecked men should be carried down by the current to the island—which must needs be the case, seeing that it was in the very way of the battle that should be fought—these soldiers might be able to save their friends and slay their enemies. All this the barbarians did in silence, lest haply the Greeks should hear of the thing that had been done. So the Persians made ready for the battle, taking no rest, but toiling through all the night.

Meanwhile there was much angry talk among the captains at Salamis, for they knew not yet that they were shut in by the barbarians. But while they were assembled there came over from Ægina a certain Aristides, a man of Athens, that had been banished by the people (yet was he the best and most righteous man in Athens). This Aristides, coming to the coun-

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cil, would have Themistocles called out to speak with him. Now Themistocles was no friend to Aristides, but an enemy and very bitter against him; nevertheless, for the great trouble that had come upon the land, he took no count of this enmity, but came and called for him, wishing to speak with him. And when Themistocles was come forth, Aristides said to him, "We two, O Themistocles, have contended together aforetime concerning other things, but now let us contend who shall do the better service to his country. What I am now come to say is this: Let the men of the Peloponnese say little or say much about sailing hence, it is all one. For I affirm, of my own knowledge, that the Corinthians and Eurybiades himself cannot now depart, if they would, for that the barbarians have closed us in. But go thou and tell this thing to the captains." And Themistocles made answer, "This is good news thou hast brought, telling of your own knowledge the things that I greatly desired should come to pass. What the barbarians have done was indeed of my doing, because if the Greeks would not fight of their free will there was a necessity that they should be made to fight against their will. But as thou hast brought good news, tell it to the captains thyself, for if I tell it they will deem that I am lying to them. Tell it therefore thyself, and if they believe thee, well; but if not, yet can they not escape, if, as thou sayest, the Persians have closed us in."

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Then Aristides went in to the assembly and told them that he was come from Ægina, having barely escaped the watch ships of the barbarians; and that they were closed in by the Persians. And he counselled them to make ready for the battle. Having so spoken he departed. Then there arose a great disputing, the greater part of the captains not believing these tidings. But while they doubted there came a ship of war from Tenos, which a certain Panætius commanded. This man told them the whole truth of the matter. For this cause the men of Tenos were written on the offering among them that destroyed the barbarians. And now the number of the ships of the Greeks was made up to three hundred and eighty.

The Greeks, learning that the words of the men of Tenos were true, made themselves ready for battle. And when it was morning there was called an assembly of the crews, and Themistocles spake to them very noble words, how that men should always choose good rather than evil, and honorable things rather than base things. When he had ended his speech he bade them embark on their ships; and while they were embarking there came from Ægina the ships that brought the children of Æacus. Then all the Greeks began to move their ships from their place. But so soon as they began to move them the Persians advanced against them, and the Greeks backed their oars, so that they would have beached

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the ships, only one Ameinias, a man of Athens, bade his men row forward, and coming forth before the line, drave his ship against a ship of the barbarians. Then others went to the help of Ameinias, and so the battle was begun. This is what the Athenians say; but the men of Ægina affirm that the ship that went to fetch the children of Æacus first began the battle. Also this story is told, that there was seen the likeness of a woman who cried with a loud voice, so that all the Greeks could hear her, "How long, ye simple ones, will ye back your oars?"

The order of the battle was this. The Phœnicians were on the right wing, toward the west and toward Eleusis, and the Athenians were ranged over against them; and the Ionians were on the left, toward the east and toward the Piræus, having the Lacedæmonians over against them. Of the Ionians a few only followed the counsel of Themistocles, and held back from the fighting; for many of their captains took ships of the Greeks, of whom was Theomestor, that for this service was made lord of Samos by the Persians, and Phylacus, who also was of Samos, that had lands given to him and was written among the benefactors of the King. But for the most part the ships of the Persians were destroyed by the Greeks, and especially by the Athenians and the men of Ægina. For the Greeks fought in good order and kept their plans, but the barbarians were without order, neither had they any purpose in what they

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did. Wherefore they must needs have been worsted in the battle. Nevertheless they this day surpassed themselves, bearing themselves more bravely than at Eubœa; for every man was very zealous, having the fear of the King before his eyes, and deeming that the King saw what they did.

How the rest of the Greeks and of the barbarians behaved themselves cannot be described, but of Artemisia of Halicarnassus this story is told. The fleet of the King being now in great confusion, it so chanced that the ship of Artemisia was pursued by an Athenian ship. And she, not being able to escape, for she was the nearest of all to the ships of the enemy, and had many of her own friends in front of her, devised this means of saving herself, and also accomplished it. She drave her ship against the ship of the lord of Calyndus, being one of the fleet of the King (whether she had a quarrel against this man, or the ship chanced to be in her way is not known for certain), and had the good fortune to sink it. And thus she gained a double gain. For when the captain of the Athenian ship saw what she did, judging that her ship was of the fleet of the Greeks, or that it had deserted from the King, he left pursuing her; and also, having done this ill service to the Persians, yet she got the greatest glory from the King. For Xerxes, as he looked upon the battle, saw not her ship smite another. And one said to him, "O King, seest thou how bravely Queen Arte-

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misia bears herself, sinking a ship of the enemies?" Then said the King, "Was this verily the doing of Artemisia?" And they affirmed that it was, knowing the token of her ship; but the ship that was sunk they judged to be one of the Greeks. It so chanced also, that her good fortune might be complete, that not a man of the ship of Calyndus was left to tell the truth. As for Xerxes, he is reported to have said, "My men have become women, and my women have become men."

In this battle fell Ariabignes, being brother to the King, and also many other famous men of the Medes and the Persians. Of the Greeks indeed there perished not many; for even though their ships were destroyed, yet being able to swim they saved themselves; but of the barbarians the greater part perished, for they were not able to swim. And so soon as the first of the Persian ships began to fly before the Greeks then there followed a great destruction. For they that were behind pressed forward, seeking to show some deed of valor before the eyes of the King, and drave against the ships that fled, and so both did and received great damage. This thing also happened. Certain of the Phœnicians, whose ships had perished, came to the King and made a complaint against the Ionians that they had betrayed them. But while they were yet speaking, a ship of Samothrace drave against an Athenian ship and sank it; then there came a ship of Ægina against the ship

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of Samothrace and wounded it sorely; notwithstanding, while it was sinking the Samothracians, being throwers of javelins, smote down the men of Ægina, and boarded their ship and took possession of it. This thing was the salvation of the Ionians. For Xerxes, seeing that these Greeks had wrought a great deed and being in great vexation of spirit, and ready to blame all men, commanded that they should cut off the heads of the Phœnician captains, that they might not any more bring accusations against men that were better than they. All the time of the battle the King sat on the hill that is over against Salamis, and when any deed of valor was done by his ships, he would ask the name of the captain, and the scribes wrote it down, with the names also of his father and of his city.

Such of the ships of the barbarians as sought to escape by way of Phalerum the men of Ægina dealt with, waiting in the strait, and behaving themselves most valorously. For the Athenians destroyed such as yet fought and such as fled, and the men of Ægina fell upon them that would sail out, so that if any escaped from the Athenians they fell into the hands of the men of Ægina.

In this battle the men of Ægina were judged to have shown most valor, and next to them the Athenians; and among the men of Ægina Polycritus, and among the Athenians Eumenes and Ameinias. It was this Ameinias that pursued Artemisia. And

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indeed, had he known whom he pursued, he would not have left following her till he had taken her, or himself been taken; for there was proclaimed a reward of ten thousand drachmas to the man that should take Artemisia alive, the Athenians being very wroth that a woman should presume to bear arms against their city.

Of Adeimantus the Corinthian the Athenians tell this story, that in the very beginning of the battle, being wholly mastered with fear, he hoisted his sails and fled; and that the other Corinthian ships, seeing the ship of their commander flying, fled also; and that when they were come in their flight over against the temple of Athene of Sciron, they met there a pinnacle, that came not by any bidding of men; and that when it was close to their ships the men in the pinnacle cried out, "Thou indeed art flying, O Adeimantus, and showing thyself traitor to the Greeks; but they are winning the victory over their enemies." When Adeimantus would not believe, the men said that they were willing to answer for it with their lives that their words were true. Then Adeimantus turned back his ship, and he and his companions came to Salamis when the battle was now finished. This is the story of the Athenians concerning the Corinthians; but the Corinthians deny it, affirming that they fought among the first. And in this they are confirmed by the testimony of the other Greeks.

On that day Aristides the Athenian did good

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service. He took with him many men at arms, Athenians, that had been drawn up along the shore of Salamis, and landed them on the island of Psytaleia, so that they slew all the Persians that had been set to keep the place.

When the battle was ended the Greeks drew to Salamis such of the broken ships as yet floated, and prepared to fight yet again, for they thought that the King would not fail to use the ships that remained to him. But many of the wrecks the wind—for it chanced to blow from the west—carried to the shore of Attica, which is called the shore of Colias. Thus was fulfilled a certain oracle of Lysistratus the Athenian.

“That Colian dames their bread may bake,
Full many an oar that day shall break.”

And this came to pass after the King had departed.

THE LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR

BY PLUTARCH

TRANSLATED BY SIR THOMAS NORTH

THE government of the province of Spain being fallen unto Cæsar for that he was Prætor, his creditors came and cried out upon him, and were importunate of him to be paid. Cæsar being unable to satisfy them, was compelled to go unto Crassus, who was the richest man of all Rome, and that stood in need of Cæsar's boldness and courage to withstand Pompey's greatness in the commonwealth. Crassus became his surety unto his greediest creditors for the sum of eight hundred and thirty talents: whereupon they suffered Cæsar to depart to the government of his province. In his journey it is reported, that passing over the mountains of the Alps, they came through a little poor village that had not many households, and yet poor cottages. There, his friends that did accompany him, asked him merrily, if there were any contending for offices in that town, and whether there were any strife there among the noblemen for honor. Cæsar speaking in good earnest, answered: I cannot tell that, said he, but for my part I had rather be the chiefest man here than the second person in Rome. Another time also when he was in Spain, reading the history of Alexander's acts,

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when he had read it, he was sorrowful a good while after, and then burst out in weeping. His friends seeing that, marvelled what should be the cause of his sorrow. He answered them: Do ye not think, said he, that I have good cause to be heavy, when King Alexander being no older than myself is now, had in old time won so many nations and countries: and that I hitherto have done nothing worthy of myself? Therefore when he was come into Spain, he was very careful of his business, and had in few days joined ten new ensigns more of footmen, unto the other twenty which he had before. Then marching forward against the Calaïcans and Lusitanians, he conquered all, and went as far as the great sea Oceanus, subduing all the people which before knew not the Romans for their lords. There he took order for pacifying of the war, and did as wisely take order for the establishing of peace. For he did reconcile the cities together, and made them friends one with another, but specially he pacified all suits of law, and strife, between the debtors and creditors, which grew by reason of usury. For he ordained that the creditors should take yearly two parts of the revenue of their debtors, until such time as they had paid themselves: and that the debtors should have the third part to themselves to live withal.

All these things they say he did, before the wars with the Gauls. But the time of the great armies and conquests he made afterward, and of the war in

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which he subdued all the Gauls (entering into another course of life far contrary unto the first) made him to be known for as valiant a soldier and as excellent a captain to lead men, as those that afore him had been counted the wisest and most valiantest generals that ever were, and that by their valiant deeds had achieved great honor. For whosoever would compare the house of the Fabians, of the Scipios, of the Metellians, yea those also of his own time, or long before him, as Sulla, Marius, the two Lucullians, and Pompey self,

Whose fame ascendeth up unto the heavens :

It will appear that Cæsar's prowess and deeds of arms did excel them altogether. The one, in the hard countries where he made wars: another, in enlarging the realms and countries which he joined unto the empire of Rome: another, in the multitude and power of his enemies whom he overcame: another, in the rudeness and austere nature of men with whom he had to do, whose manners afterward he softened and made civil: another, in courtesy and clemency which he used unto them whom he had conquered: another, in great bounty and liberality bestowed upon them that served under him in those wars: and in fine, he excelled them all in the number of battles he had fought, and in the multitude of his enemies he had slain in battle. For in less than ten years' war in Gaul he took by force and assault

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above eight hundred towns, he conquered three hundred several nations: and having before him in battle thirty hundred thousand soldiers, at sundry times he slew ten hundred thousand of them, and took as many more prisoners. Furthermore, he was so entirely beloved of his soldiers, that to do him service (where otherwise they were no more than other men in any private quarrel) if Cæsar's honor were touched, they were invincible, and would so desperately venture themselves, and with such fury, that no man was able to abide them.

The first war that Cæsar made with the Gauls, was with the Helvetians and Tigurinians, who having set fire of all their good cities, to the number of twelve, and four hundred villages besides, came to invade that part of Gaul which was subject to the Romans, as the Cimbri and Teutons had done before: unto whom for valiantness they gave no place, and they were also a great number of them (for they were three hundred thousand souls in all) whereof there were a hundred four-score and ten thousand fighting men. Of those, it was not Cæsar himself that overcame the Tigurinians, but Labienus his lieutenant, that overthrew them by the river of Arar. But the Helvetians themselves came suddenly with their army to set upon him, as he was going toward a city of his confederates. Cæsar perceiving that, made haste to get him some place of strength, and there did set his men in battle ray. When one

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brought him his horse to get up on which he used in battle, he said unto them: When I have overcome mine enemies, I will then get up on him to follow the chase, but now let us give them charge. Therewith he marched forward on foot, and gave charge: and there fought it out a long time, before he could make them fly that were in battle. But the greatest trouble he had was to distress their camp, and to break their strength which they had made with their carts. For there, they that before had fled from the battle, did not only put themselves in force, and valiantly fought it out: but their wives and children also fighting for their lives to the death, were all slain, and the battle was scant ended at midnight. Now if the act of this victory was famous, unto that he also added another as notable, or exceeding it. For of all the barbarous people that had escaped from this battle, he gathered together again above a hundred thousand of them, and compelled them to return home into their country which they had forsaken, and into their towns also which they had burned: because he feared the Germans would come over the river of Rhine, and occupy that country lying void. The second war he made was in defence of the Gauls against the Germans: although before he himself had caused Ariovistus, their king, to be received for a confederate of the Romans. Notwithstanding, they were grown very unquiet neighbors, and it appeared plainly, that having any occasion offered them to enlarge their

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territories they would not content them with their own, but meant to invade and possess the rest of Gaul. Cæsar perceiving that some of his captains trembled for fear, but specially the young gentlemen of noble houses of Rome, who thought to have gone to the wars with him, as only for their pleasure and gain: he called them to council, and commanded them that were afraid, that they should depart home, and not put themselves in danger against their wills, sith they had such womanish faint hearts to shrink when he had need of them. And for himself, he said, he would set upon the barbarous people, though he had left him but the tenth legion only, saying, that the enemies were no valianter than the Cimbri had been, nor that he was a captain inferior unto Marius. This oration being made, the soldiers of the tenth legion sent their lieutenants unto him, to thank him for the good opinion he had of them: and the other legions also fell out with their captains, and all of them together followed him many days' journey with goodwill to serve him, until they came within two hundred furlongs of the camp of the enemies. Ariovistus' courage was well cooled when he saw Cæsar was come, and that the Romans came to seek out the Germans, where they thought, and made accompt, that they durst not have abidden them: and therefore nothing mistrusting it would have come so to pass, he wondered much at Cæsar's courage, and the more when he saw his own army in a maze withal. But

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much more did their courages fall, by reason of the foolish women prophetesses they had among them, which did foretell things to come: who, considering the waves and trouble of the rivers, and the terrible noise they made running down the stream, did forewarn them not to fight until the new moon. Cæsar having intelligence thereof, and perceiving that the barbarous people thereupon stirred not: thought it best then to set upon them, being discouraged with this superstitious fear, rather than losing time, he should tarry their leisure. So he did skirmish with them even to their forts, and little hills where they lay, and by this means provoked them so, that with great fury they came down to fight. There he overcame them in battle, and followed them in chase, with great slaughter, three hundred furlongs, even unto the river of Rhine: and he filled all the fields thitherto with dead bodies and spoils. Howbeit Ariovistus flying with speed, got over the river of Rhine, and escaped with a few of his men. It is said that there were slain four-score thousand persons at this battle. After this exploit, Cæsar left his army among the Sequans to winter there: and he himself in the meantime, thinking of the affairs at Rome, went over the mountains into Gaul about the river of Po, being part of his province which he had in charge. For there, the river called Rubicon divideth the rest of Italy from Gaul on this side the Alps. Cæsar lying there, did practice to make friends in Rome, because many

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came thither to see him: unto whom he granted their suits they demanded, and sent them home also, partly with liberal rewards, and partly with large promises and hope. Now during all this conquest of the Gauls, Pompey did not consider how Cæsar interchangeably did conquer the Gauls with the weapons of the Romans, and won the Romans again with the money of the Gauls. Cæsar being advertised that the Belgæ (which were the warlikest men of all the Gauls, and that occupied the third part of Gaul) were all up in arms, and had raised a great power of men together: he straight made toward them with all possible speed, and found them spoiling and overrunning the country of the Gauls, their neighbors, and confederates of the Romans. So he gave them battle, and they fighting cowardly, he overthrew the most part of them which were in a troop together, and slew such a number of them, that the Romans passed over deep rivers and lakes on foot, upon their dead bodies, the rivers were so full of them. After this overthrow, they that dwelt nearest unto the sea-side, and were next neighbors unto the ocean, did yield themselves without any compulsion or fight: whereupon, he led his army against the Nervians, the stoutest warriors of all the Belgæ. They dwelling in the wood country, had conveyed their wives, children and goods into a marvellous great forest, as far from their enemies as they could: and being about the number of six-score thousand fighting men and

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more, they came one day and set upon Cæsar, when his army was out of order, and fortifying of his camp, little looking to have fought that day. At the first charge, they broke the horsemen of the Romans, and compassing in the twelfth and seventh legion, they slew all the centurions and captains of the bands. And had not Cæsar self taken his shield on his arm, and flying in among the barbarous people, made a lane through them that fought before him: and the tenth legion also seeing him in danger, run unto him from the top of the hill where they stood in battle, and broken the ranks of their enemies: there had not a Roman escaped alive that day. But taking example of Cæsar's valiantness, they fought desperately beyond their power, and yet could not make the Nervians fly, but they fought it out to the death, till they were all in manner slain in the field. It is written that of three-score thousand fighting men, there escaped only but five hundred: and of four hundred gentlemen and counsellors of the Romans, but three saved. The Senate understanding it at Rome, ordained that they should do sacrifice unto the gods, and keep feasts and solemn processions fifteen days together without intermission, having never made the like ordinance at Rome, for any victory that ever was obtained. Because they saw the danger had been marvellous great, so many nations rising as they did in arms together against him: and further, the love of the people unto him made his victory much more

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famous. Then Cæsar returning into Gaul beyond the Alps unto his army, found there a great war in the country. For two great nations of Germany had not long before passed over the river of Rhine, to conquer new lands: and the one of these people were called Ipes, and the other Tenteritæ. Now touching the battle which Cæsar fought with them, he himself doth describe it in his Commentaries, in this sort. That the barbarous people having sent ambassadors unto him, to require peace for a certain time, they notwithstanding, against law of arms, came and set upon him as he travelled by the way, insomuch as eight hundred of their men of arms overthrew five thousand of his horsemen, who nothing at all mistrusted their coming. Again, that they sent him other ambassadors to mock him once more: but that he kept them, and therewith caused his whole army to march against them, thinking it a folly, and madness, to keep faith with such traitorous barbarous breakers of leagues. Canutius writeth, that the Senate appointing again to do new sacrifice, processions, and feasts, to give thanks to the gods for this victory: Cato was of contrary opinion, that Cæsar should be delivered into the hands of the barbarous people, for to purge their city and commonwealth of this breach of faith, and to turn the curse upon him, that was the author of it. Of these barbarous people, which came over the Rhine (being about the number of four hundred thousand persons) they were all in manner

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slain, saving a very few of them, that flying from the battle got over the river of Rhine again, who were received by the Sicambrians, another people of the Germans. Cæsar taking this occasion against them, lacking no good-will of himself besides, to have the honor to be counted the first Roman that ever passed over the river of Rhine with an army: he built a bridge over it. This river is marvellous broad, and runneth with great fury. And in that place specially where he built his bridge, for there it is of a great breadth from one side to the other, and it hath so strong and swift a stream besides: that men casting down great bodies of trees in to the river (which the stream bringeth down with it) did with the great blows and force thereof marvellously shake the posts of the bridge he had set up. But to prevent the blows of those trees, and also to break the fury of the stream: he made a pile of great wood above the bridge a good way, and did forcibly ram them into the bottom of the river, so that in ten days' space he had set up and finished his bridge of the goodliest carpenter's work, and most excellent invention to see to, that could be possibly thought or devised. Then passing over his army upon it, he found none that durst any more fight with him. For the Suevians, which were the warlikest people of all Germany, had gotten themselves with their goods into wonderful great valleys and bogs, full of woods and forests. Now when he had burned all the country of his ene-

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mies, and confirmed the league with the confederates of the Romans: he returned back again into Gaul after he had tarried eighteen days at the most in Germany, on the other side of the Rhine. The journey he made also into England was a noble enterprise, and very commendable. For he was the first that sailed the West Ocean with an army by sea, and that passed through the sea Atlanticum with his army, to make war in that so great and famous island: (which many ancient writers would not believe that it was so indeed, and did make them vary about it, saying that it was but a fable and a lie) and was the first that enlarged the Roman empire, beyond the earth inhabitable. For twice he passed over the narrow sea against the firm land of Gaul, and fighting many battles there, did hurt his enemies more than enrich his own men: because, of men hardly brought up, and poor, there was nothing to be gotten. Whereupon his war had not such success as he looked for: and therefore taking pledges only of the king, and imposing a yearly tribute upon him, to be paid unto the people of Rome, he returned again into Gaul. There he was no sooner landed, but he found letters ready to be sent over the sea unto him: in the which he was advertised from Rome, of the death of his daughter, that she was dead with child by Pompey. For the which Pompey and Cæsar both were marvellous sorrowful: and their friends mourned also, thinking that this alliance which maintained the com-

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monwealth (that otherwise was very tickle) in good peace and concord, was now severed, and broken asunder, and the rather likely, because the child lived not long after the mother. So the common people at Rome took the corpse of Julia, in despite of the Tribunes, and buried it in the field of Mars. Now Cæsar being driven to divide his army (that was very great) into sundry garrisons for the winter-time, and returning again into Italy as he was wont: all Gaul rebelled again, and had raised great armies in every quarter to set upon the Romans, and to assay if they could distress their forts where they lay in garrison. The greatest number and most warlike men of these Gauls, that entered into action of rebellion, were led by one Ambiorix: and first did set upon the garrisons of Cotta and Titurius, whom they slew, and all the soldiers they had about them. Then they went with three-score thousand fighting men to besiege the garrison which Quintus Cicero had in his charge, and had almost taken them by force, because all the soldiers were every man of them hurt: but they were so valiant and courageous, that they did more than men (as they say) in defending of themselves. These news being come to Cæsar, who was far from thence at that time, he returned with all possible speed, and levying seven thousand soldiers, made haste to help Cicero that was in such distress. The Gauls that did besiege Cicero, understanding of Cæsar's coming, raised their siege incontinently, to

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go and meet him: making account that he was but a handful in their hands, they were so few. Cæsar to deceive them, still drew back, and made as though he fled from them, lodging in places meet for a captain that had but a few, to fight with a great number of his enemies, and commanded his men in nowise to stir out to skirmish with them, but compelled them to raise up the ramparts of his camp, and to fortify the gates, as men that were afraid, because the enemies should the less esteem of them: until that at length he took opportunity, by their disorderly coming to assail the trenches of his camp (they were grown to such a presumptuous boldness and bravery) and then sallying out upon them, he put them all to flight with slaughter of a great number of them. This did suppress all the rebellions of the Gauls in those parts, and furthermore, he himself in person went in the midst of winter thither, where he heard they did rebel: for that there was come a new supply out of Italy of three whole legions in their room, which he had lost: of the which, two of them Pompey lent him, and the other legion, he himself had levied in Gaul about the river of Po. During these stirs, broke forth the beginning of the greatest and most dangerous war that he had in all Gaul, which had been secretly practiced of long time by the chiefest and most warlike people of that country, who had levied a wonderful great power. For everywhere they levied multitudes of men, and great riches besides, to fortify

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their strongholds. Furthermore the country where they rose was very ill to come unto, and specially at that time being winter, when the rivers were frozen, the woods and forests covered with snow, the meadows drowned with floods, and the fields so deep of snow, that no ways were to be found, neither the marishes nor rivers to be discerned, all was so overflown and drowned with water: all which troubles together were enough (as they thought) to keep Cæsar from setting upon the rebels. Many nations of the Gauls were of this conspiracy, but two of the chieftest were the Arvernians and Carnutes: who had chosen Vercingetorix for their lieutenant-general, whose father the Gauls before had put to death, because they thought he aspired to make himself king. This Vercingetorix dividing his army into divers parts, and appointing divers captains over them, had gotten to take his part, all the people and countries thereabout, even as far as they that dwell toward the sea Adriatick, having further determined (understanding that Rome did conspire against Cæsar) to make all Gaul rise in arms against him. So that if he had but tarried a little longer, until Cæsar had entered into his civil wars: he had put all Italy in as great fear and danger, as it was when the Cimbri did come and invade it. But Cæsar, that was valiant in all assays and dangers of war, and that was very skilful to take time and opportunity: so soon as he understood the news of the rebellion, he departed with

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speed, and returned back the selfsame way which he had gone, making the barbarous people know that they should deal with an army invincible, and which they could not possibly withstand, considering the great speed he had made with the same in so sharp and hard a winter. For where they would not possibly have believed, that a post or curreur could have come in so short a time from the place where he was, unto them: they wondered when they saw him burning and destroying the country, the towns and strong forts where he came with his army, taking all to mercy that yielded unto him: until such time as the Edui took arms against him, who before were wont to be called the brethren of the Romans, and were greatly honored of them. Wherefore Cæsar's men when they understood that they had joined with the rebels, they were marvellous sorry, and half discouraged. Thereupon, Cæsar departing from those parts, went through the country of the Lingones, to enter the country of the Burgonians, who were confederates of the Romans, and the nearest unto Italy on that side, in respect of all the rest of Gaul. Thither the enemies came to set upon him, and to environ him of all sides, with an infinite number of thousands of fighting men. Cæsar on the other side tarried their coming, and fighting with them a long time, he made them so afraid of him that at length he overcame the barbarous people. But at the first, it seemeth notwithstanding, that he had received some overthrow:

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for the Arvernians showed a sword hanged up in one of their temples, which they said they had won from Cæsar. Insomuch as Cæsar self coming that way by occasion, saw it, and fell a-laughing at it. But some of his friends going about to take it away, he would not suffer them, but bade them let it alone, and touch it not, for it was a holy thing. Notwithstanding, such as at the first had saved themselves by flying, the most of them were gotten with their king into the city of Alexia, which Cæsar went and besieged, although it seemed inexpugnable, both for the height of the walls, as also for the multitude of soldiers they had to defend it. But now during this siege, he fell into a marvellous great danger without, almost incredible. For an army of three hundred thousand fighting men of the best men that were among all the nations of the Gauls, came against him, being at the siege of Alexia, besides them that were within the city, which amounted to the number of three-score and ten thousand fighting men at the least: so that perceiving he was shut in between two so great armies, he was driven to fortify himself with two walls, the one against them of the city, and the other against them without. For if those two armies had joined together, Cæsar had been utterly undone. And therefore, this siege of Alexia, and the battle he won before it, did deservedly win him more honor and fame than any other. For there, in that instant and extreme danger, he showed more valiantness and wis-

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dom than he did in any battle he fought before. But what a wonderful thing was this! that they of the city never heard anything of them that came to aid them, until Cæsar had overcome them: and furthermore, that the Romans themselves which kept watch upon the wall that was built against the city, knew also no more of it, than they, but when it was done, and that they heard the cries and lamentations of men and women in Alexia, when they perceived on the other side of the city such a number of glistening shields of gold and silver, such store of bloody corselets and armors, such a deal of plate and movables, and such a number of tents and pavilions after the fashion of the Gauls, which the Romans had gotten of their spoils in their camp. Thus suddenly was this great army vanished, as a dream or vision: where the most part of them were slain that day in battle. Furthermore, after that they within the city of Alexia had done great hurt to Cæsar, and themselves also: in the end, they all yielded themselves. And Vercingetorix (he that was their king and captain in all this war) went out of the gates excellently well armed, and his horse furnished with rich caparison accordingly, and rode round about Cæsar, who sat in his chair of estate. Then lighting from his horse, he took off his caparison and furniture, and unarmed himself, and laid all on the ground, and went and sat down at Cæsar's feet, and said never a word. So Cæsar at length committed him as a prisoner taken

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in the wars, to lead him afterward in his triumph at Rome. Now Cæsar had of long time determined to destroy Pompey, and Pompey him also. For Crassus being killed among the Parthians, who only did see, that one of them two must needs fall: nothing kept Cæsar from being the greatest person, but because he destroyed not Pompey, that was the greater: neither did anything let Pompey to withstand that it should not come to pass, but because he did not first overcome Cæsar, whom only he feared. For till then, Pompey had not long feared him, but always before set light by him, thinking it an easy matter for him to put him down when he would, sith he had brought him to that greatness he was come unto. But Cæsar contrarily, having had that drift in his head from the beginning, like a wrestler that studieth for tricks to overthrow his adversary: he went far from Rome, to exercise himself in the wars of Gaul, where he did train his army, and presently by his valiant deeds did increase his fame and honor. By these means became Cæsar as famous as Pompey in his doings, and lacked no more to put his enterprise in execution, but some occasions of color, which Pompey partly gave him, and partly also the time delivered him, but chiefly, the hard fortune and ill government at that time of the commonwealth at Rome.

When they both came into the country of Pharsalia, and both camps lay before the other, Pompey returned again to his former determination, and the

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rather, because he had ill signs and tokens of misfortune in his sleep. For he thought in his sleep that when he entered into the theatre all the Romans received him with great clapping of hands. Whereupon, they that were about him grew to such boldness and security, assuring themselves of victory: that Domitius, Spinther, and Scipio, in a bravery contended between themselves, for the chief bishoprick which Cæsar had. Furthermore, there were divers that sent unto Rome to hire the nearest houses unto the market-place, as being the fittest places for Prætors, and Consuls: making their account already, that those offices could not scape them, incontinently after the wars. But besides those, the young gentlemen and Roman knights were marvellous desirous to fight, that were bravely mounted, and armed with glistening gilt armors, their horses fat and very finely kept, and themselves goodly young men, to the number of seven thousand, where the gentlemen of Cæsar's side were but one thousand only. The number of his footmen also were much after the same reckoning. For he had five-and-forty thousand against two-and-twenty thousand. Wherefore Cæsar called his soldiers together, and told them how Cornificius was at hand, who brought two legions, and that he had fifteen ensigns led by Calenus, the which he made to stay about Megara and Athens. Then he asked them if they would tarry for that aid or not, or whether they would rather themselves alone venture

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battle. The soldiers cried out to him, and prayed him not to defer battle, but rather to devise some fetch to make the enemy fight as soon as he could. Then as he sacrificed unto the gods, for the purifying of his army: the first beast was no sooner sacrificed, but his soothsayer assured him that he should fight within three days. Cæsar asked him again, if he saw in the sacrifices any 'lucky sign or token of good luck. The soothsayer answered: For that, thou shalt answer thyself better than I can do: for the gods do promise us a marvellous great change and alteration of things that are now, unto another clean contrary. For if thou beest well now, doest thou think to have worse fortune hereafter? and if thou be ill, assure thyself thou shalt have better. The night before the battle, as he went about midnight to visit the watch, men saw a great firebrand in the element, all of a light fire, that came over Cæsar's camp, and fell down in Pompey's. In the morning also when they relieved the watch, they heard a false alarm in the enemy's camp, without any apparent cause: which they commonly call a sodain fear, that makes men beside themselves. This notwithstanding, Cæsar thought not to fight that day, but was determined to have raised his camp from thence, and to have gone toward the city of Scotusa: and his tents in his camp were already overthrown when his scouts came in with great speed, to bring him news that his enemies were preparing themselves to fight. Then he was

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very glad, and after he had made his prayers unto the gods to help him that day, he set his men in battle ray, and divided them into three squadrons, giving the middle battle unto Domitius Calvinus, and the left wing unto Antonius, and placed himself in the right wing, choosing his place to fight in the tenth legion. But seeing that against that, his enemies had set all their horsemen: he was half afraid when he saw the great number of them, and so brave besides. Wherefore he closely made six ensigns to come from the rearward of his battle, whom he had laid as an ambush behind his right wing, having first appointed his soldiers what they should do, when the horsemen of the enemies came to give them charge. On the other side, Pompey placed himself in the right wing of his battle, gave the left wing unto Domitius, and the middle battle unto Scipio, his father-in-law. Now all the Roman knights (as we have told you before) were placed in the left wing, of purpose to environ Cæsar's right wing behind, and to give their hottest charge there, where the general of their enemies was: making their account, that there was no squadron of footmen how thick soever they were, that could receive the charge of so great a troop of horsemen, and that at the first onset they should overthrow them all, and march upon their bellies. When the trumpets on either side did sound the alarm to the battle, Pompey commanded his footmen that they should stand still without stirring, to receive the charge of

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their enemies, until they came to throwing of their darts. Wherefore Cæsar afterward said that Pompey had committed a foul fault not to consider that the charge which is given running with fury, besides that it giveth the more strength also unto their blows, doth set men's hearts also afire: for the common hurling of all the soldiers that run together, is unto them as a box on the ear that sets men afire. Then Cæsar making his battle march forward to give the onset, saw one of his captains (a valiant man, and very skilful in war, in whom he had also great confidence) speaking to his soldiers that he had under his charge, encouraging them to fight like men that day. So he called him aloud by his name, and said unto him: "Well, Caius Crassinius, what hope shall we have to-day? How are we determined, to fight it out manfully?" Then Crassinius casting up his hand, answered him aloud: "This day, O Cæsar, we shall have a noble victory, and I promise thee ere night thou shalt praise me alive or dead." When he had told him so, he was himself the foremost man that gave charge upon his enemies, with his band following of him, being about six-score men, and making a lane through the foremost ranks, with great slaughter he entered far into the battle of his enemies: until that valiantly fighting in this sort, he was thrust in at length in the mouth with a sword, that the point of it came out again at his neck. Now the footmen of both battles being come to the sword, the horsemen

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of the left wing of Pompey did march as fiercely also, spreading out their troops, to compass in the right wing of Cæsar's battle. But before they began to give charge, the six ensigns of footmen which Cæsar had laid in ambush behind him, they began to run full upon them, not throwing away their darts far off as they were wont to do; neither striking their enemies on the thighs nor on the legs, but to seek to hit them full in the eyes, and to hurt them in the face, as Cæsar had taught them. For he hoped that these lusty young gentlemen that had not been often in the wars, nor were used to see themselves hurt, and the which, being in the prime of their youth and beauty, would be afraid of those hurts, as well for the fear of the present danger to be slain, as also for that their faces should not for ever be deformed. As indeed it came to pass, for they could never abide that they should come so near their faces, with the points of their darts, but hung down their heads for fear to be hit with them in their eyes, and turned their backs, covering their face, because they should not be hurt. Then, breaking of themselves, they began at length cowardly to fly, and were occasion also of the loss of all the rest of Pompey's army. For they that had broken them, ran immediately to set upon the squadron of the footmen behind, and slew them. Then Pompey seeing his horsemen from the other wing of his battle, so scattered and dispersed, flying away: forgot that he was any more Pompey the Great which

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he had been before, but rather was like a man whose wits the gods had taken from him, being afraid and amazed with the slaughter sent from above, and so retired into his tent speaking never a word, and sat there to see the end of this battle. Until at length all his army being overthrown, and put to flight, the enemies came, and got up upon the rampers and defence of his camp, and fought hand to hand with them that stood to defend the same. Then as a man come to himself again, he spake but this only word: "What, even into our camp?" So in haste, casting off his coat armor and apparel of a general, he shifted him, and put on such as became his miserable fortune, and so stole out of his camp. Furthermore, what he did after this overthrow, and how he had put himself into the hands of the Egyptians, by whom he was miserably slain: we have set it forth at large in his life. Then Cæsar entering into Pompey's camp, and seeing the bodies laid on the ground that were slain, and others also that were a-killing, said, fetching a great sigh: "It was their own doing, and against my will." For Caius Cæsar, after he had won so many famous conquests and overcome so many great battles, had been utterly condemned notwithstanding, if he had departed from his army. Asinius Pollio writeth that he spake these words then in Latin, which he afterward wrote in Greek, and saith furthermore, that the most part of them which were put to the sword in the camp were slaves and bondmen,

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and that there were not slain in all at this battle, above six thousand soldiers. As for them that were taken prisoners, Cæsar did put many of them among his legions, and did pardon also many men of estimation, among whom Brutus was one, that afterward slew Cæsar himself; and it is reported that Cæsar was very sorry for him when he could not immediately be found after the battle, and that he rejoiced again, when he knew he was alive, and that he came to yield himself unto him. Cæsar had many signs and tokens of victory before this battle, but the notablest of all other that happened to him was in the city of Tralles. For in the temple of victory, within the same city, there was an image of Cæsar, and the earth all about it very hard of itself, and was paved besides with hard stone; and yet some say that there sprang up a palm hard by the base of the same image. In the city of Padua, Caius Cornelius, an excellent soothsayer (a countryman and friend of Titus Livius the historiographer) was by chance at that time set to behold the flying of birds. He (as Livy reporteth) knew the very time when the battle began, and told them that were present: "Even now they give the onset on both sides, and both armies do meet at this instant." Then sitting down again to consider of the birds, after he had bethought him of the signs, he suddenly rose up on his feet, and cried out as a man possessed with some spirit: "Oh, Cæsar, the victory is thine." Every man wondering to see him, he took

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the crown he had on his head, and made an oath that he would never put it on again till the event of his prediction had proved his art true. Livy testifieth, that it so came to pass. Cæsar afterward giving freedom unto the Thessalians, in respect of the victory which he won in their country, he followed after Pompey. When he came into Asia, he gave freedom also unto the Gnidians for 'Theopompus' sake, who had gathered the fables together. He did release Asia also the third part of the tribute which the inhabitants paid unto the Romans. Then he came into Alexandria, after Pompey was slain, and detested Theodotus that presented him Pompey's head, and turned his head aside because he would not see it. Notwithstanding, he took his seal, and beholding it, wept. Furthermore, he courteously used all Pompey's friends and familiars, who wandering up and down the country, were taken of the king of Egypt, and won them all to be at his commandment. Continuing these courtesies, he wrote unto his friends at Rome, that the greatest pleasure he took of his victory was that he daily saved the lives of some of his countrymen that bare arms against him. And for the war he made in Alexandria, some say, he needed not have done it, but that he willingly did it for the love of Cleopatra, wherein he won little honor, and besides did put his person in great danger. From thence he went into Syria, and so going into Asia, there it was told him that Domitius was overthrown

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in battle by Pharnaces the son of King Mithridates, and was fled out of the realm of Pont, with a few men with him, and that this King Pharnaces, greedily following his victory, was not contented with the winning of Bithynia, and Cappadocia, but further would needs attempt to win Armenia the Less, procuring all those kings, princes, and governors of the provinces thereabout to rebel against the Romans. Thereupon Cæsar went thither straight with three legions, and fought a great battle with King Pharnaces by the city of Zela, where he slew his army, and drove him out of all the realm of Pont. And because he would advertise one of his friends of the suddenness of this victory, he only wrote three words unto Anicius at Rome: *Veni, Vidi, Vici*: to wit, I came, I saw, I overcame. These three words ending all with like sound and letters in the Latin, have a certain short grace, more pleasant to the ear, than can be well expressed in any other tongue. After this, he returned again into Italy, and came to Rome, ending his year for the which he was made Dictator the second time, which office before was never granted for one whole year, but unto him. Then he was chosen Consul for the year following. Afterward he was very ill spoken of, for that his soldiers in a mutiny having slain two Prætors, Cosconius and Galba, he gave no other punishment for it, but instead of calling them soldiers, he named them citizens, and gave unto every one of them a thousand drachmas a man,

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and great possessions in Italy. He was much disliked also for the desperate parts and madness of Dolabella, for the covetousness of Anicius, for the drunkenness of Antonius and Cornificius, which made Pompey's house be pulled down and builded up again, as a thing not big enough for him, wherewith the Romans were marvellously offended. Cæsar knew all this well enough, and would have been contented to have redressed them; but to bring his matters to pass he pretended he was driven to serve his turn by such instruments. After the battle of Pharsalia, Cato and Scipio being fled into Africa, King Juba joined with them, and levied a great puissant army. Wherefore Cæsar determined to make war with them, and in the midst of winter he took his journey into Sicily. There, because he would take all hope from his captains and soldiers to make any long abode there, he went and lodged upon the very sands by the seaside, and with the next gale of wind that came, he took the sea with three thousand footmen, and a few horsemen. Then having put them a-land, unwares to them, he hoised sail again, to go fetch the rest of his army, being afraid lest they should meet with some danger in passing over, and meeting them midway, he brought them all into his camp. Where, when it was told him that his enemies trusted in an ancient oracle, which said, that it was predestined unto the family of the Scipios to be conquerors in Africa: either of purpose to mock Scipio the general

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of his enemies, or otherwise in good earnest to take the benefit of this name (given by the oracle) unto himself, in all the skirmishes and battles fought, he gave the charge of his army unto a man of mean quality and account, called Scipio Sallution, who came of the race of Scipio African, and made him always his general when he fought. For he was oft-
soons compelled to weary and harry his enemies: for that neither his men in his camp had corn enough, nor his beasts forage, but the soldiers were driven to take seaweeds, called *alga*: and (washing away the brackishness thereof with fresh water, putting to it a little herb called dog's-tooth) to cast it so to their horse to eat. For the Numidians (which are light horsemen, and very ready of service) being a great number together, would be on a sodain in every place, and spread all the fields over thereabout, so that no man durst peep out of the camp to go for forage. And one day as the men of arms were staying to behold an African doing notable things in dancing and playing with the flute: they being set down quietly to take their pleasure of the view thereof, having in the meantime given their slaves their horses to hold, the enemies stealing suddenly upon them, compassed them in round about, and slew a number of them in the field, and chasing the other also that fled, followed them pell-mell into their camp. Furthermore had not Cæsar himself in person, and Asinius Pollio with him gone out of the camp to the

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rescue, and stayed them that fled, the war that day had been ended. There was also another skirmish where his enemies had the upper hand, in the which it is reported that Cæsar taking the ensign-bearer by the collar that carried the eagle in his hand, stayed him by force, and turning his face, told him: "See, there be thy enemies." These advantages did lift up Scipio's heart aloft, and gave him courage to hazard battle, and leaving Afranius on the one hand of him, and King Juba on the other hand, both their camps lying near to other, he did fortify himself by the city of Thapsus, above the lake, to be a safe refuge for them all in this battle. But while he was busy intrenching of himself, Cæsar having marvellous speedily passed through a great country full of wood, by by-paths which men would never have mistrusted: he stole upon some behind, and sodainly assailed the other before, so that he overthrew them all, and made them fly. Then following this first good hap he had, he went forthwith to set upon the camp of Afranius, the which he took at the first onset, and the camp of the Numidians also, King Juba being fled. Thus in a little piece of the day only, he took three camps, and slew fifty thousand of his enemies, and lost but fifty of his soldiers. In this sort is set down the effect of this battle by some writers. Yet others do write also, that Cæsar self was not there in person at the execution of this battle. For as he did set his men in battle ray, the falling sickness took him,

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whereunto he was given, and therefore feeling it coming, before he was overcome withal, he was carried into a castle not far from thence, where the battle was fought, and there took his rest till the extremity of his disease had left him. Now, for the Prætor and Consuls that escaped from this battle, many of them being taken prisoners, did kill themselves, and others also Cæsar did put to death: but he being specially desirous of all men else to have Cato alive in his hands, he went with all possible speed unto the city of Utica, whereof Cato was governor, by means whereof he was not at the battle. Notwithstanding being certified by the way that Cato had slain himself with his own hands, he then made open show that he was very sorry for it, but why or wherefore, no man could tell. But this is true, that Cæsar said at that present time: O Cato, I envy thy death, because thou didst envy my glory, to save thyself. This notwithstanding, the book that he wrote afterward against Cato being dead, did show no very great affection nor pitiful heart toward him. For how could he have pardoned him, if living he had had him in his hands: that being dead did speak so vehemently against him? Notwithstanding, men suppose he would have pardoned him, if he had taken him alive, by the clemency he showed unto Cicero, Brutus, and divers others that had borne arms against him. Some report, that he wrote that book, not so much for any private malice he had to his

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death, as for civil ambition, upon this occasion. Cicero had written a book in praise of Cato, which he entitled "Cato." This book in likelihood was very well liked of, by reason of the eloquence of the orator that made it, and of the excellent subject thereof. Cæsar therewith was marvellously offended, thinking that to praise him, of whose death he was author, was even as much as to accuse himself: and therefore he wrote a letter against him, and heaped up a number of accusations against Cato, and entitled the book "Anticato." Both these books have favorers unto this day, some defending the one for the love they bear to Cæsar, and others allowing the other for Cato's sake. Cæsar being now returned out of Africa, first of all made an oration to the people, wherein he greatly praised and commended this his last victory, declaring unto them, that he had conquered so many countries unto the empire of Rome, that he could furnish the commonwealth yearly, with two hundred thousand bushels of wheat, and twenty hundred thousand pound weight of oil. Then he made three triumphs, the one for Egypt, the other for the kingdom of Pont, and the third for Africa: not because he had overcome Scipio there, but King Juba. Whose son being likewise called Juba, being then a young boy, was led captive in the show of this triumph. But this his imprisonment fell out happily for him: for where he was but a barbarous Numidian, by the study he fell unto when he was prisoner,

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he came afterward to be reckoned one of the wisest historiographers of the Grecians. After these three triumphs ended, he very liberally rewarded his soldiers: and to curry favor with the people, he made great feasts and common sports. For he feasted all the Romans at one time, at two-and-twenty thousand tables, and gave them the pleasure to see divers sword-players to fight at the sharp, and battles also by sea, for the remembrance of his daughter Julia, which was dead long before. Then after all these sports, he made the people (as the manner was) to be mustered: and where there were at the last musters before, three hundred and twenty thousand citizens, at this muster only there were but a hundred and fifty thousand. Such misery and destruction had this civil war brought unto the commonwealth of Rome, and had consumed such a number of Romans, not speaking at all of the mischiefs and calamities it had brought unto all the rest of Italy and to the other provinces pertaining to Rome. After all these things were ended, he was chosen Consul the fourth time, and went into Spain to make war with the sons of Pompey: who were yet but very young, but had notwithstanding raised a marvellous great army together, and showed to have had manhood and courage worthy to command such an army, insomuch as they put Cæsar himself in great danger of his life. The greatest battle that was fought between them in all this war was by the city of Munda. For then

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Cæsar seeing his men sorely distressed, and having their hands full of their enemies: he ran into the press among his men that fought, and cried out unto them: "What, are ye not ashamed to be beaten and taken prisoners, yielding yourselves with your own hands to these young boys? And so, with all the force he could make, having with much ado put his enemies to flight, he slew above thirty thousand of them in the field, and lost of his own men a thousand of the best he had. After this battle he went into his tent and told his friends. That he had often before fought for victory, but this last time now, that he had fought for the safety of his own life. He won this battle on the very feast day of the Bacchanalians, in the which men say that Pompey the Great went out of Rome, about four years before, to begin this civil war. For his sons, the younger escaped from the battle: but within few days after, Didius brought the head of the elder. This was the last war that Cæsar made. But the triumph he made into Rome for the same did as much offend the Romans, and more, than anything that ever he had done before: because he had not overcome captains that were strangers, nor barbarous kings, but had destroyed the sons of the noblest man in Rome, whom fortune had overthrown. And because he had plucked up his race by the roots, men did not think it meet for him to triumph so, for the calamities of his country, rejoicing at a thing for the which he

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had but one excuse to allege in his defence, unto the gods and men: that he was compelled to do that he did. And the rather they thought it not meet, because he had never before sent letters nor messengers unto the commonwealth at Rome, for any victory that he had ever won in all the civil wars: but did always for shame refuse the glory of it. This notwithstanding, the Romans inclining to Cæsar's prosperity, and taking the bit in the mouth, supposing that to be ruled by one man alone, it would be a good mean for them to take breath a little, after so many troubles and miseries as they had abidden in these civil wars: they chose him perpetual Dictator. This was a plain tyranny: for to this absolute power of Dictator, they added this, never to be afraid to be deposed: Cicero propounded before the Senate, that they should give him such honors as were meet for a man: howbeit others afterward added to, honors beyond all reason. For, men striving who should most honor him, they made him hateful and troublesome to themselves that most favored him, by reason of the unmeasurable greatness and honors which they gave him. Thereupon, it is reported, that even they that most hated him were no less furtherers of his honors than they that most flattered him: because they might have greater occasions to rise, and that it might appear they had just cause and color to attempt that they did against him. And now for himself, after he had ended his civil wars,

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he did so honorably behave himself, that there was no fault to be found in him: and therefore methinks, among other honors they gave him, he rightly deserved this, that they should build him a temple of clemency, to thank him for his courtesy he had used unto them in his victory. For he pardoned many of them that had borne arms against him, and, furthermore, did prefer some of them to honor and office in the commonwealth: as among others, Cassius and Brutus, both the which were made Prætors. And where Pompey's images had been thrown down, he caused them to be set up again: whereupon Cicero said then, That Cæsar setting up Pompey's images again he made his own to stand the surer. And when some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him: he would never consent to it, but said, It was better to die once, than always to be afraid of death. But to win himself the love and good-will of the people, as the honorablest guard and best safety he could have: he made common feasts again, and general distributions of corn. Furthermore, to gratify the soldiers also, he replenished many cities again with inhabitants, which before had been destroyed, and placed them there that had no place to repair unto: of the which the noblest and chiefest cities were these two, Carthage and Corinth, and it chanced also, that like as aforetime they had been both taken and destroyed to-

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gether, even so were they both set afoot again, and replenished with people, at one self time. And as for great personages, he won them also, promising some of them to make them Prætors and Consuls in time to come, and unto others, honors and preferments, but to all men generally good hope, seeking all the ways he could to make every man contented with his reign. Insomuch as one of the Consuls called Maximus, chancing to die a day before his Consulship ended, he declared Caninius Rebilus Consul only for the day that remained. So, divers going to his house (as the manner was) to salute him, and to congratulate with him of his calling and preferment, being newly chosen officer: Cicero pleasantly said, Come, let us make haste, and be gone thither before his Consulship come out. Furthermore, Cæsar being born to attempt all great enterprises, and having an ambitious desire besides to covet great honors: the prosperous good success he had of his former conquests bred no desire in him quietly to enjoy the fruits of his labors, but rather gave him hope of things to come, still kindling more and more in him thoughts of greater enterprises, and desire of new glory, as if that which he had present were stale and nothing worth. This humor of his was no other but an emulation with himself as with another man, and a certain contention to overcome the things he prepared to attempt. For he was determined, and made preparation also, to make war with the Per-

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sians. Then when he had overcome them, to pass through Hyrcania (compassing in the sea Caspium, and Mount Caucasus) into the realm of Pontus, and so to invade Scythia: and overrunning all the countries, and people adjoining unto high Germany, and Germany itself, at length to return by Gaul into Italy, and so to enlarge the Roman empire round, that it might be every way compassed in with the great sea Oceanus. But while he was preparing for this voyage, he attempted to cut the bar of the strait of Peloponnesus, in the place where the city of Corinth standeth. Then he was minded to bring the rivers of Anien and Tiber, straight from Rome, unto the city of Circeii, with a deep channel and high banks cast up on either side, and so to fall into the sea at Terracina, for the better safety and commodity of the merchants that came to Rome to traffic there. Furthermore, he determined to drain and seaw all the water of the marshes between the cities of Nomentum and Setium, to make it firm land, for the benefit of many thousands of people: and on the seacoast next unto Rome, to cast great high banks, and to cleanse all the haven about Ostia, of rocks and stones hidden under the water, and to take away all other impediments that made the harbor dangerous for ships, and to make new havens and arsenals meet to harbor such ships, as did continually traffic thither. All these things were purposed to be done, but took no effect. But, the ordinance of the calendar, and

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reformation of the year, to take away all confusion of time, being exactly calculated by the mathematicians, and brought to perfection, was a great commodity unto all men. For the Romans using then the ancient computation of the year, had not only such uncertainty and alteration of the month and times, that the sacrifices and yearly feasts came by little and little to seasons contrary for the purpose they were ordained: but also in the revolution of the sun (which is called *Annus Solaris*) no other nation agreed with them in account: and of the Romans themselves, only the priests understood it. And therefore when they listed, they sodainly (no man being able to control them) did thrust in a month above their ordinary number, which they called in old time, Mercedonius. Some say, that Numa Pompilius was the first, that devised this way, to put a month between: but it was a weak remedy, and did little help the correction of the errors that were made in the account of the year, to frame them to perfection. But Cæsar committing this matter unto the philosophers, and best expert mathematicians at that time, did set forth an excellent and perfect calendar, more exactly calculated than any other that was before: the which the Romans do use until this present day, and do nothing err as others, in the difference of time. But his enemies notwithstanding that envied his greatness did not stick to find fault withal. As Cicero the orator, when one said, To-morrow the star Lyra will rise:

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Yea, said he, at the commandment of Cæsar, as if men were compelled so to say and think, by Cæsar's edict. But the chiefest cause that made him mortally hated, was the covetous desire he had to be called king: which first gave the people just cause, and next his secret enemies, honest color to bear him ill-will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honor and dignity, gave it out among the people that it was written in the Sybilline prophecies, how the Romans might overcome the Parthians, if they made war with them, and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were unconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides, that Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him, they called him king. But the people being offended, and Cæsar also angry, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar. Then every man keeping silence, he went his way heavy and sorrowful. When they had decreed divers honors for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them: That his honors had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he

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should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth: insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, That his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported, that afterward to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, That their wits are not perfect which have his disease of the falling evil, when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sodain dimness and giddiness. But that was not true. For he would have risen up to the Senate, but Cornelius Balbus one of his friends (but rather a flatterer) would not let him, saying: What, do you not remember that you are Cæsar, and will you not let them reverence you, and do their duties? Besides these occasions and offences, there followed also his shame and reproach, abusing the Tribunes of the people in this sort. At that time, the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herd men, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble-men's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in

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their way, with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster, to be stricken with the ferule: persuading themselves that being with child, they shall have good delivery, and also being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol. After that, there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems upon their heads, like kings. Those, the two Tribunes, Flavius and Ma-

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rullus, went and pulled down: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. The people followed them rejoicing at it, and called them Brutes: because of Brutus, who had in old time driven the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdom of one person, unto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Marullus and Flavius of their Tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti, and Cumani, to wit, beasts, and fools. Hereupon the people went straight unto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Servilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and son-in-law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and favor Cæsar showed unto him, kept him back that of himself alone he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdom. For Cæsar did not only save his life, after the battle of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many more of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the Prætorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, Indeed Cassius

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hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus. Some one day accusing Brutus while he practiced this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but clapping his hand on his body, told them, Brutus will look for this skin: meaning thereby, that Brutus for his virtue deserved to rule after him, but yet, that for ambition's sake, he would not show himself unthankful or dishonorable. Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus only their prince and governor above all other: they durst not come to him themselves to tell him what they would have him to do, but in the night did cast sundry papers into the Prætor's seat where he gave audience, and the most of them to this effect. Thou sleepest Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed. Cassius finding Brutus' ambition stirred up the more by these seditious bills, did prick him forward, and egg him on the more, for a private quarrel he had conceived against Cæsar: the circumstance whereof, we have set down more at large in Brutus' life. Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief toward him: he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them: but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most,

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meaning Brutus and Cassius. Certainly, destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided: considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Cæsar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place: are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned, but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could live without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going unto the Senate-house, and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, The Ides of March be come: So be they, softly answered the soothsayer, but yet are they not past. And the very day before, Cæsar supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certain letters as he was wont to do at the

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board: so talk falling out among them, reasoning what death was best: he preventing their opinions, cried out aloud, Death unlooked for. Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches. For she dreamed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as among other, Titus Livius writeth, that it was in this sort. The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle: Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia until that time was never given to any fear or superstition: and then, for that he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterward, when the sooth-

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sayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate. But in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus: he fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Cæsar, saying: That he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams: what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words? And who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he

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took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him: and when he saw he was put back by the great press and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurnia's hands to be kept, till Cæsar came back again, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus, also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus' confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar: came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him; but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house. Howbeit other are of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memorial, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to give it Cæsar, but he was always repulsed by

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the people. For these things, they may seem to come by chance: but the place where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself among other ornaments which he gave unto the theatre: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius (though otherwise he did favor the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise: he did softly call upon it, to aid him. But the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did suddenly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man half beside himself. Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate-house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came toward him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his chair. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were

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denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnestest with him: Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him struck him in the neck with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because it seemed, the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard: and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin: O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou? And Casca in Greek to his brother, Brother, help me. At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw: they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere, but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them, that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder: and then Brutus himself gave him one wound about his body. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with

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his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed, that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows. When Cæsar was slain, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the midst among them, as though he would have said somewhat touching this fact) presently ran out of the house, and flying, filled all the city with marvellous fear and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut-to their doors, others forsook their shops and warehouses, and others ran to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had seen it ran home to their houses again. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses, and forsook their own. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this murder they had committed, having their swords drawn in their hands, came all in a troop together out of the Senate, and went into the market-

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place, not as men that made countenance to fly, but otherwise boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their liberty, and stayed to speak with every great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some followed this troop, and went among them, as if they had been of the conspiracy, and falsely challenged part of the honor with them: among them was Caius Octavius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterward put to death, for their vain covetousness of honor, by Antonius and Octavius Cæsar the younger: and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were put to death, neither did any man believe that they were any of the confederates, or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death took revenge rather of the will they had to offend than of any fact they had committed. The next morning, Brutus and his confederates came into the market-place to speak unto the people, who gave them such audience, that it seemed they neither greatly reprov'd, nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they showed that they were sorry for Cæsar's death, and also that they did reverence Brutus. Now the Senate granted general pardon for all that was past, and to pacify every man, ordained besides, that Cæsar's funerals should be honored as a god, and established all things that he had done: and gave certain provinces also, and convenient honors unto Brutus and his confederates, where-

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by every man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietness again. But when they had opened Cæsar's testament, and found a liberal legacy of money, bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, and that they saw his body (which was brought into the market-place) all bemangled with gashes of swords: then there was no order to keep the multitude and common people quiet, but they plucked up forms, tables, and stools, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burned the corpse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they took the firebrands, and went unto their houses that had slain Cæsar, to set them afire. Others also ran up and down the city to see if they could meet with any of them, to cut them in pieces: howbeit they could meet with never a man of them, because they had locked themselves up safely in their houses. There was one of Cæsar's friends called Cinna, that had a marvelous strange and terrible dream the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bade him to supper, and that he refused, and would not go: then that Cæsar took him by the hand, and led him against his will. Now Cinna hearing at that time that they burned Cæsar's body in the market-place, notwithstanding that he feared his dream, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market-place to honor his funerals. When he came thither, one of the mean sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that

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other unto another, so that it ran straight through them all, that he was one of them that murdered Cæsar (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar was also called Cinna as himself), wherefore taking him for Cinna the murderer, they fell upon him with such fury that they presently despatched him in the market-place. This stir and fury made Brutus and Cassius more afraid than of all that was past, and therefore within few days after they departed out of Rome: and touching their doings afterward, and what calamity they suffered till their deaths, we have written it at large in the life of Brutus. Cæsar died at six-and-fifty years of age: and Pompey also lived not passing four years more than he. So he reaped no other fruit of all his reign and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreme danger: but a vain name only and a superficial glory, that procured him the envy and hatred of his country. But his great prosperity and good fortune that favored him all his lifetime, did continue afterward in the revenge of his death, pursuing the murderers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counsellors in the conspiracy of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other is most to be wondered at. For he being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the same

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sword, with the which he struck Cæsar. Again, of signs in the element, the great comet which seven nights together was seen very bright after Cæsar's death, the eighth night after was never seen more. Also the brightness of the sun was darkened, the which all that year through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gave but small heat: therefore the air being very cloudy and dark, by the weakness of the heat that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and unripe fruit, which rotted before it could ripe. But above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the city of Abydos, to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affairs (for by report he was as careful a captain, and lived with as little sleep, as ever man did), he thought he heard a noise at his tent door, and looking toward the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness, and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bedside, and said nothing: at length he asked him what he saw. The image answered him: I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi. Then Brutus replied again, and said:

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Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time Brutus being in battle near unto the city of Philippi, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battle he won the victory, and overthrowing all them that withstood him, he drove them into young Cæsar's camp, which he took. The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus knowing he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain. So seeing his men put to flight and overthrown, he ran unto a little rock not far off, and there setting his sword's point to his breast, fell upon it, and slew himself, but yet as it is reported, with the help of his friend that despatched him.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLED

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, wham BRUCE has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud EDWARD'S power—
Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
FREE-MAN stand, or FREE-MAN fa'
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!
Lay the proud Usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
LIBERTY'S in every blow!—
Let us Do—or Die!

—Robert Burns

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

THE STORY OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

I TOLD you, my dear Hugh, that Edward the First of England had reduced Scotland almost entirely to the condition of a conquered country, although he had obtained possession of the kingdom less by his bravery than by cunningly taking advantage of the disputes and divisions that followed among the Scots themselves after the death of Alexander the Third.

The English, however, had in point of fact obtained possession of the country, and governed it with much rigor. The Lord High Justice Ormesby called all men to account, who would not take the oath of allegiance to King Edward. Many of the Scots refused this, as what the English King had no right to demand from them. Such persons were called into the courts of justice, fined, deprived of their estates, and otherwise severely punished. Then Hugh Cressingham, the English Treasurer, tormented the Scottish nation, by collecting money from them under various pretexts. The Scots were always a poor people, and their native kings had treated them with much kindness, and seldom required them

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to pay any taxes. They were, therefore, extremely enraged at finding themselves obliged to pay to the English Treasurer much larger sums of money than their own good kings had ever demanded from them; and they became exceedingly dissatisfied.

Besides these modes of oppression, the English soldiers, who, I told you, had been placed in garrison in the different castles of Scotland, thought themselves masters of the country, treated the Scots with great contempt, took from them by main force whatever they had a fancy to, and if the owners offered to resist, abused them, beat and wounded and sometimes killed them; for which acts of violence the English officers did not check or punish their soldiers. Scotland was, therefore, in great distress, and the inhabitants, exceedingly enraged, only wanted some leader to command them, to rise up in a body against the English, or *Southern* men, as they called them, and recover the liberty and independence of their country, which had been destroyed by Edward the First.

Such a leader arose in the person of WILLIAM WALLACE, whose name is still so often mentioned in Scotland. It is a great pity we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for, at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting, that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterward, when there was more leisure for composition, the truths that were collected were

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greatly mingled with falsehood. What I shall tell you of him is generally believed to be true.

William Wallace was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman, called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit, had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolences which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen. It is said, that when he was very young, he went a-fishing for sport in the river of Irvine, near Ayr. He had caught a good many trouts, which were carried by a boy, who attended him with a fishing-basket, as is usual with anglers. Two or three English soldiers, who belonged to the garrison of Ayr, came up to Wallace, and insisted, with their usual insolence, on taking the fish from the boy. Wallace was contented to allow them a part of the trouts, but he refused to part with the whole basketful. The soldiers insisted, and from words came to blows. Wallace had no better weapon than the but-end of his fishing-rod; but he struck the foremost of the Englishmen so hard under the ear with it that he killed him on the spot; and getting possession of the slain man's sword,

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he fought with so much fury that he put the others to flight, and brought home his fish safe and sound. The English governor of Ayr sought for him, to punish him with death for this action; but Wallace lay concealed among the hills and great woods till the matter was forgotten, and then appeared in another part of the country. He is said to have had other adventures of the same kind, in which he gallantly defended himself, sometimes when alone, sometimes with very few companions, against superior numbers of the English, until at last his name became generally known as a terror to them.

But the action which occasioned his finally rising in arms, is believed to have happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment, with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up and insulted him on account of his finery, saying a Scotsman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel, as on many former occasions; and Wallace, having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily assaulted by all the English soldiers. While they were endeavoring to force their way in at the front of the house, Wallace escaped by a back door, and got in safety to a rugged and rocky glen, near Lanark, called the Cartland Crag, all covered with bushes

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and trees, and full of high precipices, where he knew he should be safe from the pursuit of the English soldiers. In the meantime, the governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned Wallace's house, and put his wife and servants to death; and by committing this cruelty, increased to the highest pitch, as you may well believe, the hatred which the champion had always borne against the English usurper. Hazelrigg also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men, outlawed like himself, or willing to become so, rather than any longer endure the oppression of the English. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed, and thus avenged the death of his wife. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them; and in time became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

About this time is said to have taken place a memorable event, which the Scottish people called the *Barns of Ayr*. It is alleged that the English governor of Ayr had invited the greater part of the Scottish nobility and gentry in the western parts, to meet him at some large buildings called the Barns of Ayr,

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for the purpose of friendly conference upon the affairs of the nation. But the English Earl entertained the treacherous purpose of putting the Scottish gentlemen to death. The English soldiers had halters with running nooses ready prepared, and hung upon the beams which supported the roof; and as the Scottish gentlemen were admitted by two and two at a time, the nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were pulled up by the neck, and thus hanged or strangled to death. Among those who were slain in this base and treacherous manner, was, it is said, Sir Reginald Crawford, Sheriff of the county of Ayr, and uncle to William Wallace.

When Wallace heard of what had befallen, he was dreadfully enraged, and collecting his men in a wood near the town of Ayr, he resolved to be revenged on the authors of this great crime. The English in the meanwhile made much feasting, and when they had eaten and drank plentifully, they lay down to sleep in the same large barns in which they had murdered the Scottish gentlemen. But Wallace, learning that they kept no guard or watch, not suspecting there were any enemies so near them, directed a woman who knew the place, to mark with chalk the doors of the lodgings where the Englishmen lay. Then he sent a party of men, who, with strong ropes, made all the doors so fast on the outside, that those within could not open them. On the outside the Scots had prepared heaps of straw, to

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which they set fire, and the Barns of Ayr, being themselves made of wood, were soon burning in a bright flame. Then the English were awakened, and endeavored to get out to save their lives. But the doors, as I told you, were secured on the outside, and bound fast with ropes; and, besides, the blazing houses were surrounded by the Scots, who forced those who got out to run back into the fire, or else put them to death on the spot; and thus great numbers perished miserably. Many of the English were lodged in a convent, but they had no better fortune than the others; for the Prior of the convent caused all the friars to arm themselves, and, attacking the English guests, they put most of them to the sword. This was called the "Friar of Ayr's Blessing." We cannot tell if this story of the *Barns of Ayr* be exactly true; but it is probable there is some foundation for it, as it is universally believed in that country.

Thus Wallace's party grew daily stronger and stronger, and many of the Scottish nobles joined with him. Among these was Sir William Douglas, the Lord of Douglasdale, and the head of a great family often mentioned in Scottish history. There was also Sir John the Grahame, who became Wallace's bosom friend and greatest confidant. Many of these great noblemen, however, deserted the cause of the country on the approach of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the English governor, at the head of a numerous and well-appointed army. They thought that Wal-

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lace would be unable to withstand the attack of so many disciplined soldiers and hastened to submit themselves to the English, for fear of losing their estates. Wallace, however, remained undismayed, and at the head of a considerable army. He had taken up his camp upon the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The river was there crossed by a long wooden bridge, about a mile above the spot where the present bridge is situated.

The English general approached the banks of the river on the southern side. He sent two clergymen to offer a pardon to Wallace and his followers, on condition that they should lay down their arms. But such was not the purpose of the high-minded champion of Scotland.

“Go back to Warene,” said Wallace, “and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are not here for the purpose of treating of peace, but of abiding battle, and restoring freedom to our country. Let the English come on;—we defy them to their very beards!”

The English, upon hearing this haughty answer, called loudly to be led to the attack. The Earl of Surrey hesitated, for he was a skilful soldier, and he saw that to approach the Scottish army, his troops must pass over the long, narrow wooden bridge; so that those who should get over first might be attacked by Wallace with all his forces, before those who remained behind could possibly come to their assist-

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ance. He therefore inclined to delay the battle. But Cressingham the Treasurer, who was ignorant and presumptuous, insisted that it was their duty to fight, and put an end to the war at once, and Surrey gave way to his opinion, although Cressingham, being a churchman, could not be so good a judge of what was fitting as he himself, an experienced officer.

The English army began to cross the bridge, Cressingham leading the van, or foremost division of the army; for, in those military days, even clergymen wore armor and fought in battle. That took place which Surrey had foreseen. Wallace suffered a considerable part of the English army to pass the bridge, without offering any opposition; but when about one-half were over, and the bridge was crowded with those who were following, he charged those who had crossed with his whole strength, slew a very great number, and drove the rest into the river Forth, where the greater part were drowned. The remainder of the English army, who were left on the southern bank of the river, fled in great confusion, having first set fire to the wooden bridge, that the Scots might not pursue them. Cressingham was killed in the very beginning of the battle; and the Scots detested him so much that they flayed the skin from his dead body, and kept pieces of it, in memory of the revenge they had taken upon the English Treasurer. Some say they made saddle-girths of this same skin; a purpose for which I do not think

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it could be very fit. It must be owned to have been a dishonorable thing of the Scots to insult thus the dead body of their enemy, and shows that they must have been then a ferocious and barbarous people.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat, and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Many wonderful stories are told of Wallace's exploits on these occasions, some of which are no doubt true, while others are either invented or very much exaggerated. It seems certain, however, that he defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing the people who were not in arms, and he endeavored to protect the clergymen and others who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence."—The troops who followed Wallace received no pay, be-

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cause he had no money to give them, and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent their doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Indeed, it appears that, though Wallace disapproved of slaying priests, women and children, he partook of the ferocity of the times so much, as to put to death without quarter all whom he found in arms. In the north of Scotland the English had placed a garrison in the strong Castle of Dunnottar, which, built on a large and precipitous rock, overhangs the raging sea. Though the place is almost inaccessible, Wallace and his followers found their way into the castle, while the garrison in great terror fled into the church or chapel, which was built on the very verge of the precipice. This did not save them, for Wallace caused the church to be set on fire. The terrified garrison, involved in the flames, ran some of them upon the points of the Scottish swords, while others threw themselves from the precipice into the sea and swam along to the cliffs, where they hung like sea-fowl, screaming in vain for mercy and assistance.

The followers of Wallace were frightened at this dreadful scene, and falling on their knees before the priests who chanced to be in the army, they asked forgiveness for having committed so much slaughter

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within the limits of a church dedicated to the service of God. But Wallace had so deep a sense of the injuries which the English had done to his country that he only laughed at the contrition of his soldiers.—“I will absolve you all myself,” he said. “Are you Scottish soldiers, and do you repent for a trifle like this, which is not half what the invaders deserved at our hands?” So deep-seated was Wallace’s feeling of national resentment that it seems to have overcome in such instances the scruples of a temper which was naturally humane.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place. You may suppose he was very angry when he learned that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his Treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered, for which purpose he assembled a very fine army and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be Governor, or Protector of the kingdom, because they had no King at the time. He was now titled Sir William Wallace, Protector, or Governor, of the Scottish nation. But although Wallace, as we have seen, was the best soldier and bravest man in Scotland, and therefore

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the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the King of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation, because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or fight against the English, because they would not have a man of inferior condition to be general. This was base and mean conduct, and it was attended with great disasters to Scotland. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army; for the middling, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the King of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because, as I already told you, in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback. The English King, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armor. He had also the celebrated archers of England, each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotsmen's lives under his girdle; because every archer had twelve arrows stuck in his belt, and was expected to kill a man with every arrow.

The Scots had some good archers from the Forest

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of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scottish army were on foot, armed with long spears; they were placed thick and close together, and laid all their spears so close, point over point, that it seemed as difficult to break through them, as through the wall of a strong castle. When the two armies were drawn up facing each other, Wallace said to his soldiers, "I have brought you to the ring, let me see how you can dance"; meaning, I have brought you to the decisive field of battle, let me see how bravely you can fight.

The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks, and undaunted appearance, of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could not ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly, at full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, which were held out by the Scots to keep them back; and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

The first line of cavalry was commanded by the Earl Marshal of England, whose progress was checked by a morass. The second line of English horse was commanded by Antony Beck, the Bishop of Durham, who, nevertheless, wore armor, and

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fought like a lay baron. He wheeled round the morass; but when he saw the deep and firm order of the Scots, his heart failed, and he proposed to Sir Ralph Basset of Drayton, who commanded under him, to halt till Edward himself brought up the reserve. "Go say your mass, Bishop," answered Basset contemptuously, and advanced at full gallop with the second line. However, the Scots stood their ground with their long spears; many of the foremost of the English horses were thrown down, and the riders were killed as they lay rolling, unable to rise, owing to the weight of their heavy armor. But the Scottish horse did not come to the assistance of their infantry, but, on the contrary, fled away from the battle. It is supposed that this was owing to the treachery or ill-will of the nobility, who were jealous of Wallace. But it must be considered that the Scottish cavalry were few in number; and that they had much worse arms, and weaker horses, than their enemies. The English cavalry attempted again and again to disperse the deep and solid ranks in which Wallace had stationed his foot soldiers. But they were repeatedly beaten off with loss, nor could they make their way through that wood of spears, as it is called by one of the English historians. King Edward then commanded his archers to advance; and these approaching within arrow-shot of the Scottish ranks, poured on them such close and dreadful volleys of arrows, that it was impossible to sustain the

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discharge. It happened at the same time that Sir John Stewart was killed by a fall from his horse; and the archers of Ettrick Forest, whom he was bringing forward to oppose those of King Edward, were slain in great numbers around him. Their bodies were afterward distinguished among the slain, as being the tallest and handsomest men of the army.

The Scottish spearmen being thus thrown into some degree of confusion, by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take to flight.

This fatal battle was fought upon the twenty-second of July, 1298. Sir John the Grahame lies buried in the churchyard of Falkirk. A tombstone was laid over him, which has been three times renewed since his death. The inscription bears, "That Sir John the Grahame, equally remarkable for wisdom and courage, and the faithful friend of Wallace, being slain in battle by the English, lies buried in this place." A large oak-tree in the adjoining forest was long shown as marking the spot where Wallace slept before the battle, or, as others said, in which he hid himself after the defeat. Nearly forty years ago,

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Grandpapa saw some of its roots; but the body of the tree was even then entirely decayed, and there is not now, and has not been for many years, the least vestige of it to be seen.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. Several nobles were named Guardians in his place, and continued to make resistance to the English armies; and they gained some advantages, particularly near Roslin, where a body of Scots, commanded by John Comyn of Badenoch, who was one of the Guardians of the kingdom, and another distinguished commander, called Simon Fraser, defeated three armies, or detachments, of English in one day.

Nevertheless, the King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the En-

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lish, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was seized and delivered to the English. It is generally said that he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradition of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at un-awares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed on the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company; since it was as much as to remind him that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland.

Whether Sir John Menteith was actually the person by whom Wallace was betrayed is not perfectly certain. He was, however, the individual by whom the patriot was made prisoner and delivered up to the English, for which his name and his memory have been long loaded with disgrace.

Edward, having thus obtained possession of the person whom he considered as the greatest obstacle to his complete conquest of Scotland, resolved to make Wallace an example to all Scottish patriots who should in future venture to oppose his ambitious

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projects. He caused this gallant defender of his country to be brought to trial in Westminster Hall, before the English judges, and produced him there, crowned in mockery, with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown; to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with having taken and burned towns and castles, with having killed many men and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm resolution, "that it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland; and far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so), the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge, and were termed the limbs of a traitor.

No doubt King Edward thought that by exercis-

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ing this great severity toward so distinguished a patriot as Sir William Wallace, he should terrify all the Scots into obedience, and so be able in future to reign over their country without resistance. But though Edward was a powerful, a brave, and a wise king, and though he took the most cautious, as well as the most strict measures, to preserve the obedience of Scotland, yet his claim, being founded in injustice and usurpation, was not permitted by Providence to be established in security or peace. Sir William Wallace, that immortal supporter of the independence of his country, was no sooner deprived of his life, in the cruel and unjust manner I have told you, than other patriots arose to assert the cause of Scottish liberty.

THE RISE OF ROBERT THE BRUCE

I HOPE, my dear child, that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death, which induced the Scottish nobility rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavoring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect also, that Edward had dethroned John Baliol, on account of his attempting to restore the independence

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of Scotland; and that Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as Lord Paramount. This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

It was therefore natural that such of the people as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their country from the English yoke, should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves, to combat the power of England. The feeling was universal in Scotland, that they would not any longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown, began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Among these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity, to have lost all right to the kingdom) were two powerful noblemen. The first was ROBERT BRUCE, Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce, who disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn, to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the de-

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feat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct, are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies, without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, while he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted, that

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he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it, by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion, he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this

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purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed between them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter cer-

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tain with a vengeance, by despatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned king at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the king's head, would not give his attendance, but the cere-

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monial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw a sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twentieth of March, 1306. On the eighteenth of May he was excommunicated by the Pope, on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all benefits of religion, and authorized any one to kill him. Finally, on the nineteenth of June, the new king was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a pris-

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oner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families—Hay, ancestor of the Earls of Errol, Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterward called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in great danger, and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to

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the English, and putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn in the church at Dumfries, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related. Bruce was again defeated by this chief, through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed, amid his misfortunes, the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, between a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein, such a blow with his sword, as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet, and,

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as he was endeavoring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the king struck his third assailant so dreadful a blow, that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle; so that, to be freed of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that, and the mantle itself, behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The king met with many such encounters amid his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people

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learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have been the scene of such a lecture. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates, and diverted their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits, or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The king also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men who

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followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime, ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's queen, as well as the queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity.

The Countess of Buchan, as I before told you, had given Edward great offence by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the Castle of Berwick, in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of frame-work, placed within an apartment, and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny, or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigor.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

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It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided between these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another,

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for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterward sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a

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spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck, to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The king landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The king, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out, that yonder was the king, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; while at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their

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own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

The Bruce was now within sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an English nobleman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions, that if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the sig-

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nal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry-head became visible, and the king and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by actions and threats, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal?"

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment; but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was, as I have told you, a man daring even to rashness. "I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland, or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth."

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that

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since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish with the English so successfully, as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally successful. But then, on the other hand, the king, being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

At one time, a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the king one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy, who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, and the other had a sword and a battle-axe. Now, when the king saw them so well armed, when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the king, "if I overcome these traitors,

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thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The king called out to them, and commanded them to come no nearer, upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the king again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold; but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow, and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the king. One of them fetched a blow at him with an axe, but missed his stroke and stumbled, so that the king with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear; but the king, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's

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victory; and the king wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men, if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day, it is not necessary that generals, or great officers, should fight with their own hand, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy; and men seldom mingle together and fight hand to hand. But in the ancient times kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle and fight like ordinary men, with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men, and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick, and in the neighboring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy, and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They

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lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who, as I before told you, had defeated Bruce at Dalry, and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him; so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuthhounds (so called from *slot*, or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase), were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful and vigilant, had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly, he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river, that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this

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river could be crossed in that neighborhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land on the side where the king was, was steep, and the path which led upward from the water's edge to the top of the bank, extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, provided it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the king's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog. "My men," said he, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices

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of men, and the ringing and clattering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river side. Then the king thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep path, and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage, that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. His armor was so good and strong, that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile, the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so

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prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified, and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honor would be lost forever if they did not force their way; and encouraged each other, with loud cries, to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the king's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story books, with this advantage, that they are all true.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the king with his own hands, it became at-

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tached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound, John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting the English Earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the king divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the king must be in that party; so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The king again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, think-

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ing thus that the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly, he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast, that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The king asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that, that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a

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great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly, the king and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the king went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So, John of Lorn seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is had lost the track of that which he pursued, he gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the king civilly; and he, replying to their salu-

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tation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The king answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish king. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep, which their companion was carrying. The king was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the king and his attendant. They were

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obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first, he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the king. When the three villains saw the king and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the king slept but lightly, and little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the king, killed him with a stroke of his sword. The king was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armor which he wore, freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the

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death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction toward the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveller journeying through the country.

"All travellers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over ail Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone?—where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame, "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

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So she brought her two sons, and though she well knew the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterward became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the king's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. But shortly after, they heard the voice of the Good Lord James of Douglas, and of Edward Bruce, the king's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse, according to the instructions that the king had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James, and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers, than forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred

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of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army.

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THE EXPLOITS OF DOUGLAS AND RANDOLPH

WHEN King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the Borders, as I have already told you, with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels. But he was now old and feeble, and while he was making his preparations, he was taken very ill, and after lingering a long time, at length died on the sixth of July, 1307, at a place in Cumberland called Burgh upon the Sands, in full sight of Scotland, and not three miles from its frontier. His hatred to that country was so inveterate that his thoughts of revenge seemed to occupy his mind on his death-bed. He made his son promise never to make peace with Scotland until the nation was subdued. He gave also very singular directions concerning the disposal of his dead body. He ordered that it should be boiled in a caldron till the flesh parted from the bones, and that then the bones should be wrapped up in a bull's hide, and carried at the head of the English army, as often as the Scots attempted to recover their freedom. He thought that he had inflicted such distresses on the Scots, and invaded and defeated them so often, that his very dead bones would terrify them. His son, Edward the Second, did not choose to execute this strange injunction, but caused his

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father to be buried in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen, bearing for an inscription, **HERE LIES THE HAMMER OF THE SCOTTISH NATION.** And, indeed, it was true, that during his life he did them as much injury as a hammer does to the substances which it dashes to pieces.

Edward the Second was neither so brave nor so wise as his father; on the contrary, he was a weak prince, fond of idle amusements and worthless favorites. It was lucky for Scotland that such was his disposition. He marched a little way into Scotland with the large army which Edward the First had collected, but went back again without fighting, which gave great encouragement to Bruce's party.

Several of the Scottish nobility now took arms in different parts of the country, declared for King Robert, and fought against the English troops and garrisons. The most distinguished of these was the Good Lord James of Douglas, whom we have often mentioned before. Some of his most memorable exploits respected his own Castle of Douglas, in which, being an important fortress and strongly situated, the English had placed a large garrison. James the Douglas saw, with great displeasure, his castle filled with English soldiers, and stored with great quantities of corn, and cattle, and wine, and ale, and other supplies which they were preparing, to enable them to assist the English army with provisions. So he

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resolved, if possible, to be revenged upon the captain of the garrison and his soldiers.

For this purpose, Douglas went in disguise to the house of one of his old servants, called Thomas Dickson, a strong, faithful, and bold man, and laid a scheme for taking the castle. A holiday was approaching, called Palm Sunday. Upon this day, it was common, in the Roman Catholic times, that the people went to church in procession, with green boughs in their hands. Just as the English soldiers, who had marched down from the castle, got into church, one of Lord James's followers raised the cry of *Douglas, Douglas!* which was the shout with which that family always began battle. Thomas Dickson, and some friends whom he had collected, instantly drew their swords, and killed the first Englishman whom they met. But as the signal had been given too soon, Dickson was borne down and slain. Douglas and his men presently after forced their way into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves; but, being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners, and that so suddenly, and with so little noise, that their companions in the castle never heard of it. So that when Douglas and his men approached the castle gate, they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home, busied cooking provisions for those that were at church. So Lord James got possession of

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his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men eat up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay there, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him; and therefore he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unavailing to them.

It must be owned he executed this purpose in a very cruel and shocking manner, for he was much enraged at the death of Thomas Dickson. He caused all the barrels containing flour, meal, wheat, and malt, to be knocked in pieces, and their contents mixed on the floor; then he staved the great hogs-heads of wine and ale, and mixed the liquor with the stores; and, last of all, he killed his prisoners, and flung the dead bodies among this disgusting heap, which his men called, in derision of the English, the Douglas Larder. Then he flung dead horses into the well to destroy it—after which he set fire to the castle; and finally marched away, and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests. “He loved better,” he said, “to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak.” That is, he loved better to keep in the open field with his men, than to shut himself and them up in castles.

When Clifford, the English general, heard what had happened, he came to Douglas Castle with a great body of men, and rebuilt all the defences which Lord James had destroyed, and cleared out

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the well, and put a good soldier, named Thirlwall, to command the garrison, and desired him to be on his guard, for he suspected that Lord James would again attack him. And, indeed, Douglas, who did not like to see the English in his father's castle, was resolved to take the first opportunity of destroying this garrison, as he had done the former. For this purpose he again had recourse to stratagem. He laid a part of his followers in ambush in the wood, and sent fourteen men, disguised like countrymen, driving cattle past the gates of the castle. As soon as Thirlwall saw this, he swore that he would plunder the Scots drovers of their cattle, and came out with a considerable part of his garrison, for that purpose. He had followed the cattle past the place where Douglas was lying concealed, when all of a sudden the Scotsmen threw off their carriers' cloaks, and appeared in armor, cried the cry of Douglas, and, turning back suddenly, ran to meet the pursuers; and before Thirlwall could make any defence, he heard the same war-cry behind him, and saw Douglas coming up with those Scots who had been lying in ambush. Thirlwall himself was killed, fighting bravely in the middle of his enemies, and only a very few of his men found their way back to the castle.

When Lord James had thus slain two English commanders or governors of his castle, and was known to have made a vow that he would be re-

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venge'd on any one who should dare to take possession of his father's house, men became afraid; and the fortress was called, both in England and Scotland, the Perilous Castle of Douglas, because it proved so dangerous to any Englishman who was stationed there. Now, in those warlike times, Master Littlejohn, you must know, that the ladies would not marry any man who was not very brave and valiant, so that a coward, let him be ever so rich or high-born, was held in universal contempt. And thus it became the fashion for the ladies to demand proofs of the courage of their lovers, and for those knights who desired to please the ladies, to try some extraordinary deed of arms, to show their bravery and deserve their favor.

At the time we speak of, there was a young lady in England, whom many knights and noblemen asked in marriage, because she was extremely wealthy, and very beautiful. Once upon a holiday she made a great feast, to which she asked all her lovers, and numerous other gallant knights; and after the feast she arose, and told them that she was much obliged to them for their good opinion of her, but as she desired to have for her husband a man of the most incontestable bravery she had formed her resolution not to marry any one save one who should show his courage by defending the Perilous Castle of Douglas against the Scots for a year and a day. Now this made some silence among the gentlemen present; for although the lady was rich and beautiful, yet there

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was great danger in placing themselves within the reach of the Good Lord James of Douglas. At last a brave young knight started up and said that for the love of that lady he was willing to keep the Perilous Castle for a year and a day, if the king pleased to give him leave. The King of England was satisfied, and well pleased to get a brave man to hold a place so dangerous. Sir John Wilton was the name of this gallant knight. He kept the castle very safely for some time; but Douglas, at last, by a stratagem, induced him to venture out with a part of the garrison, and then set upon them and slew them. Sir John Wilton himself was killed, and a letter from the lady was found in his pocket. Douglas was sorry for his unhappy end, and did not put to death any of the prisoners as he had formerly done, but dismissed them in safety to the next English garrison.

Other great lords, besides Douglas, were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Among those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterward being made prisoner by the English, when the king was defeated at Methven, as I told you, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them, that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so

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close, that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner, and took his banner. Afterward, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lyne-water, by the Good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the king. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the king, was ever afterward one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to

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be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph, that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was, that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity

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and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and

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chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said) passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312-13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry, and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honorable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced,

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where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighborhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of cross-bars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus.

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the gar-

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rison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cartloads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be—"Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchmen, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddenly cut asunder the *soam*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword,

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which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from among the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterward enjoyed.

Perhaps you may be tired, my dear child, of such stories; yet I will tell you how the great and important Castle of Roxburgh was taken from the English, and then we will pass to other subjects.

You must know Roxburgh was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot, join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it. I will tell you how it was taken.

It was upon the night of what is called Shrove-tide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gayety and

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feasting. Most of the garrison of Roxburgh Castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neighborhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below, she saw some black objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall, and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel, and asked him what they were.—“Pooh, pooh,” said the soldier, “it is farmer such a one’s cattle” (naming a man whose farm lay near to the castle); “the good man is keeping a jolly Shrovetide and has forgot to shut his bullocks in their yard; but if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence.” Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armor, and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall, and began to sing to her child. You must know that the name of Douglas had become so terrible to

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the English, that the women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them when they behaved ill, that they "would make the Black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child:

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye."

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round, she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about, standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm, and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke, and closing with the sentinel, struck him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black Douglas.

While Douglas, Randolph, and other true-hearted patriots, were thus taking castles and strongholds from the English, King Robert, who had now a considerable army under his command, marched through

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the country, beating and dispersing such bodies of English as he met on his way. He went to the north country, where he conquered the great and powerful family of Comyn, who retained strong ill-will against him for having slain their relation, the Red Comyn, in the church at Dumfries. They had joined the English with all their forces; but now, as the Scots began to get the upper-hand, they were very much distressed. Bruce caused more than thirty of them to be beheaded in one day, and the place where they are buried is called "the Grave of the headless Comyns."

Neither did Bruce forget or forgive John M'Dougal of Lorn, who had defeated him at Dalry, and very nearly made him prisoner, or slain him, by the hands of his vassals, the M'Androssers, and had afterward pursued him with a bloodhound. When John of Lorn heard that Bruce was marching against him, he hoped to defend himself by taking possession of a very strong pass on the side of one of the largest mountains in Scotland, Cruachen Ben. The ground was very straight, having lofty rocks on the one hand, and on the other deep precipices, sinking down on a great lake called Lochawe; so that John of Lorn thought himself perfectly secure, as he could not be attacked except in front, and by a very difficult path. But King Robert, when he saw how his enemies were posted, sent a party of light-armed archers, under command of Douglas, with directions to go, by a dis-

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tant and difficult road, around the northern side of the hill, and thus to attack the men of Lorn in the rear as well as in front; that is, behind, as well as before. He had signals made when Douglas arrived at the place appointed. The king then advanced upon the Lorn men in front, when they raised a shout of defiance, and began to shoot arrows and roll stones down the path, with great confidence in the security of their own position. But when they were attacked by the Douglas and his archers in the rear, the soldiers of M'Dougal lost courage and fled. Many were slain among the rocks and precipices, and many were drowned in the lake, and the great river which runs out of it. John of Lorn only escaped by means of his boat, which he had in readiness upon the lake. Thus King Robert had full revenge upon him, and deprived him of a great part of his territory.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the king's brother. To blockade a town or castle is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer.

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Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward the Second, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the king's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The king admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness.—"Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

KING EDWARD THE SECOND, as we have already said, was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favorites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father, Ed-

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ward the First, would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to conquer back so much of the country. But we have seen, that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious king, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterward neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce, when his force was small. But now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the king, that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward the First had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the king should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France—many Irish, many Welsh—and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

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King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparations which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The king, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard, dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where

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cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called calthrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterward, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' hill, that is, the Servants' hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last, should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed

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in order, the king posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the Church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then despatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot, that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds) made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this

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he meant, that Randolph had lost some honor, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the king to go and assist him. The king refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done; especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the king and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight,

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and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The king being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He

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was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger, when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English as they advanced saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bare-footed, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and

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as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise, from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterward called the Gilies' hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A val-

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iant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the king till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no further. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the king, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of Argentine! Argentine! he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling Castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive sovereign that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions: As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English king was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot, and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with

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the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick Earl of March. The earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterward, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

There were several battles fought within England itself, in which the English had greatly the worst. One of these took place near Mitton, in York-

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shire. So many priests took part in the fight, that the Scots called it the Chapter of Mitton—a meeting of the clergymen belonging to a cathedral being called a Chapter. There was a great slaughter in and after the action. The Scots laid waste the country of England as far as the gates of York, and enjoyed a considerable superiority over their ancient enemies, who had so lately threatened to make them subjects of England.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was after the Bruce's death often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterward lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

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CONCERNING THE EXPLOITS OF EDWARD BRUCE, RANDOLPH, EARL OF MURRAY, AND THE DEATH OF ROBERT BRUCE

YOU will naturally be curious to hear what became of Edward, the brother of Robert Bruce, who was so courageous, and at the same time so rash. You must know that the Irish, at that time, had been almost fully conquered by the English; but becoming weary of them, the Irish chiefs, or at least a great many of them, invited Edward Bruce to come over, drive out the English, and become their king. He was willing enough to go, for he had always a high courageous spirit, and desired to obtain fame and dominion by fighting. Edward Bruce was as good a soldier as his brother but not so prudent and cautious; for, except in the affair of killing the Red Comyn, which was a wicked and violent action, Robert Bruce, in his latter days, showed himself as wise as he was courageous. However, he was well contented that his brother Edward, who had always fought so bravely for him, should be raised up to be King of Ireland. Therefore King Robert not only gave him an army to assist in making the conquest, but passed over the sea to Ireland himself in person, with a considerable body of troops to assist him. The Bruces gained several battles, and penetrated far into Ireland; but the English forces were too numerous, and so many of the Irish joined with them rather

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than with Edward Bruce, that King Robert and his brother were obliged to retreat before them.

The chief commander of the English was a great soldier, called Sir Edmund Butler, and he had assembled a much greater army than Edward Bruce and his brother King Robert had to oppose him. The Scots were obliged to retreat every morning, that they might not be forced to battle by an army more numerous than their own.

I have often told you that King Robert the Bruce was a wise and a good prince. But a circumstance happened during this retreat, which showed he was also a kind and humane man. It was one morning, when the English and their Irish auxiliaries were pressing hard upon Bruce, who had given his army orders to continue a hasty retreat; for to have risked a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favored his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as King Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the king; and he was informed by his attendants, that a poor woman, a laundress, or washerwoman, mother of an infant who had just been born, was about to be left behind the army, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel, and there were no carriages nor means of sending the woman and her

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infant on in safety. They must needs be abandoned if the army retreated.

King Robert was silent for a moment when he heard this story, being divided between the feelings of humanity, occasioned by the poor woman's distress, and the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes which kindled like fire. "Ah, gentlemen," he said, "never let it be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nursed by a woman's tenderness, should leave a mother and an infant to the mercy of barbarians! In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight Edmund Butler rather than leave these poor creatures behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in line of battle, instead of retreating."

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert the Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing that the Scottish king was one of the best generals then living, conceived that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. And thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and then to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

But Robert was obliged to leave the conquest of Ireland to his brother Edward, being recalled by pressing affairs to his own country. Edward, who was rash as he was brave, engaged, against the advice

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of his best officers, in battle with an English general, called Sir Piers de Birmingham. The Scots were surrounded on all sides, but continued to defend themselves valiantly, and Edward Bruce showed the example by fighting in the very front of the battle. At length a strong English Champion, called John Maupas, engaged Edward hand to hand; and they fought till they killed each other. Maupas was found lying after the battle upon the body of Bruce; both were dead men. After Edward Bruce's death, the Scots gave up further attempts to conquer Ireland.

Robert Bruce continued to reign gloriously for several years, and was so constantly victorious over the English, that the Scots seemed during his government to have acquired a complete superiority over their neighbors. But then we must remember, that Edward the Second, who then reigned in England, was a foolish prince, and listened to bad counsels; so that it is no wonder that he was beaten by so wise and experienced a general as Robert Bruce, who had fought his way to the crown through so many disasters, and acquired in consequence so much renown, that, as I often said, he was generally accounted one of the best soldiers and wisest sovereigns of his time.

In the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign, he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth,

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when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in the woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. He lived at a castle called Cardross, on the beautiful banks of the river Clyde, near to where it joins the sea; and his chief amusement was to go upon the river, and down to the sea in a ship, which he kept for his pleasure. He was no longer able to sit upon his war-horse, or to lead his army to the field.

While Bruce was in this feeble state, Edward the Second, King of England, died, and was succeeded by his son Edward the Third. He turned out afterward to be one of the wisest and bravest kings whom England ever had; but when he first mounted the throne he was very young, and under the entire management of his mother, who governed by means of a wicked favorite called Mortimer.

The war between the English and the Scots still lasting at the time, Bruce sent his two great commanders, the Good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, to lay waste the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and distress the English as much as they could.

Their soldiers were about twenty thousand in number, all lightly armed, and mounted on horses that were but small in height, but excessively active. The men themselves carried no provision, except a bag of oatmeal; and each had at his saddle a small plate of iron called a girdle, on which, when they pleased, they could bake the oatmeal into cakes. They

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killed the cattle of the English, as they travelled through the country, roasted the flesh on wooden spits, or boiled it in the skins of the animals themselves, putting in a little water with the beef, to prevent the fire from burning the hide to pieces. This was rough cookery. They made their shoes, or rather sandals, in as coarse a way; cutting them out of the raw hides of the cattle, and fitting them to their ankles, like what are now called short gaiters. As this sort of buskin had the hairy side of the hide outermost, the English called those who wore them *rough-footed* Scots, and sometimes, from the color of the hide, *red-shanks*.

As such forces needed to carry nothing with them, either for provisions or ammunition, the Scots moved with amazing speed, from mountain to mountain, and from glen to glen, pillaging and destroying the country wheresoever they came. In the meanwhile, the young King of England pursued them with a much larger army; but, as it was encumbered by the necessity of carrying provisions in great quantities, and by the slow motions of men in heavy armor, they could not come up with the Scots, although they saw every day the smoke of the houses and villages which they were burning. The King of England was extremely angry; for, though only a boy of sixteen years old, he longed to fight the Scots, and to chastise them for the mischief they were doing to his country; and at length he grew so impatient, that he offered a

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large reward to any one who would show him where the Scottish army were.

At length, after the English host had suffered severe hardships, from want of provisions, and fatiguing journeys through fords, and swamps, and morasses, a gentleman named Rokeby came into the camp, and claimed the reward which the king had offered. He told the king that he had been made prisoner by the Scots, and that they said they should be as glad to meet the English king as he to see them. Accordingly, Rokeby guided the English army to the place where the Scots lay encamped.

But the English king was no nearer to the battle which he desired; for Douglas and Randolph, knowing the force and numbers of the English army, had taken up their camp on a steep hill, at the bottom of which ran a deep river, called the Wear, having a channel filled with large stones, so that there was no possibility for the English to attack the Scots without crossing the water, and then climbing up the steep hill in the very face of their enemy; a risk which was too great to be attempted.

Then the king sent a message of defiance to the Scottish generals, inviting them either to draw back their forces, and allow him freedom to cross the river, and time to place his army in order of battle on the other side, that they might fight fairly, or offering, if they liked it better, to permit them to cross over to his side without opposition, that they might join bat-

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tle on a fair field. Randolph and Douglas did nothing but laugh at this message. They said, that when they fought, it should be at their own pleasure, and not because the King of England chose to ask for a battle. They reminded him, insultingly, how they had been in his country for many days, burning, taking spoil, and doing what they thought fit. If the king was displeased with this, they said, he must find his way across the river to fight them, the best way he could.

The English king, determined not to quit sight of the Scots, encamped on the opposite side of the river to watch their motions, thinking that want of provisions would oblige them to quit their strong position on the mountains. But the Scots once more showed Edward their dexterity in marching, by leaving their encampment, and taking up another post, even stronger and more difficult to approach than the first which they had occupied. King Edward followed, and again encamped opposite to his dexterous and troublesome enemies, desirous to bring them to a battle, when he might hope to gain an easy victory, having more than double the number of the Scottish army, all troops of the very best quality.

While the armies lay thus opposed to each other, Douglas resolved to give the young King of England a lesson in the art of war. At the dead of night, he left the Scottish camp with a small body of chosen horse, not above two hundred, well armed. He

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crossed the river in deep silence, and came to the English camp, which was but carelessly guarded. Seeing this, Douglas rode past the English sentinels as if he had been an officer of the English army, saying: "Ha, Saint George! you keep bad watch here." In those days, you must know, the English used to swear by Saint George, as the Scots did by Saint Andrew. Presently after, Douglas heard an English soldier, who lay stretched by the fire, say to his comrade, "I cannot tell what is to happen to us in this place; but, for my part, I have a great fear of the Black Douglas playing us some trick."

"You shall have cause to say so," said Douglas to himself.

When he had thus got into the midst of the English camp without being discovered, he drew his sword, and cut asunder the ropes of a tent, calling out his usual war-cry, "Douglas, Douglas! English thieves, you are all dead men." His followers immediately began to cut down and overturn the tents, cutting and stabbing the English soldiers as they endeavored to get to arms.

Douglas forced his way to the pavilion of the king himself, and very nearly carried the young prince prisoner out of the middle of his great army. Edward's chaplain, however, and many of his household, stood to arms bravely in his defence, while the young king escaped by creeping away beneath the canvas of his tent. The chaplain and several of the

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king's officers were slain; but the whole camp was now alarmed and in arms, so that Douglas was obliged to retreat, which he did by bursting through the English at the side of the camp opposite to that by which he had entered. Being separated from his men in the confusion, he was in great danger of being slain by an Englishman who encountered him with a huge club. This man he killed, but with considerable difficulty; and then blowing his horn to collect his soldiers, who soon gathered around him, he returned to the Scottish camp, having sustained very little loss.

Edward, much mortified at the insult which he had received, became still more desirous of chastising those audacious adversaries; and one of them at least was not unwilling to afford him an opportunity of revenge. This was Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray. He asked Douglas, when he returned to the Scottish camp, "What he had done?" "We have drawn some blood."—"Ah," said the earl, "had we gone all together to the night attack, we should have discomfited them."—"It might well have been so," said Douglas, "but the risk would have been too great."—"Then will we fight them in open battle," said Randolph, "for if we remain here, we shall in time be famished for want of provisions."—"Not so," replied Douglas; "we will deal with this great army of the English as the fox did with the fisherman in the fable."—"And how was that?" said the Earl of

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Murray. 'Hereupon the Douglas told him this story:

"A fisherman," he said, "had made a hut by a river side, that he might follow his occupation of fishing. Now, one night he had gone out to look after his nets, leaving a small fire in his hut; and when he came back, behold there was a fox in the cabin, taking the liberty to eat one of the finest salmon he had taken. 'Ho, Mr. Robber!' said the fisherman, drawing his sword, and standing in the doorway to prevent the fox's escape, 'you shall presently die the death.' The poor fox looked for some hole to get out at, but saw none; whereupon he pulled down with his teeth a mantle, which was lying on the bed, and dragged it across the fire. The fisherman ran to snatch his mantle from the fire—the fox flew out at the door with the salmon; and so," said Douglas, "shall we escape the great English army by subtlety, and without risking battle with so large a force."

Randolph agreed to act by Douglas's counsel, and the Scottish army kindled great fires through their encampment, and made a noise and shouting, and blowing of horns, as if they meant to remain all night there, as before. But in the meantime, Douglas had caused a road to be made through two miles of a great morass which lay in their rear. This was done by cutting down to the bottom of the bog, and filling the trench with fagots of wood. Without this contrivance it would have been impossible that

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the army could have crossed; and through this passage, which the English never suspected, Douglas and Randolph, and all their men, moved at the dead of night. They did not leave so much as an errand-boy behind, and so bent their march toward Scotland, leaving the English disappointed and affronted. Great was their wonder in the morning, when they saw the Scottish camp empty, and found no living men in it, but two or three English prisoners tied to trees, whom they had left with an insulting message to the King of England, saying: "If he were displeased with what they had done, he might come and revenge himself in Scotland."

The place where the Scots fixed this famous encampment was in the forest of Weardale, in the bishopric of Durham; and the road which they cut for the purpose of their retreat is still called the *Shorn Moss*.

After this a peace was concluded with Robert Bruce, on terms highly honorable to Scotland; for the English king renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of the country, and, moreover, gave his sister, a princess called Joanna, to be wife to Robert Bruce's son, called David. This treaty was very advantageous to the Scots. It was called the treaty of Northampton, because it was concluded at that town, in the year 1328.

Good King Robert did not long survive this joyful event. He was not aged more than four-and-fifty

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years, but, as I said before, his bad health was caused by the hardships which he sustained during his youth, and at length he became very ill. Finding that he could not recover, he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly, that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived, he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. But since he was about to die, he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was the Good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land.

To make you understand the meaning of this request, I must tell you, that at this time a people called Saracens, who believed in the false prophet Mahomet, had obtained by conquest possession of Jerusalem, and the other cities and places which are mentioned in the Holy Scripture; and the Christians of Europe, who went thither as pilgrims to worship at these places, where so many miracles had been wrought, were insulted by these heathen Saracens. Hence many armies of Christians went from their own countries out of every kingdom of Europe, to fight against these Saracens; and believed that they were doing a great service to religion, and that what

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sins they had committed would be pardoned by God Almighty, because they had taken a part in this which they called a holy warfare. You may remember that Bruce thought of going upon this expedition when he was in despair of recovering the crown of Scotland; and now he desired his heart to be carried to Jerusalem after his death, and requested Lord James of Douglas to take charge of it. Douglas wept bitterly as he accepted this office—the last mark of the Bruce's confidence and friendship.

The king soon afterward expired; and his heart was taken out from his body and embalmed, that is, prepared with spices and perfumes, that it might remain a long time fresh and uncorrupted. Then the Douglas caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck, by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land, with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow for their brave King Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland if the Douglas and his companions had stayed at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterward in great want of their assistance.

Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine, he landed in Spain, where the Saracen king, or Sultan of Granada, called Osmyn, was invading the realms of Alphonso,

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the Spanish King of Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honor and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded the Scottish earl that he would do good service to the Christian cause by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Granada before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his followers went accordingly to a great battle against Osmyn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens who were opposed to them. But being ignorant of the mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when they saw them scattered and separated from each other, turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah Allah*, which is their shout of battle, and surrounded such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced too hastily, and were dispersed from each other.

In this new skirmish, Douglas saw Sir William St. Clair, of Roslyn, fighting desperately, surrounded by many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres. "Yonder worthy knight will be slain," Douglas said, "unless he have instant help." With that he galloped to his rescue, but presently was himself also surrounded by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so thick round him, as to leave him no chance of escaping, the earl took from his

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neck the Bruce's heart, and speaking to it, as he would have done to the king had he been alive: "Pass first in fight," he said, "as thou wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee, or die." He then threw the king's heart among the enemy, and rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there slain. His body was found lying above the silver case, as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce's heart.

This Good Lord James of Douglas was one of the best and wisest soldiers that ever drew a sword. He was said to have fought in seventy battles, being beaten in thirteen, and victorious in fifty-seven. The English accused him of being cruel; and it is said that he had such a hatred of the English archers, that when he made one of them prisoner, he would not dismiss him until he was either blinded of his right eye, or had the first finger of his right hand struck off. The Douglas's Larder also seems a very cruel story; but the hatred at that time between the two countries was at a high pitch, and Lord James was much irritated at the death of his faithful servant Thomas Dickson; on ordinary occasions he was mild and gentle to his prisoners. The Scottish historians describe the Good Lord James as one who was never dejected by bad fortune, or unduly elated by that which was good. They say he was modest and gentle in time of peace, but had a very different countenance upon a day of battle. He was tall, strong, and well made, of a swarthy complexion, with dark

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hair, from which he was called the Black Douglas. He lisped a little in his speech, but in a manner which became him very much. Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, his face had escaped without a wound. A brave Spanish knight at the court of King Alphonso, whose face was scarred by the marks of Moorish sabres, expressed wonder that Douglas's countenance should be unmarked with wounds. Douglas replied modestly, he thanked God, who had always enabled his hands to guard and protect his face.

Many of Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell. The rest resolved not to proceed on their journey to Palestine, but to return to Scotland. Since the time of the Good Lord James, the Douglasses have carried upon their shields a bloody heart, with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition of Lord James to Spain with the Bruce's heart. In ancient times men painted such emblems on their shields that they might be known by them in battle, for their helmet hid their face; and now, as men no longer wear armor in battle, the devices, as they are called, belonging to particular families, are engraved upon their seals, or upon their silver plate, or painted upon their carriages.

Thus, for example, there was one of the brave knights who was in the company of Douglas, and was appointed to take charge of Bruce's heart homeward again, who was called Sir Simon Lockhard of Lee.

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He took afterward for his device, and painted on his shield, a man's heart, with a padlock upon it, in memory of Bruce's heart, which was padlocked in the silver case. For this reason, men changed Sir Simon's name from Lockhard to Lockheart, and all who are descended from Sir Simon are called Lockhart to this day. Did you ever hear of such a name, Master Hugh Littlejohn?

Well, such of the Scottish knights as remained alive returned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce, and the bones of the Good Lord James. These last were interred in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterward ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and nobody could tell where it stood. But a little while before Master Hugh Littlejohn was born, which I take to be six or seven years ago, when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline, and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig further, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert,

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both as he was known to have been buried in a winding sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breastbone appeared to have been sawed through, in order to take out the heart. So orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully, until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common people in the neighborhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull, which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone, which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many many millions of men have died since that time, whose bones could not be recognized, nor their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a king, could preserve him for such a

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long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned. But then, my dear child, you must remember, that it is only desirable to be remembered for praiseworthy and patriotic actions, such as those of Robert Bruce. It would be better for a prince to be forgotten like the meanest peasant, than to be recollected for actions of tyranny or oppression.

THE CHRONICLES OF FROISSART

*How the Duke of Normandy laid siege to Aiguillon
with a hundred thousand men*

THE Duke of Normandy and these lords of France did so much that they came to the castle of Aiguillon. There they laid their siege about the fair meadows along by the river able to bear ships, every lord among his own company and every constable by himself, as it was ordained by the marshals. This siege endured till the feast of Saint Remy: there were well a hundred thousand men of war, a-horseback and afoot: they made lightly every day two or three assaults and most commonly from the morning till it was near night without ceasing, for ever there came new assaulters that would not suffer them within to rest. The lords of France saw well they could not well come to the fortress without they passed the river, which was large and deep. Then the Duke commanded that a bridge should be made, whatsoever it cost, to pass the river: there were set awork more than three hundred workmen, who did work day and night. When the knights within saw this bridge more than half made over the river, they decked three ships, and entered into them a certain, and so came on the workmen and chased them away

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with their defenders; and there they brake all to pieces, that had been long a-making. When the French lords saw that, then they apparelled other ships, to resist against their ships, and then the workmen began again to work on the bridge, on trust of their defenders. And when they had worked half a day and more, Sir Gaultier of Manny and his company entered into a ship, and came on the workmen and made them to leave work and to recule back, and brake again all that they had made. This business was nigh every day; but at last the Frenchmen kept so well their workmen, that the bridge was made perforce: and then the lords and all their army passed over in manner of battle, and they assaulted the castle a whole day together without ceasing, but nothing they won; and at night they returned to their lodgings: and they within amended all that was broken, for they had with them workmen enough.

The next day the Frenchmen divided their assaulters into four parts, the first to begin in the morning and to continue till nine, the second till noon, the third to even-song time, and the fourth till night. After that manner they assailed the castle six days together: howbeit they within were not so sore travailed, but always they defended themselves so valiantly, that they without won nothing, but only the bridge without the castle. Then the Frenchmen took other counsel: they sent to Toulouse for eight great engines, and they made there four greater, and they

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made all twelve to cast day and night against the castle; but they within were so well pavised, that never a stone of their engines did them any hurt: it brake somewhat the covering of some houses. They within had also great engines, which brake down all the engines without, for in a short space they brake all to pieces six of the greatest of them without.

During this siege oftentimes Sir Walter of Manny issued out with a hundred or six score companions, and went on that side the river a-foraging, and returned again with great preys in the sight of them without. On a day the Lord Charles of Montmorency, marshal of the host, rode forth with a five hundred with him, and when he returned, he drave before him a great number of beasts that he had got together in the company to refresh the host with victual: and by adventure he encountered with Sir Gaultier of Manny. There was between them a great fight and many overthrown, hurt and slain: the Frenchmen were five against one. Tidings thereof came unto Aiguillon: then every man that might issued out, the Earl of Pembroke first of all and his company; and when he came, he found Sir Gaultier of Manny afoot enclosed with his enemies, and did marvels in arms. Incontinent he was rescued and remounted again, and in the mean season some of the Frenchmen chased their beasts quickly into the host, or else they had lost them, for they that issued out of Aiguillon set so fiercely on the Frenchmen, that they

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put them to the flight and delivered their company that were taken and took many Frenchmen prisoners, and Sir Charles of Montmorency had much work to scape. Then the Englishmen returned into Aiguillon.

Thus every day almost there were such rencounters beside the assaults. On a day all the whole host armed them, and the duke commanded that they of Toulouse, of Carcassonne, of Beaucaire should make assault from the morning till noon, and they of Rouergue, Cahors and Agenois from noon till night; and the duke promised, whosoever could win the bridge of the gate should have in reward a hundred crowns. Also the duke, the better to maintain this assault, he caused to come on the river divers ships and barges: some entered into them to pass the river, and some went by the bridge: at the last some of them took a little vessel and went under the bridge, and did cast great hooks of iron to the drawbridge, and then drew it to them so sore, that they brake the chains of iron that held the bridge, and so pulled down the bridge perforce. Then the Frenchmen leaped on the bridge so hastily, that one overthrew another, for every man desired to win the hundred crowns. They within cast down bars of iron, pieces of timber, pots of lime, and hot water, so that many were overthrown from the bridge into the water and into the dikes, and many slain and sore hurt. Howbeit the bridge was won perforce, but it cost more

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than it was worth, for they could not for all that win the gate. Then they drew aback to their lodgings, for it was late: then they within issued out, and new made again their drawbridge, stronger than ever it was before.

The next day there came to the duke two cunning men, masters in carpentry, and said: "Sir, if ye will let us have timber and workmen, we shall make four scaffolds as high or higher than the walls." The duke commanded that it should be done, and to get carpenters in the country and to give them good wages: so these four scaffolds were made in four ships, but it was long first, and cost much or they were finished. Then such as should assail the castle in them were appointed and entered; and when they were passed half the river, they within the castle let go four martinets, that they had newly made to resist against these scaffolds. These four martinets did cast out so great stones, and so often fell on the scaffolds, that in a short space they were all to broken, so that they that were within them could not be pavisshed by them, so that they were fain to draw back again, and or they were again at land one of the scaffolds drowned in the water, and the most part of them that were within it; the which was great damage, for therein were good knights, desiring their bodies to advance.

When the duke saw that he could not come to his intent by that means, he caused the other three scaf-

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folds to rest. Then he could see no way how he might get the castle, and he had promised not to depart thence till he had it at his will, without the king his father did send for him. Then he sent the Constable of France and the Earl of Tancarville to Paris to the king, and there they showed him the state of the siege of Aiguillon. The king's mind was that the duke should lie there still, till he had won them by famine, sith he could not have them by assault.

*How the King of England came over the sea again,
to rescue them in Aiguillon*

THE King of England, who had heard how his men were sore constrained in the castle of Aiguillon, then he thought to go over the sea into Gascoyne with a great army. There he made his provision and sent for men all about his realm and in other places, where he thought to speed for his money. In the same season the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt came into England, who was banished out of France: he was well received with the king and retained to be about him, and had fair lands assigned him in England to maintain his degree. Then the king caused a great navy of ships to be ready in the haven of Hampton, and caused all manner of men of war to draw thither. About the feast of Saint John Baptist the year of our Lord God MCCCXLVI., the king departed from the queen and left her in the guiding of

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the Earl of Kent his cousin; and he established the Lord Percy and the Lord Nevill to be wardens of his realm with [the Archbishop of Canterbury], the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Lincoln and the Bishop of Durham; for he never voided his realm but that he left ever enough at home to keep and defend the realm, if need were. Then the king rode to Hampton and there tarried for wind: then he entered into his ship and the Prince of Wales with him, and the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, and all other lords, earls, barons and knights, with all their companies. They were in number a four thousand men of arms and ten thousand archers, beside Irishmen and Welshmen that followed the host afoot.

Now, I shall name you certain of the lords that went over with King Edward in that journey. First, Edward his eldest son, Prince of Wales, who as then was of the age of thirteen years or thereabout, the earls of Hereford, Northampton, Arundel, Cornwall, Warwick, Huntingdon, Suffolk, and Oxford; and of barons the Lord Mortimer, who was after Earl of March, the Lords John, Louis and Roger of Beauchamp, and the Lord Raynold Cobham; of lords the Lord of Mowbray, Ros, Lucy, Felton, Bradestan, Multon, Delaware, Manne, Basset, Berkeley, and Willoughby, with divers other lords; and of bachelors there was John Chandos, Fitz-Warin, Peter and James Audley, Roger of Wetenhale, Bartholomew of Burghersh, and Richard of

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Pembridge, with divers other that I cannot name. Few there were of strangers: there was the Earl Hainault, Sir Wulfart of Ghistelles, and five or six other knights of Almaine, and many others that I cannot name.

Thus they sailed forth that day in the name of God. They were well onward on their way toward Gascoyne, but on the third day there rose a contrary wind and drave them on the marches of Cornwall, and there they lay at anchor six days. In that space the king had other counsel by the means of Sir Godfrey Harcourt: he counselled the king not to go into Gascoyne, but rather to set aland in Normandy, and said to the king: "Sir, the country of Normandy is one of the plenteous countries of the world: sir, on jeopardy of my head, if ye will land there, there is none that shall resist you; the people of Normandy have not been used to the war, and all the knights and squires of the country are now at the siege before Aiguillon with the duke. And, sir, there ye shall find great towns that be not walled, whereby your men shall have such winning, that they shall be the better thereby twenty year after; and, sir, ye may follow with your army till ye come to Caen in Normandy: sir, I require you to believe me in this voyage."

The king, who was as then but in the flower of his youth, desiring nothing so much as to have deeds of arms, inclined greatly to the saying of the Lord Har-

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court, whom he called cousin. Then he commanded the mariners to set their course to Normandy, and he took into his ship the token of the admiral the Earl of Warwick, and said how he would be admiral for that viage, and so sailed on before as governor of that navy, and they had wind at will. Then the king arrived in the Isle of Cotentin, at a port called Hogue Saint-Vaast.

Tidings anon spread abroad how the Englishmen were aland: the towns of Cotentin sent word thereof to Paris to King Philip. He had well heard before how the King of England was on the sea with a great army, but he wist not what way he would draw, other into Normandy, Bretayne or Gascoyne.

As soon as he knew that the King of England was aland in Normandy, he sent his constable the Earl of Guines, and the Earl of Tancarville, who were but newly come to him from his son from the siege at Aiguillon, to the town of Caen, commanding them to keep that town against the Englishmen. They said they would do their best: they departed from Paris with a good number of men of war, and daily there came more to them by the way, and so came to the town of Caen, where they were received with great joy of men of the town and of the country thereabout, that were drawn thither for surety. These lords took heed for the provision of the town, the which as then was not walled. The king thus

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was arrived at the port Hogue Saint-Vaast near to Saint-Saviour the Viscount the right heritage to the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, who as then was there with the King of England.

How the King of England rode in three battles through Normandy

WHEN the King of England arrived in the Hogue Saint-Vaast the king issued out of his ship, and the first foot that he set on the ground, he fell so rudely, that the blood brast out of his nose. The knights that were about him took him up and said: "Sir, for God's sake enter again into your ship, and come not aland this day, for this is but an evil sign for us." Then the king answered quickly and said: "Wherefore? This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me." Of the which answer all his men were right joyful. So that day and night the king lodged on the sands, and in the meantime discharged the ships of their horses and other baggages: there the king made two marshals of his host, the one the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt and the other the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Arundel constable. And he ordained that the Earl of Huntingdon should keep the fleet of ships with a hundred men of arms and four hundred archers: and also he ordained three battles, one to go on his right hand, closing to the sea-side, and the other on his left hand, and the

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king himself in the midst, and every night to lodge all in one field.

Thus they set forth as they were ordained, and they that went by the sea took all the ships that they found in their ways: and so long they went forth, what by sea and what by land, that they came to a good port and to a good town called Barfleur, the which incontinent was won, for they within gave up for fear of death. Howbeit, for all that, the town was robbed, and much gold and silver there found, and rich jewels: there was found so much riches, that the boys and villains of the host set nothing by good furred gowns: they made all the men of the town to issue out and to go into the ships, because they would not suffer them to be behind them for fear of rebelling again. After the town of Barfleur was thus taken and robbed without breunning, then they spread abroad in the country and did what they list, for there was not to resist them. At last they came to a great and a rich town called Cherbourg: the town they won and robbed it, and brent part thereof, but into the castle they could not come, it was so strong and well furnished with men of war. Then they passed forth and came to Montebourg, and took it and robbed and brent it clean. In this manner they brent many other towns in that country and won so much riches, that it was marvel to reckon it. Then they came to a great town well closed called Carentan, where there was also a strong castle and many

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soldiers within to keep it. Then the lords came out of their ships and fiercely made assault: the burgesses of the town were in great fear of their lives, wives and children: they suffered the Englishmen to enter into the town against the will of all the soldiers that were there; they put all their goods to the Englishmen's pleasures, they thought that most advantage. When the soldiers within saw that, they went into the castle: the Englishmen went into the town, and two days together they made sore assaults, so that when they within saw no succor, they yielded up, their lives and goods saved, and so departed. The Englishmen had their pleasure of that good town and castle, and when they saw they might not maintain to keep it, they set fire therein and brent it, and made the burgesses of the town to enter into their ships, as they had done with them of Barfleur, Cherbourg and Montebourg, and of other towns that they had won on the sea-side. All this was done by the battle that went by the sea-side, and by them on the sea together.

Now let us speak of the king's battle. When he had sent his first battle along by the sea-side, as ye have heard, whereof one of his marshals, the Earl of Warwick, was captain, and the Lord Cobham with him, then he made his other marshal to lead his host on his left hand, for he knew the issues and entries of Normandy better than any other did there. The Lord Godfrey as marshal rode forth with five

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hundred men of arms, and rode off from the king's battle as six or seven leagues, in brenning and exiling the country, the which was plentiful of everything—the granges full of corn, the houses full of all riches, rich burgesses, carts and chariots, horse, swine, muttuns and other beasts: they took what them list and brought into the king's host; but the soldiers made no count to the king nor to none of his officers of the gold and silver that they did get; they kept that to themselves. Thus Sir Godfrey of Harcourt rode every day off from the king's host, and for most part every night resorted to the king's field. The king took his way to Saint-Lo in Cotentin, but or he came there he lodged by a river, abiding for his men that rode along by the sea-side; and when they were come, they set forth their carriage, and the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Thomas Holland and Sir Raynold Cobham, and their company rode out on the one side and wasted and exiled the country, as the Lord Harcourt had done; and the king ever rode between these battles, and every night they lodged together.

*Of the great assembly that the French king made to
resist the King of England*

THUS by the Englishmen was brent, exiled, robbed, wasted and pilled the good, plentiful country of Normandy. Then the French king sent for

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the Lord John of Hainault, who came to him with a great number: also the king sent for other men of arms, dukes, earls, barons, knights and squires, and assembled together the greatest number of people that had been seen in France a hundred year before. He sent for men into so far countries, that it was long or they came together, wherefore the king of England did what him list in the mean season. The French king heard well what he did, and sware and said how they should never return again unfought withal, and that such hurts and damages as they had done should be dearly revenged; wherefore he had sent letters to his friends in the Empire, to such as were farthest off, and also to the gentle king of Bohemia and to the Lord Charles his son, who from thenceforth was called king of Almaine; he was made king by the aid of his father and the French king, and had taken on him the arms of the Empire: the French king desired them to come to him with all their powers, to the intent to fight with the king of England, who brent and wasted his country. These princes and lords made them ready with great number of men of arms, of Almaines, Bohemians and Luxemburgers, and so came to the French king. Also King Philip sent to the Duke of Lorraine, who came to serve him with three hundred spears: also there came the Earl [of] Salm in Saumois, the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl William of Namur, every man with a fair company.

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Ye have heard herebefore of the order of the Englishmen, how they went in three battles, the marshals on the right hand and on the left, the king and the Prince of Wales his son in the midst. They rode but small journeys and every day took their lodgings between noon and three of the clock, and found the country so fruitful, that they needed not to make no provision for their host, but all only for wine; and yet they found reasonably sufficient thereof. It was no marvel though they of the country were afraid, for before that time they had never seen men of war, nor they wist not what war or battle meant. They fled away as far as they might hear speaking of the Englishmen, and left their houses well stuffed, and granges full of corn, they wist not how to save and keep it. The King of England and the prince had in their battle a three thousand men of arms and six thousand archers and a ten thousand men afoot, beside them that rode with the marshals.

Thus as ye have heard, the king rode forth, wasting and brenning the country without breaking of his order. He left the city of Coutances and went to a great town called Saint-Lo, a rich town of drapery and many rich burgesses. In that town there were dwelling an eight or nine score burgesses, crafty men. When the king came here, he took his lodging without, for he would never lodge in the town for fear of fire: but he sent his men before and anon the town was taken and clean robbed. It was hard

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to think the great riches that there was won, in clothes specially; cloth would there have been sold good cheap, if there had been any buyers.

Then the king went toward Caen, the which was a greater town and full of drapery and other merchandise, and rich burgesses, noble ladies and damosels, and fair churches, and specially two great and rich abbeys, one of the Trinity, another of Saint Stephen; and on the one side of the town one of the fairest castles of all Normandy, and captain therein was Robert of Wargny, with three hundred Genoways, and in the town was the Earl of Eu and of Guines, Constable of France, and the Earl of Tancarville, with a good number of men of war. The King of England rode that day in good order and lodged all his battles together that night, a two leagues from Caen, in a town with a little haven called Austrehem, and thither came also all his navy of ships with the Earl of Huntingdon, who was governor of them.

The constable and other lords of France that night watched well the town of Caen, and in the morning armed them with all them of the town: then the constable ordained that none should issue out, but keep their defences on the walls, gate, bridge and river, and left the suburbs void, because they were not closed; for they thought they should have enough to do to defend the town, because it was not closed but with the river. They of the town said

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how they would issue out, for they were strong enough to fight with the King of England. When the constable saw their good wills, he said: "In the name of God be it, ye shall not fight without me." Then they issued out in good order and made good face to fight and to defend them and to put their lives in adventure.

Of the battle of Caen, and how the Englishmen took the town

THE same day the Englishmen rose early and apparelled them ready to go to Caen. The king heard mass before the sun-rising and then took his horse, and the prince his son, with Sir Godfrey of Harcourt marshal and leader of the host, whose counsel the king much followed. Then they drew toward Caen with their battles in good array, and so approached the good town of Caen. When they of the town, who were ready in the field, saw these three battles coming in good order, with their banners and standards waving in the wind, and the archers, the which they had not been accustomed to see, they were sore afraid and fled away toward the town without any order or good array, for all that the constable could do: then the Englishmen pursued them eagerly. When the constable and the Earl Tancarville saw that, they took a gate at the entry and saved themselves and certain with them, for the

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Englishmen were entered into the town. Some of the knights and squires of France, such as knew the way to the castle, went thither, and the captain there received them all, for the castle was large. The Englishmen in the chase slew many, for they took none to mercy.

Then the constable and the Earl of Tancarville, being in the little tower at the bridge foot, looked along the street and saw their men slain without mercy: they doubted to fall in their hands. At last they saw an English knight with one eye called Sir Thomas Holland, and a five or six other knights with him: they knew them, for they had seen them before in Pruce, in Granade, and in other viages. Then they called to Sir Thomas and said how that they would yield themselves prisoners. Then Sir Thomas came thither with his company and mounted up into the gate, and there found the said lords with twenty-five knights with them, who yielded them to Sir Thomas, and he took them for his prisoners and left company to keep them, and then mounted again on his horse and rode into the streets, and saved many lives of ladies, damosels, and cloisterers from defoiling, for the soldiers were without mercy. It fell so well the same season for the Englishmen, that the river, which was able to bear ships, at that time was so low, that men went in and out beside the bridge. They of the town were entered into their houses, and cast down into the street stones, timber

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and iron, and slew and hurt more than five hundred Englishmen, wherewith the king was sore displeased. At night when he heard thereof, he commanded that the next day all should be put to the sword and the town brent; but then Sir Godfrey of Harcourt said: "Dear sir, for God's sake assuage somewhat your courage, and let it suffice you that ye have done. Ye have yet a great voyage to do or ye come before Calais, whither ye purpose to go; and, sir, in this town there is much people who will defend their houses, and it will cost many of your men their lives, or ye have all at your will; whereby peradventure ye shall not keep your purpose to Calais, the which should redound to your rack. Sir, save your people, for ye shall have need of them or this month pass; for I think verily your adversary King Philip will meet with you to fight, and ye shall find many strait passages and rencounters; wherefore your men, an ye had more, shall stand you in good stead: and, sir, without any further slaying ye shall be lord of this town; men and women will put all that they have to your pleasure." Then the king said: "Sir Godfrey, you are our marshal, ordain everything as ye will." Then Sir Godfrey with his banner rode from street to street, and commanded in the king's name none to be so hardy to put fire in any house, nor to slay any person. When they of the town heard that cry, they received the Englishmen into their houses and made them good cheer, and

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some opened their coffers and bade them take what them list, so they might be assured of their lives; howbeit there were done in the town many evil deeds, murders and robberies. Thus the Englishmen were lords of the town three days and won great riches, the which they sent by barks and barges to Saint-Saviour by the river of Austrehem, a two leagues thence, whereas all their navy lay. Then the king sent the Earl of Huntingdon with two hundred men of arms and four hundred archers, with his navy and prisoners and riches that they had got, back again into England. And the king bought of Sir Thomas Holland the constable of France and the Earl of Tancarville, and paid for them twenty thousand nobles.

How Sir Godfrey of Harcourt fought with them of Amiens before Paris

THUS the King of England ordered his business, being in the town of Caen, and sent into England his navy of ships charged with clothes, jewels, vessels of gold and silver, and of other riches, and of prisoners more than sixty knights and three hundred burgesses. Then he departed from the town of Caen and rode in the same order as he did before, burning and exiling the country, and took the way to Evreux and so passed by it; and from thence they rode to a great town called Louviers: it was the chief town of all Normandy of drapery, riches, and full of

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merchandise. The Englishmen soon entered therein, for as then it was not closed; it was overrun, spoiled and robbed without mercy: there was won great riches. Then they entered into the country of Evreux and brent and pilld all the country except the good towns closed and castles, to the which the king made none assault, because of the sparing of his people and his artillery.

On the river of Seine near to Rouen there was the Earl of Harcourt, brother to Sir Godfrey of Harcourt, but he was on the French party, and the Earl of Dreux with him, with a good number of men of war: but the Englishmen left Rouen and went to Gisors, where was a strong castle: they brent the town and then they brent Vernon and all the country about Rouen and Pont-de-l'Arche and came to Mantes and to Meulan, and wasted all the country about, and passed by the strong castle of Rolleboise; and in every place along the river of Seine they found the bridges broken. At last they came to Poissy, and found the bridge broken, but the arches and joists lay in the river: the king lay there a five days: in the mean season the bridge was made, to pass the host without peril. The English marshals ran abroad just to Paris, and brent Saint-Germain in Laye and Montjoie, and Saint-Cloud, and petty Boulogne by Paris, and the Queen's Bourg: they of Paris were not well assured of themselves, for it was not as then closed.

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Then King Philip removed to Saint-Denis, and or he went caused all the pentices in Paris to be pulled down; and at Saint-Denis were ready come the King of Bohemia, the Lord John of Hainault, the Duke of Lorraine, the Earl of Flanders, the Earl of Blois, and many other great lords and knights, ready to serve the French king. When the people of Paris saw their king depart, they came to him and kneeled down and said: "Ah, sir and noble king, what will ye do? leave thus this noble city of Paris?" The king said: "My good people, doubt ye not: the Englishmen will approach you no nearer than they be." "Why so, sir?" quoth they; "they be within these two leagues, and as soon as they know of your departing, they will come and assail us; and we not able to defend them: sir, tarry here still and help to defend your good city of Paris." "Speak no more," quoth the king, "for I will go to Saint-Denis to my men of war: for I will encounter the Englishmen and fight against them, whatsoever fall thereof."

The King of England was at Poissy, and lay in the nunnery there, and kept there the feast of our Lady in August and sat in his robes of scarlet furred with ermines; and after that feast he went forth in order as they were before. The Lord Godfrey of Harcourt rode out on the one side with five hundred men of arms and thirteen hundred archers; and by adventure he encountered a great number of burghesses of Amiens a-horseback, who were riding by

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the king's commandment to Paris. They were quickly assailed and they defended themselves valiantly, for they were a great number and well armed: there were four knights of Amiens their captains. This skirmish dured long: at the first meeting many were overthrown on both parts; but finally the burghesses were taken and nigh all slain, and the Englishmen took all their carriages and harness. They were well stuffed, for they were going to the French king well appointed, because they had not seen him a great season before. There were slain in the field a twelve hundred.

Then the King of England entered into the country of Beauvoisis, brenning and exiling the plain country, and lodged at a fair abbey and a rich called Saint-Messien near to Beauvais: there the king tarried a night and in the morning departed. And when he was on his way he looked behind him and saw the abbey a-fire: he caused incontinent twenty of them to be hanged that set the fire there, for he had commanded before on pain of death none to violate any church nor to bren any abbey. Then the king passed by the city of Beauvais without any assault giving, for because he would not trouble his people nor waste his artillery. And so that day he took his lodging betime in a little town called Milly. The two marshals came so near to Beauvais, that they made assault and skirmish at the barriers in three places, the which assault endured a long space;

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but the town within was so well defended by the means of the bishop, who was there within, that finally the Englishmen departed, and brent clean hard to the gates all the suburbs, and then at night they came into the king's field.

The next day the king departed, brenning and wasting all before him, and at night lodged in a good village called Grandvilliers. The next day the king passed by Dargies: there was none to defend the castle, wherefore it was soon taken and brent. Then they went forth destroying the country all about, and so came to the castle of Poix, where there was a good town and two castles. There was nobody in them but two fair damosels, daughters to the Lord of Poix; they were soon taken, and had been violated, an two English knights had not been, Sir John Chandos and Sir Basset; they defended them and brought them to the king, who for his honor made them good cheer and demanded of them whither they would fainest go. They said, "To Corbie," and the king caused them to be brought thither without peril. That night the king lodged in the town of Poix. They of the town and of the castles spake that night with the marshals of the host, to save them and their town from brenning, and they to pay a certain sum of florins the next day as soon as the host was departed. This was granted them, and in the morning the king departed with all his host except a certain that were left there to receive the money that they of the town

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had promised to pay. When they of the town saw the host depart and but a few left behind, then they said they would pay never a penny, and so ran out and set on the Englishmen, who defended themselves as well as they might and sent after the host for succor. When Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Thomas Holland, who had the rule of the rearguard, heard thereof, they returned and cried, "Treason, treason!" and so came again to Poix-ward and found their companions still fighting with them of the town. Then anon they of the town were nigh all slain, and the town brent, and the two castles beaten down. Then they returned to the king's host, who was as then at Airaines and there lodged, and had commanded all manner of men on pain of death to do no hurt to no town of arsyn, for there the king was minded to lie a day or two to take advice how he might pass the river of Somme; for it was necessary for him to pass the river, as ye shall hear after.

How the French king followed the king of England in Beauvoisinois

Now let us speak of King Philip, who was at Saint-Denis and his people about him, and daily increased. Then on a day he departed and rode so long that he came to Coppegueule, a three leagues from Amiens, and there he tarried. The King of England being at Airaines wist not where for to pass

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the river of Somme, the which was large and deep, and all bridges were broken and the passages well kept. Then at the king's commandment his two marshals with a thousand men of arms and two thousand archers went along the river to find some passage, and passed by Longpré, and came to the bridge of Remy, the which was well kept with a great number of knights and squires and men of the country. The Englishmen alighted afoot and assailed the Frenchmen from the morning till it was noon; but the bridge was so well fortified and defended, that the Englishmen departed without winning of anything. Then they went to a great town called Fountains on the river of Somme, the which was clean robbed and brent, for it was not closed. Then they went to another town called Long-en-Ponthieu; they could not win the bridge, it was so well kept and defended. Then they departed and went to Picquigny, and found the town, the bridge, and the castle so well fortified, that it was not likely to pass there: the French king had so well defended the passages, to the intent that the King of England should not pass the river of Somme, to fight with him at his advantage or else to famish him there.

When these two marshals had assayed in all places to find passage and could find none, they returned again to the king, and shewed how they could find no passage in no place. The same night the French king came to Amiens with more than a hun-

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dred thousand men. The King of England was right pensive, and the next morning heard mass before the sun-rising and then dislodged; and every man followed the marshals' banners, and so rode in the country of Vimeu approaching to the good town of Abbeville, and found a town thereby, whereunto was come much people of the country in trust of a little defence that was there; but the Englishmen anon won it, and all they that were within slain, and many taken of the town and of the country. The king took his lodging in a great hospital that was there. The same day the French king departed from Amiens and came to Airaines about noon; and the Englishmen were departed thence in the morning. The Frenchmen found there great provision that the Englishmen had left behind them, because they departed in haste. There they found flesh ready on the broaches, bread and pasties in the ovens, wine in tuns and barrels, and the tables ready laid. There the French king lodged and tarried for his lords.

That night the King of England was lodged at Oisemont. At night when the two marshals were returned, who had that day overrun the country to the gates of Abbeville and to Saint-Valery and made a great skirmish there, then the king assembled together his council and made to be brought before him certain prisoners of the country of Ponthieu and of Vimeu. The king right courteously demanded

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of them, if there were any among them that knew any passage beneath Abbeville, that he and his host might pass over the river of Somme: if he would show him thereof, he should be quit of his ransom, and twenty of his company for his love. There was a varlet called Gobin Agace who stepped forth and said to the king: "Sir, I promise you on the jeopardy of my head I shall bring you to such a place, whereas ye and all your host shall pass the river of Somme without peril. There be certain places in the passage that ye shall pass twelve men afront two times between day and night: ye shall not go in the water to the knees. But when the flood cometh, the river then waxeth so great, that no man can pass; but when the flood is gone, the which is two times between day and night, then the river is so low, that it may be passed without danger both a-horseback and afoot. The passage is hard in the bottom with white stones, so that all your carriage may go surely; therefore the passage is called Blanche-taque. An ye make ready to depart betimes, ye may be there by the sun-rising." The king said: "If this be true that ye say, I quit thee thy ransom and all thy company, and moreover shall give thee a hundred nobles." Then the king commanded every man to be ready at the sound of the trumpet to depart.

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Of the battle of Blanche-taque between the King of England and Sir Godemar du Fay

THE King of England slept not much that night, for at midnight he arose and sowned his trumpet: then incontinent they made ready carriages and all things, and at the breaking of the day they departed from the town of Oisemont and rode after the guiding of Gobin Agace, so that they came by the sun-rising to Blanche-taque; but as then the flood was up, so that they might not pass: so the king tarried there till it was prime; then the ebb came.

The French king had his currours in the country, who brought him word of the demeanor of the Englishmen. Then he thought to close the King of England between Abbeville and the river of Somme, so to fight with him at his pleasure. And when he was at Amiens he had ordained a great baron of Normandy, called Sir Godemar du Fay, to go and keep the passage of Blanche-taque, where the Englishmen must pass or else in none other place. He had with him a thousand men of arms and six thousand afoot, with the Genoways: so they went by Saint-Riquier in Ponthieu and from thence to Crotoy, whereas the passage lay; and also he had with him a great number of men of the country, and also a great number of them of Montreuil, so that they were a twelve thousand men one and other.

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When the English host was come thither, Sir Godemar du Fay arranged all his company to defend the passage. The King of England let not for all that; but when the flood was gone, he commanded his marshals to enter into the water in the name of God and Saint George. Then they that were hardy and courageous entered on both parties, and many a man reversed. There were some of the Frenchmen of Artois and Picardy that were as glad to joust in the water as on the dry land.

The Frenchmen defended so well the passage at the issuing out of the water, that they had much to do. The Genoways did them great trouble with their cross-bows: on the other side the archers of England shot so wholly together, that the Frenchmen were fain to give place to the Englishmen. There was a sore battle, and many a noble feat of arms done on both sides. Finally the Englishmen passed over and assembled together in the field. The king and the prince passed, and all the lords; then the Frenchmen kept none array, but departed, he that might best. When Sir Godemar saw that discomfiture, he fled and saved himself: some fled to Abbeville and some to Saint-Riquiers. They that were there afoot could not flee, so that there were slain a great number of them of Abbeville, Montreuil, Rue and of Saint-Riquiers: the chase endured more than a great league. And as yet all the Englishmen were not passed the river, and certain cur-

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rours of the King of Bohemia and of Sir John of Hainault came on them that were behind and took certain horses and carriages and slew divers, or they could take the passage.

The French king the same morning was departed from Airaines, trusting to have found the Englishmen between him and the river of Somme: but when he heard how that Sir Godemar du Fay and his company were discomfited, he tarried in the field and demanded of his marshals what was best to do. They said, "Sir, ye cannot pass the river but at the bridge of Abbeville, for the flood is come in at Blanchetaque:" then he returned and lodged at Abbeville.

The King of England when he was past the river, he thanked God and so rode forth in like manner as he did before. Then he called Gobin Agace and did quit him his ransom and all his company, and gave him a hundred nobles and a good horse. And so the king rode forth fair and easily, and thought to have lodged in a great town called Noyelles; but when he knew that the town pertained to the Countess d'Aumale, sister to the Lord Robert of Artois, the king assured the town and country as much as pertained to her, and so went forth; and his marshals rode to Crotoy on the sea-side and brent the town, and found in the haven many ships and barks charged with wines of Poitou, pertaining to the merchants of Saintonge and of Rochelle: they brought the best thereof to the king's host. Then one of the marshals rode to the

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gates of Abbeville and from thence to Saint-Riquiers, and after to the town of Rue-Saint-Esprit. This was on a Friday, and both battles of the marshals returned to the king's host about noon and so lodged all together near to Cressy in Ponthieu.

The King of England was well informed how the French king followed after him to fight. Then he said to his company; "Let us take here some plot of ground, for we will go no further till we have seen our enemies. I have good cause here to abide them, for I am on the right heritage of the queen my mother, the which land was given at her marriage: I will challenge it of mine adversary Philip of Valois." And because that he had not the eighth part in number of men as the French king had, therefore he commanded his marshals to chose a plot of ground somewhat for his advantage: and so they did, and thither the king and his host went. Then he sent his currouers to Abbeville, to see if the French king drew that day into the field or not. They went forth and returned again, and said how they could see none appearance of his coming: then every man took their lodging for that day, and to be ready in the morning at the sound of the trumpet in the same place. This Friday the French king tarried still in Abbeville abiding for his company, and sent his two marshals to ride out to see the dealing of the Englishmen, and at night they returned, and said how the Englishmen were lodged in the fields. That

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night the French king made a supper to all the chief lords that were there with him, and after supper the king desired them to be friends each to other. The king looked for the earl of Savoy, who should come to him with a thousand spears, for he had received wages for a three months of them at Troyes in Champagne.

Of the order of the Englishmen at Cressy, and how they made three battles afoot

ON the Friday, as I said before, the King of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriages. That night the king made a supper to all his chief lords of his host and made them good cheer; and when they were all departed to take their rest, then the king entered into his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly, that if he fought the next day, that he might achieve the journey to his honor: then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard mass, and the prince his son with him, and the most part of his company were confessed and houselled; and after the mass said he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the same place before appointed. Then the king caused a park to be made by the wood

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side behind his host, and there was set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry. Then he ordained three battles: in the first was the young Prince of Wales, with him the Earl of Warwick and Oxford, the Lord Godfrey of Harcourt, Sir Raynold Cobham, Sir Thomas Holland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord of Mohun, the Lord Delaware, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew de Burghersh, Sir Robert Nevill, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bouchier, the Lord de Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name: they were an eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of other with the Welshmen: every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon. In the second battle was the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Ros, the Lord Lucy, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord of Saint-Aubin, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord of Multon, the Lord Lascelles and divers other, about an eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battle had the king: he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers. Then the king leaped on a hobby, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand: he rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so

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sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him. And when he had thus visited all his battles, it was then nine of the day: then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they ordered again their battles: then every man lay down on the earth and by him his salet and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

The order of the Frenchmen at Cressy, and how they beheld the demeanor of the Englishmen

THIS Saturday the French king rose betimes and heard mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the Abbey of Saint Peter, and he departed after the sun-rising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching toward his enemies, some of his lords said to him: "Sir, it were good that ye ordered your battles and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen." Then the king sent four knights, the Moine [of] Bazeilles, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu and the Lord d'Aubigny to ride to aview the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well and knew well how they were come thither to aview them: they let them alone and made no countenance

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toward them, and let them return as they came. And when the French king saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him and said: "Sirs, what tidings?" These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the king said to [the] Moine, who pertained to the king of Bohemia and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world: "Sir, speak you." Then he said: "Sir, I shall speak, sith it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies: know ye for truth they are rested in three battles abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night: for or they that be behind of your company be come hither, and or your battles be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array, and ye shall find our enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battles at more leisure and advise your enemies at more deliberation, and to regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the king commanded that it should be so done. Then his two marshals one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner: "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and Saint Denis." They that were foremost tarried, but they that were

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behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were as far forward as the foremost: and when they before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the king nor his marshals could not rule them. So they rode without order or good array, till they came in sight of their enemies: and as soon as the foremost saw them, they reculed then aback without good array, whereof they behind had marvel and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had list: some went forth and some abode still. The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried: "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party, and yet they were a marvellous great number. That I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me as they knew.

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Of the battle of Cressy between the King of England and the French King

THE Englishmen, who were in three battles lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste and arranged their battles. The first, which was the prince's battle, the archers there stood in manner of a herse and the men of arms in the bottom of the battle. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel with the second battle were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle, if need were.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and said to his marshals: "Make the Genoways go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and Saint Denis." There were of the Genoways cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day a six leagues armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest." These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said: "A man is well at ease to be

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charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need." Also the same season there fell a great rain and a clipse with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs. When the Genoways were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that: then the Genoways again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot: thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly [together] and so thick, that it seemed snow. When the Genoways felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them fly away, he said: "Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and killed a great number of them: and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the

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men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoways, and when they were down, they could not relieve again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him: "Where is the Lord Charles my son?" His men said: "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting." Then he said: "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this journey: I require you bring me so far forward, that I may strike one stroke with my sword." They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all their reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Almaine and bare the arms, he came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their party, he

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departed, I cannot tell you which way. The king his father was so far forward that he strake a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward, that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about the king, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinally and fought with the Englishmen, and the Earl of Flanders also on his part. These two lords with their companies coasted the English archers and came to the prince's battle, and there fought valiantly long. The French king would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him. The same day the French king had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and he made the Lord Thierry of Senzeille to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth and brought him through all the currours of the Englishmen, and as he would have returned again, he fell in a great dike and was sore hurt, and had been there dead, an his page had not been, who followed him through all the battles and saw where his master lay in the dike, and had none other let but for his horse, for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battle for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master: then he went not

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back again the same way that they came, there was too many in his way.

This battle between Broye and Cressy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometime came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain; for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning the day of the battle certain Frenchmen and Almaines perforce opened the archers of the prince's battle and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battle of the Englishmen came to succor the prince's battle, the which was time, for they had as then much ado; and they with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill. Then the knight said to the king: "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Raynold Cobham and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled; wherefore they desire you that you and your battle will come and aid them; for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado." Then the king said: "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" "No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Well," said the king, "return to him and to

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them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this journey be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him." Then the knight returned again to them and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repointed in that they had sent to the king as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt his brother might have been saved; for he heard say by them that saw his banner how that he was there in the field on the French party: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain or he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale, his nephew. In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner; but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires. Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French king, and the Duke of Lorraine fought under their banners, but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of Saint-Pol and many other.

In the evening the French king, who had left about him no more than a three-score persons, one

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and other, whereof Sir John of Hainault was one, who had remounted once the king, for his horse was slain with an arrow, then he said to the king: "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself wilfully: if ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the king's horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce. Then the king rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed, because it was by that time dark: then the king called the captain, who came to the walls and said: "Who is that calleth there this time of night?" Then the king said: "Open your gate quickly, for this is the fortune of France." The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny and the Lord of Montsault. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battles for chasing of any man, but kept still their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

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*How the next day after the battle the Englishmen
discomfited divers Frenchmen*

ON this Saturday, when the night was come and that the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reputed themselves to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain and fled away. Then they made great fires and lighted up torches and candles, because it was very dark. Then the king aualed down from the little hill whereas he stood; and of all that day till then his helm came never on his head. Then he went with all his battle to his son the prince and embraced him in his arms and kissed him, and said: "Fair son, God give you good perseverance; ye are my good son, thus ye have acquitted you nobly: ye are worthy to keep a realm." The prince inclined himself to the earth, honoring the king his father.

This night they thanked God for their good adventure and made no boast thereof, for the king would that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God. On the Sunday in the morning there was such a mist, that a man might not see the breadth of an acre of land from him. Then there departed from the host by the commandment of the king and marshals five hundred spears and two thousand archers, to see if they might see any Frenchmen gathered again together in any

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place. The same morning out of Abbeville and Saint-Riquiers in Ponthieu the commons of Rouen and of Beauvais issued out of their towns, not knowing of the discomfiture the day before. They met with the Englishmen weening they had been Frenchmen, and when the Englishmen saw them, they set on them freshly, and there was a sore battle; but at last the Frenchmen fled and kept none array. There were slain in the ways and in hedges and bushes more than seven thousand, and if the day had been clear there had never a one scaped. Anon after, another company of Frenchmen were met by the Englishmen, the Archbishop of Rouen and the great Prior of France, who also knew nothing of the discomfiture the day before; for they heard that the French king should have fought the same Sunday, and they were going thitherward. When they met with the Englishmen, there was a great battle, for they were a great number, but they could not endure against the Englishmen; for they were nigh all slain, few escaped; the two lords were slain. This morning the Englishmen met with divers Frenchmen that had lost their way on the Saturday and had lain all night in the fields, and wist not where the king was nor the captains. They were all slain, as many as were met with; and it was showed me that of the commons and men afoot of the cities and good towns of France there was lain four times as many as were slain the Saturday in the great battle.

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How the next day after the battle of Cressy they that were dead were numbered by the Englishmen

THE same Sunday, as the King of England came from mass, such as had been sent forth returned and showed the king what they had seen and done, and said: "Sir, we think surely there is now no more appearance of any of our enemies." Then the king sent to search how many were slain and what they were. Sir Raynold Cobham and Sir Richard Stafford with three heralds went to search the field and country: they visited all them that were slain and rode all day in the fields, and returned again to the host as the king was going to supper. They made just report of that they had seen, and said how there were eleven great princes dead, fourscore banners, twelve hundred knights, and more than thirty thousand other. The Englishmen kept still their field all that night: on the Monday in the morning the king prepared to depart: the king caused the dead bodies of the great lords to be taken up and conveyed to Montreuil, and there buried in holy ground, and made a cry in the country to grant truce for three days, to the intent that they of the country might search the field of Cressy to bury the dead bodies.

Then the king went forth and came before the town of Montreuil-by-the-Sea, and his marshals ran toward Hesdin and brent Waben and Serain, but they

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did nothing to the castle, it was so strong and so well kept. They lodged that night on the river of Hesdin toward Blangy. The next day they rode toward Boulogne and came to the town of Wissant: there the king and the prince lodged, and tarried there a day to refresh his men, and on the Wednesday the king came before the strong town of Calais.

*How the King of England laid siege to Calais, and
how all the poor people were put out
of the town*

IN the town of Calais there was captain a knight of Burgoyne called Sir John de Vienne, and with him was Sir Arnold d'Audrehem, Sir John de Surie, Sir Baldwin de Bellebrune, Sir Geoffrey de la Motte, Sir Pepin de Wierre and divers other knights and squires. When the King of England was come before Calais, he laid his siege and ordained bastides between the town and the river: he made carpenters to make houses and lodgings of great timber, and set the houses like streets and covered them with reed and broom, so that it was like a little town; and there was everything to sell, and a market-place to be kept every Tuesday and Saturday for flesh and fish, mercery ware, houses for cloth, for bread, wine and all other things necessary, such as came out of England or out of Flanders; there they might buy what they list. The Englishmen ran oftentimes into the coun-

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try of Guines, and into Ternois, and to the gates of Saint-Omer's, and sometime to Boulogne; they brought into their host great preys. The king would not assail the town of Calais, for he thought it but a lost labor: he spared his people and his artillery, and said how he would famish them in the town with long siege, without the French king come and raise his siege perforce.

When the Captain of Calais saw the manner and the order of the Englishmen, then he constrained all poor and mean people to issue out of the town, and on a Wednesday there issued out of men, women and children more than seventeen hundred; and as they passed through the host, they were demanded why they departed, and they answered and said, because they had nothing to live on: then the king did them that grace that he suffered them to pass through his host without danger, and gave them meat and drink to dinner, and every person two pence sterling in alms, for which divers many of them prayed for the king's prosperity.

*How Sir Gaultier of Manny rode through all France
by safe conduct to Calais*

It was not long after, but that Sir Gaultier of Manny fell in communication with a knight of Normandy, who was his prisoner, and demanded of him what money he would pay for his ransom. The

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knight answered and said he would gladly pay three thousand crowns. "Well," quoth the Lord Gaultier, "I know well ye be kin to the Duke of Normandy and well beloved with him [so], that I am sure, an if I would sore oppress you, I am sure ye would gladly pay ten thousand crowns; but I shall deal otherwise with you. I will trust you on your faith and promise: ye shall go to the duke your lord, and by your means get a safe-conduct for me and twenty other of my company to ride through France to Calais, paying courteously for all our expenses. And if ye can get this of the duke or of the king, I shall clearly quit you your ransom with much thank, for I greatly desire to see the king my master; nor I will lie but one night in a place till I come there. And if ye cannot do this, return again hither within a month, and yield yourself still as my prisoner." The knight was content and so went to Paris to the duke his lord, and he obtained this passport for Sir Gaultier of Manny and twenty horse with him all only. This knight returned to Aiguillon and brought it to Sir Gaultier, and there he quitted the knight Norman of his ransom. Then anon after, Sir Gaultier took his way and twenty horse with him, and so rode through Auvergne; and when he tarried in any place, he showed his letter and so was let pass: but when he came to Orleans, for all his letter he was arrested and brought to Paris and there put in prison in the Chatelet.

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When the Duke of Normandy knew thereof, he went to the king his father and showed him how Sir Gaultier of Manny had his safe-conduct, wherefore he required the king as much as he might to deliver him, or else it should be said how he had betrayed him. The king answered and said how he should be put to death, for he reputed him for his great enemy. Then said the duke: "Sir, if ye do so, surely I shall never bear armor against the King of England, nor all such as I may let." And at his departing he said that he would never enter again into the king's host. Thus the matter stood a certain time.

There was a knight of Hainault called Sir Mansart d'Esne: he purchased all that he might to help Sir Walter of Manny, and went often in and out to the Duke of Normandy. Finally the king was so counselled, that he was delivered out of prison and all his costs paid; and the king sent for him to his lodging of Nesle in Paris, and there he dined with the king, and the king presented him great gifts and jewels to the value of a thousand florins. Sir Gaultier of Manny received them on a condition, that when he came to Calais, that if the King of England his master were pleased that he should take them, then he was content to keep them, or else to send them again to the French king, who said he spake like a nobleman. Then he took his leave and departed, and rode so long by his journeys that he came into Hainault, and tarried at Valenciennes three days; and so

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from thence he went to Calais and was welcome to the king. But when the king heard that Sir Gaultier of Manny had received gifts of the French king, he said to him: "Sir Gaultier, ye have hitherto truly served us, and shall do, as we trust. Send again to King Philip the gifts that he gave you; ye have no cause to keep them. We thank God we have enough for us and for you: we be in good purpose to do much good for you according to the good service that ye have done. Then Sir Gaultier took all those jewels and delivered them to a cousin of his called Mansart, and said: "Ride into France to the king there and recommend me unto him, and say how I thank him a thousand times for the gift that he gave me; but show him how it is not the pleasure of the king my master that I should keep them; therefore I send them again to him." This knight rode to Paris and showed all this to the king, who would not receive again the jewels, but did give them to the same knight Sir Mansart, who thanked the king and was not in will to say nay.

*How the King of Scots during the siege before
Calais came in England with a great host*

It is long now sith we spake of King David of Scotland: howbeit till now there was none occasion why, for the truce that was taken was well and truly kept: so that when the King of England had besieged

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Calais and lay there, then the Scots determined to make war into England and to be revenged of such hurts as they had taken before. For they said then how that the realm of England was void of men of war; for they were, as they said, with the King of England before Calais, and some in Bretayne, Poitou and Gascoyne. The French king did what he could to stir the Scots to that war, to the intent that the King of England should break up his siege and return to defend his own realm.

The King of Scots made his summons to be at Saint-John's town on the river of Tay in Scotland: thither came earls, barons, and prelates of Scotland, and there agreed that in all haste possible they should enter into England. To come in that journey was desired John of the out Isles, who governed the wild Scots, for to him they obeyed and to no man else. He came with a three thousand of the most outrageoust people in all the country. When all the Scots were assembled, they were of one and other a fifty thousand fighting men. They could not make their assembly so secret but that the Queen of England, who was as then in the marches of the North about York, knew all their dealing. Then she sent all about for men and lay herself at York: then all men of war and archers came to Newcastle with the queen. In the mean season the King of Scots departed from Saint-John's town and went to Dunfermline the first day. The next day they passed a little arm of the sea

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and so came to Stirling, and then to Edinburgh. Then they numbered their company, and they were a three thousand men of arms, knights and squires, and a thirty thousand of other on hackneys. Then they came to Roxburgh, the first fortress English on that part: captain there was Sir William Montague. The Scots passed by without any assault making, and so went forth brenning and destroying the country of Northumberland; and their curroues ran to York and brent as much as was without the walls, and returned again to their host within a day's journey of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Of the battle of Newcastle-upon-Tyne between the Queen of England and the King of Scots

THE Queen of England, who desired to defend her country, came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne and there tarried for her men, who came daily from all parts. When the Scots knew that the Englishmen assembled at Newcastle, they drew thitherward and their curroues came running before the town; and at their returning they brent certain small hamlets thereabout, so that the smoke thereof came into the town of Newcastle. Some of the Englishmen would a issued out to have fought with them that made the fires, but the captains would not suffer them to issue out.

The next day the King of Scots with a forty

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thousand men one and other came and lodged within three little English mile of Newcastle in the land of the Lord Nevill; and the king sent to them within the town, that if they would issue out into the field, he would fight with them gladly. The lords and prelates of England said they were content to adventure their lives with the right and heritage of the King of England their master. Then they all issued out of the town, and were in number a twelve hundred men of arms, three thousand archers and seven thousand of other with the Welshmen. Then the Scots came and lodged against them near together: then every man was set in order of battle: then the queen came among her men and there was ordained four battles, one to aid another. The first had in governance the Bishop of Durham and the Lord Percy; the second the Archbishop of York and the Lord Nevill; the third the Bishop of Lincoln and the Lord Morbray; the fourth the Lord Edward de Baliol, Captain of Berwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Ros: every battle had like number after their quantity.

The queen went from battle to battle desiring them to do their devoir to defend the honor of her lord the King of England, and in the name of God every man to be of good heart and courage, promising them that to her power she would remember them as well or better as though her lord the king were there personally. Then the queen de-

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parted from them, recommending them to God and to Saint George.

Then anon after, the battles of the Scots began to set forward, and in likewise so did the Englishmen. Then the archers began to shoot on both parties, but the shot of the Scots endured but a short space, but the archers of England shot so fiercely, so that when the battles approached, there was a hard battle. They began at nine and endured till noon: the Scots had great axes sharp and hard, and gave with them many great strokes. Howbeit finally the Englishmen obtained the place and victory, but they lost many of their men. There were slain of the Scots the Earl of Fife, the Earl of Buchan, the Earl of Patrick, the Earl of Sutherland, the Earl of Strathern, the Earl of Mar, the Earl John Douglas, and the Lord Alexander Ramsay, who bare the king's banner, and divers other knights and squires. And there the king was taken, who fought valiantly and was sore hurt. A squire of Northumberland took him, called John Copeland; and as soon as he had taken the king, he went with him out of the field with eight of his servants with him, and so rode all that day, till he was a fifteen leagues from the place of the battle, and at night he came to a castle called Orgulus; and then he said he would not deliver the King of Scots to no man nor woman living, but all only to the King of England his lord. The same day there was also taken in the field the Earl Moray, the Earl of March,

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the Lord William of Douglas, the Lord Robert Versy, the Bishop of Aberdeen, the Bishop of Saint Andrews, and divers other knights and barons. And there were slain of one and other a fifteen thousand, and the other saved themselves as well as they might. This battle was beside Newcastle, the year of our Lord MCCCXLVI., the Saturday next after Saint Michael.

*How John Copeland had the King of Scots prisoner,
and what profit he got thereby*

WHEN the Queen of England being at Newcastle understood how the journey was for her and her men, she then rode to the place where the battle had been. Then it was shewed her how the King of Scots was taken by a squire called John Copeland, and he had carried away the king no man knew whither. Then the queen wrote to the squire commanding him to bring his prisoner the King of Scots, and how he had not well done to depart with him without leave. All that day the Englishmen tarried still in the same place and the queen with them, and the next day they returned to Newcastle. When the queen's letter was brought to John Copeland, he answered and said, that as for the King of Scots his prisoner, he would not deliver him to no man nor woman living, but all only to the King of England his sovereign lord: as for the King of Scots, he said he should be safely kept, so that he would give account for him.

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Then the queen sent letters to the king to Calais, whereby the king was informed of the state of his realm: then the king sent incontinent to John Copeland, that he should come over the sea to him to the siege before Calais. Then the same John did put his prisoner in safe keeping in a strong castle, and so rode through England till he came to Dover, and there took the sea and arrived before Calais. When the King of England saw the squire, he took him by the hand and said: "Ah! welcome, my squire, that by your valiantness hath taken mine adversary the King of Scots." The squire kneeled down and said: "Sir, if God by his grace have suffered me to take the King of Scots by true conquest of arms, sir, I think no man ought to have any envy thereat; for as well God may send by his grace such a fortune to fall to a poor squire as to a great lord: and, sir, I require your grace, be not discontent with me, though I did not deliver the King of Scots at the commandment of the queen. Sir, I hold of you, as mine oath is to you, and not to her but in all good manner." The king said: "John, the good service that ye have done and your valiantness is so much worth, that it must countervail your trespass and be taken for your excuse, and shame have they that bear you anyevil will therefore. Ye shall return again home to your house, and then my pleasure is that ye deliver your prisoner to the queen my wife; and in a reward I assign you near to your house, whereas ye think best yourself, five

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hundred pound sterling of yearly rent to you and to your heirs forever, and here I make you squire for my body." Then the third day he departed and returned again into England; and when he came home to his own house, he assembled together his friends and kin, and so they took the King of Scots and rode with him to the city of York, and there from the king his lord he presented the King of Scots to the queen, and excused him so largely that the queen and her council were content.

Then the queen made good provision for the city of York, the castle of Roxburgh, the city of Durham, the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and in all other garrisons on the marches of Scotland, and left in those marches the Lord Percy and the Lord Nevill as governor there: then the queen departed from York toward London. Then she set the King of Scots in the strong tower of London, and the Earl Moray and all other prisoners, and set good keeping over them. Then she went to Dover and there took the sea, and had so good wind, that in a short space she arrived before Calais, three days before the feast of All Saints; for whose coming the king made a great feast and dinner to all the lords and ladies that were there. The queen brought many ladies and damosels with her, as well to accompany her as to see their husbands, fathers, brethren and other friends, that lay at siege there before Calais and had done a long space.

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*How the young Earl of Flanders ensured the king's
daughter of England*

THE siege before Calais endured long, and many things fell in the mean season, the which I cannot write the fourth part. The French king had set men of war in every fortress in those marches, in the county of Guines, of Artois, of Boulogne, and about Calais, and had a great number of Genoways, Normans and other on the sea, so that when any of the Englishmen would go a-foraging, other afoot or horseback, they found many times hard adventures, and often there was skirmishing about the gates and dikes of the town, and oftentimes some slain and hurt on both parties; some day the one part lost and some day the other. The King of England caused engines to be made to oppress them within the town, but they within made other again to resist them, so that they took little hurt by them; but nothing could come into the town but by stealth, and that was by the means of two mariners, one called Marant and the other Mestriel, and they dwelt in Abbeville. By them two they of Calais were oftentimes recomforted and freshed by stealth; and oftentimes they were in great peril, chased and near taken, but always they scaped, and made many Englishmen to be drowned.

All that winter the king lay still at the siege, and

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thought and imagined ever to keep the commony of Flanders in friendship; for he thought by their means the sooner to come to his intent. He sent oftentimes to them with fair promises, saying that if he might get Calais, he would help them to recover Lille and Douay with all their appurtenances; so by occasion of such promises, while the king was in Normandy toward Cressy and Calais, they went and laid siege to Bethune, and their captain was Sir Oudart de Renty, who was banished out of France. They held a great siege before that town and sore constrained them by assault; but within were four knights captains set there by the French king to keep the town, that is to say, Sir Geoffrey of Charny, Sir Eustace of Ribemont, Sir Baudwin d'Annequin and Sir John of Landas: they defended the town in such wise, that the Flemings won nothing there, but so departed and returned again into Flanders. But while the King of England lay at siege before Calais, he sent still messengers to them of Flanders, and made them great promises to keep their amity with him and to oppress the drift of the French king, who did all that he could to draw them to his opinion.

The King of England would gladly that the Earl Louis of Flanders, who was as then but fifteen years of age, should have in marriage his daughter Isabel. So much did the king that the Flemings agreed thereto; whereof the king was glad, for he thought

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by that marriage the Flemings would the gladlier help him; and the Flemings thought, by having of the King of England on their party, they might well resist the Frenchmen; they thought it more necessary and profitable for them, the love of the King of England, rather than the French king. But the young earl, who had been ever nourished among the noblemen of France, would not agree, and said plainly, he would not have to his wife the daughter of him that slew his father: also Duke John of Brabant purchased greatly that the Earl of Flanders should have his daughter in marriage, promising him that if he would take her to his wife, that he would cause him to enjoy the whole earldom of Flanders, other by fair means or otherwise: also the duke said to the French king, "Sir, if the Earl of Flanders will take my daughter, I shall find the means that all the Flemings shall take your part and forsake the King of England": by the which promise the French king agreed to that marriage. When the Duke of Brabant had the king's good-will, then he sent certain messengers into Flanders to the burghesses of the good towns, and shewed them so fair reasons, that the counsels of the good towns sent to the earl their natural lord, certifying him that if he would come into Flanders and use their counsel, they would be to him true and good friends and deliver to him all the rights and jurisdictions of Flanders, as much as ever any earl had. The earl took counsel

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and went into Flanders, where he was received with great joy and given to him many great presents.

As soon as the King of England heard of this, he sent into Flanders the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel and the Lord Cobham. They did so much with the officers and commons of Flanders, that they had rather that their lord the earl should take to his wife the King of England's daughter than the daughter of the Duke of Brabant; and so to do they affectuously desired their lord, and shewed him many fair reasons to draw him to that way, so that the burgesses that were on the Duke of Brabant's party durst not say the contrary. But then the earl in no wise would consent thereto, but ever he said he would not wed her, whose father had slain his, though he might have half of the whole realm of England. When the Flemings saw that, they said how their lord was too much French and evil counselled, and also said how they would do no good to him, sith he would not believe their counsels. Then they took and put him in courteous prison, and said how he should never depart without he would follow and believe their counsels. Also they said that the earl his father believed and loved too much the Frenchmen; for if he would a believed them, he should have been the greatest lord in all Christendom, and recovered again Lille, Douay and Bethune, and yet alive. Thus the matter abode a certain space: the King of England lay still at the siege before

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Calais and kept a great court that Christmas; and about the beginning of Lent, came thither out of Gascoyne the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Oxford and divers other knights and squires, that had passed the sea with the earl.

Thus the Earl of Flanders was long in danger among the Flemings in courteous prison, and it greatly annoyed him. Then at last he said he would believe their counsel; for he knew well, he said, that he should have more profit there than in any other country. These words rejoiced greatly the Flemings: then they took him out of prison and suffered him to go a-hawking to the river, the which sport the earl loved well; but ever there was good watch laid on him, that he should not steal away from them, and they were charged on their lives to take good heed to him, and also they were such as were favorable to the King of England. They watched him so near, that he could do nothing without their knowledge. This endured so long that at last the earl said that he would gladly have to his wife the King of England's daughter. Then the Flemings sent word thereof to the king and to the queen, and pointed a day that they should come to Bergues, in the abbey, and to bring their daughter with them, and they would bring thither their lord the Earl of Flanders; and there to conclude up the marriage. The king and the queen were glad thereof, and said that the Flemings were good men: so to Bergues

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between Newport and Gravelines came the most saddest men of the good towns in Flanders, and brought with them the earl their lord in great estate. The King of England and the queen were there ready: the earl courteously inclined to the king and to the queen: the king took the earl by the right hand right sweetly, and led him forth, saying: "As for the death of the earl your father, as God help me, the day of the battle of Cressy nor the next day after I never heard word of him that he should be there." The young earl by semblant made as though he had been content with the king's excuse. Then they fell in communication of the marriage: there were certain articles agreed unto by the King of England and the Earl Louis of Flanders, and great amities there was sworn between them to be holden; and there the earl fianced Isabel the King of England's daughter, and promised to wed her. So that journey brake off, and a new day to be appointed at more leisure: the Flemings returned into Flanders with their lord, and the King of England with the queen went again to the siege of Calais.

Thus the matter stood a certain time, and the king and the queen prepared greatly again the marriage for jewels and other things to give away, according to their behaviors. The Earl of Flanders daily passed the time at the river, and made semblant that this marriage pleased him greatly; so the Flemings thought that they were then sure enough

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of him, so that there was not so great watch made on him as was before. But they knew not well the condition of their lord, for whatsoever countenance he made outward, his inward courage was all French. So on a day he went forth with his hawks, the same week that the marriage should have been finished: his falconer cast off a falcon to an heron and the earl cast off another. So these two falcons chased the heron, and the earl rode after, as to follow his falcon. And when he was a good way off and had the advantage of the fields, he dashed his spurs to his horse and galloped forth in such wise, that his keepers lost him. Still he galloped forthright, till he came into Artois, and there he was in surety; and so then he rode into France to King Philip and shewed him all his adventure. The king and the Frenchmen said how he had dealt wisely; the Englishmen on the other side said how he had betrayed and deceived them: but for all that, the king left not to keep the Flemings in amity, for he knew well the earl had done this deed not by their counsel, for they were sore displeased therewith; and the excuse that they made the king soon believed it in that behalf.

How the town of Calais was given up to the King of England

AFTER that the French king was thus departed from Sangate, they within Calais saw well how their

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succor failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain, Sir John of Vienne, that he went to the walls of the town and made a sign to speak with some person of the host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset. Then Sir John of Vienne said to them: "Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the king my master hath sent me and other to this town and commanded us to keep it to his behoof in such wise that we take no blame, nor to him no damage; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succors hath failed us, and we be so sore strained, that we have not to live withal, but that we must all die or else enrage for famine, without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us: the which to do we require you to desire him, to have pity on us and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance." Then Sir Gaultier of Manny said: "Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master, for he hath shewed it unto us: surely know for truth it is not his mind that ye nor they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will, to ransom all such as pleaseth him and to put to death such as he list; for they of Calais hath done him such contraries and despites, and hath caused him to dispend so much

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good, and lost many of his men, that he is sore grieved against them." Then the captain said: "Sir, this is too hard a matter to us. We are here within, a small sort of knights and squires, who hath truly served the king our master as well as ye serve yours in like case. And we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did, rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all: therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that ye will go and speak to the King of England and desire him to have pity on us; for we trust in him so much gentleness, that by the grace of God his purpose shall change."

Sir Gaultier of Manny and Sir Basset returned to the king and declared to him all that had been said. The king said he would none otherwise but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then Sir Gaultier said: "Sir, saving your displeasure, in this ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil ensample: if ye send any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go, if ye put any of them in the town to death after they be yielded; for in likewise they will deal with us, if the case fell like." The which words divers other lords that were present sustained and maintained. Then the king said: "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all; therefore, Sir Gaultier of Manny, ye shall go and say to the captain that all the

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grace that he shall find now in me is that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let them six yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy."

Then Sir Gaultier returned and found Sir John of Vienne still on the wall, abiding for an answer. Then Sir Gaultier shewed him all the grace that he could get of the king. "Well," quoth Sir John, "sir, I require you tarry here a certain space, till I go into the town and shew this to the commons of the town, who sent me hither. Then Sir John went unto the market-place and sowned the common bell: then incontinent men and women assembled there: then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said, "Sirs, it will be none otherwise; therefore now take advice and make a short answer." Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart, if they had seen them, but that would have had great pity of them: the captain himself wept piteously. At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace of Saint-Pierre, rose up and said openly: "Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, other by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God

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that might keep them from such mischief. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me: wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy." When he had thus said, every man worshipped him and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs. Then another honest burgess rose and said: "I will keep company with my gossip Eustace." He was called John d'Aire. Then rose up Jaques of Wissant, who was rich in goods and heritage; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins. In likewise so did Peter of Wissant his brother: and then rose two other; they said they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired.

Then the captain went with them to the gate: there was great lamentation made of men, women and children at their departing: then the gate was opened and he issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to Sir Gaultier of Manny: "Sir, I deliver here to you as captain of Calais by the whole consent of all the people of the town these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly that they be and were to-day most honorable, rich and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais. Wherefore, gentle knight, I require you pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not."

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Quoth Sir Gaultier: "I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can." Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town.

When Sir Gaultier presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down and held up their hands and said: "Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants; we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high nobless." Then all the earls and barons and other that were there wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off: then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf: then Sir Gaultier of Manny said: "Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage: ye have the name of sovereign nobless; therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villany. Every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their

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company." Then the king wryed away from him and commanded to send for the hangman, and said: "They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in likewise." Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down and sore weeping said: "Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you in honor of the Son of the Virgin Mary and for the love of me that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses." The king beheld the queen and stood still in a study a space, and then said: "Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you. Wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them." Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure: and then she gave each of them six nobles and made them to be brought out of the host in safe-guard and set at their liberty.

How the King of England repeopled the town of Calais with Englishmen

THUS the strong town of Calais was given up to King Edward of England the year of our Lord God MCCCXLVI. in the month of August. The King of England called to him Sir Gaultier of Manny and

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his two marshals, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Stafford, and said to them: "Sirs, take here the keys of the town and castle of Calais: go and take possession there and put in prison all the knights that be there; and all other soldiers that came thither simply to win their living cause them to avoid the town, and also all other men, women and children, for I would repeople again the town with pure Englishmen." So these three lords with a hundred with them went and took possession of Calais, and did put in prison Sir John de Vienne, Sir John of Surie, Sir Baldwin of Bellebrune and other. Then they made all the soldiers to bring all their harness into a place appointed and laid it all on a heap in the hall of Calais. Then they made all manner of people to void, and kept there no more persons but a priest and two other ancient personages, such as knew the customs, laws and ordinances of the town, and to sign out the heritages how they were divided. Then they prepared the castle to lodge the king and queen, and prepared other houses for the king's company. Then the king mounted on his horse and entered into the town with trumpets, tabours, nacaires and hormyes, and there the king lay till the queen was brought a-bed of a fair lady named Margaret.

The king gave to Sir Gaultier of Manny divers fair houses within the town, and to the Earl Stafford, to the Lord of Cobham, to Sir Bartholomew of

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Burghersh and to other lords, to repeople again the town. The king's mind was, when he came into England to send out of London a thirty-six good burgesses to Calais to dwell there, and to do so much that the town might be peopled with pure Englishmen; the which intent the king fulfilled. Then the new town and bastide that was made without the town was pulled down, and the castle that stood on the haven rashed down, and the great timber and stones brought into the town. Then the king ordained men to keep the gates, walls and barriers, and amended all things within the town; and Sir John de Vienne and his company were sent into England and were half a year at London, then they were put to ransom. Methink it was great pity of the burgesses and other men of the town of Calais, and women and children, when they were fain to forsake their houses, heritages and goods, and to bear away nothing, and they had no restorement of the French king, for whose sake they lost all. The most part of them went to Saint-Omer's.

The Cardinal Guy de Boulogne, who was come into France in legation and was with the French king his cousin in the city of Amiens, he purchased so much that a truce was taken between the Kings of England and of France, their countries and heritages, to endure two years.

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*Of the great host that the French king brought to
the battle of Poitiers*

AFTER the taking of the castle of Romorantin and of them that were therein, the prince then and his company rode as they did before, destroying the country, approaching to Anjou and to Touraine. The French king, who was at Chartres, departed and came to Blois and there tarried two days, and then to Amboise and the next day to Loches: and then he heard how that the prince was at Touraine and how that he was returning by Poitou: ever the Englishmen were coasted by certain expert knights of France, who always made report to the king what the Englishmen did. Then the king came to the Haye in Touraine and his men had passed the river of Loire, some at the bridge of Orleans and some at Meung, at Saumur, at Blois, and at Tours and whereas they might: they were in number a twenty thousand men of arms beside other; there were a twenty-six dukes and earls and more than sixscore banners, and the four sons of the king, who were but young, the Duke Charles of Normandy, the Lord Louis, that was from thenceforth Duke of Anjou, and the Lord John Duke of Berry, and the Lord Philip, who was after Duke of Burgoyne. The same season, Pope Innocent the Sixth sent the Lord Bertrand, Cardinal of Perigord, and the Lord Nich-

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olas, Cardinal of Urgel, into France, to treat for a peace between the French king and all his enemies, first between him and the King of Navarre, who was in prison: and these cardinals oftentimes spake to the king for his deliverance during the siege at Bretuel, but they could do nothing in that behalf. Then the Cardinal of Perigord went to Tours, and there he heard how the French king hasted sore to find the Englishmen: then he rode to Poitiers, for he heard how both the hosts drew thitherward.

The French king heard how the prince hasted to return, and the king feared that he should scape him and so departed from Haye in Touraine, and all his company, and rode to Chauvigny, where he tarried that Thursday in the town and without along by the river of Creuse, and the next day the king passed the river at the bridge there, weening that the Englishmen had been before him, but they were not. Howbeit they pursued after and passed the bridge that day more than threescore thousand horses, and divers other passed at Chatelleraut, and ever as they passed they took the way to Poitiers.

On the other side the prince wist not truly where the Frenchmen were; but they supposed that they were not far off, for they could not find no more forage, whereby they had great fault in their host of victual, and some of them repented that they had destroyed so much as they had done before when they were in Berry, Anjou and Touraine, and in that they

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had made no better provision. The same Friday three great lords of France, the Lord of Craon, the Lord Raoul of Coucy and the Earl of Joigny, tarried all day in the town of Chauvigny, and part of their companies. The Saturday they passed the bridge and followed the king, who was then a three leagues before, and took the way among bushes without a wood side to go to Poitiers.

The same Saturday the prince and his company dislodged from a little village thereby, and sent before him certain currouers to see if they might find any adventure and to hear where the Frenchmen were. They were in number a threescore men of arms well horsed, and with them was the Lord Eustace d'Aubrecicourt and the Lord John of Ghisteltes, and by adventure the Englishmen and Frenchmen met together by the foresaid wood side. The Frenchmen knew anon how they were their enemies; then in haste they did on their helmets and displayed their banners and came a great pace toward the Englishmen: they were in number a two hundred men of arms. When the Englishmen saw them, and that they were so great a number, then they determined to fly and let the Frenchmen chase them, for they knew well the prince with his host was not far behind. Then they turned their horses and took the corner of the wood, and the Frenchmen after them crying their cries and made great noise. And as they chased, they came on the prince's battle or

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they were ware thereof themselves; the prince tarried there to have word again from them that he sent forth. The Lord Raoul de Coucy with his banner went so far forward that he was under the prince's banner: there was a sore battle and the knight fought valiantly; howbeit he was there taken, and the Earl of Joigny, the Viscount of Brosse, the Lord of Chauvigny and all the other taken or slain, but a few that scaped. And by the prisoners the prince knew how the French king followed him in such wise that he could not eschew the battle: then he assembled together all his men and commanded that no man should go before the marshals' banners. Thus the prince rode that Saturday from the morning till it was against night, so that he came within two little leagues of Poitiers. Then the Captal de Buch, Sir Aymenion of Pommiers, the Lord Bartholomew of Burghersh and the Lord Eustace d'Aubrecicourt, all these the prince sent forth to see if they might know what the Frenchmen did. These knights departed with two hundred men of arms well horsed: they rode so far that they saw the great battle of the king's, they saw all the fields covered with men of arms. These Englishmen could not forbear, but set on the tail of the French host and cast down many to the earth and took divers prisoners, so that the host began to stir, and tidings thereof came to the French king as he was entering into the city of Poitiers. Then he returned again and made all his host do the

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same, so that Saturday it was very late or he was lodged in the field. The English currours returned again to the prince and shewed him all that they saw and knew, and said how the French host was a great number of people. "Well," said the prince, "in the name of God let us now study how we shall fight with them at our advantage." That night the Englishmen lodged in a strong place among hedges, vines and bushes, and their host well watched, and so was the French host.

Of the order of the Frenchmen before the battle of Poitiers

ON the Sunday in the morning the French king, who had great desire to fight with the Englishmen, heard his mass in his pavilion and was houselled, and his four sons with him. After mass there came to him the Duke of Orleans, the Duke of Bourbon, the Earl of Ponthieu, the Lord Jaques of Bourbon, the Duke of Athens, Constable of France, the Earl of Tancarville, the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Dammartin, the Earl of Ventadour, and divers other great barons of France and of other neighbors holding of France, as the Lord Clermont, the Lord Arnold d'Audrehem, Marshal of France, the Lord of Saint-Venant, the Lord John of Landas, the Lord Eustace Ribemont, the Lord Fiennes, the Lord Geoffrey of Charny, the Lord Chatillon, the Lord of

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Sully, the Lord of Nesle, Sir Robert Duras and divers other; all these with the king went to counsel. Then finally it was ordained that all manner of men should draw into the field, and every lord to display his banner and to set forth in the name of God and Saint Denis: then trumpets blew up through the host and every man mounted on horseback and went into the field, where they saw the king's banner wave with the wind. There might a been seen great nobless of fair harness and rich armory of banners and pennons; for there was all the flower of France, there was none durst abide at home without he would be shamed forever. Then it was ordained by the advice of the constable and marshals to be made three battles, and in each ward sixteen thousand men of arms all mustered and passed for men of arms. The first battle the Duke of Orleans to govern, with thirty-six banners and twice as many pennons, the second the Duke of Normandy and his two brethren the Lord Louis and the Lord John, the third the king himself: and while that these battles were setting in array, the king called to him the Lord Eustace Ribemont, the Lord John of Landas and the Lord Richard of Beaujeu, and said to them: "Sirs, ride on before to see the dealing of the Englishmen and advise well what number they be and by what means we may fight with them, other afoot or a-horseback." These three knights rode forth and the king was on a white courser and said a-high to

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his men: "Sirs, among you, when ye be at Paris, at Chartres, at Rouen or at Orleans, then ye do threat the Englishmen and desire to be in arms out against them. Now ye be come thereto: I shall now show you them: now show forth your evil will that ye bear them and revenge your displeasures and damages that they have done you, for without doubt we shall fight with them." Such as heard him said: "Sir, in God's name so be it; that would we see gladly."

Therewith the three knights returned again to the king, who demanded of them tidings. Then Sir Eustace of Ribemont answered for all and said: "Sir we have seen the Englishmen: by estimation they be two thousand men of arms and four thousand archers and a fifteen hundred of other. Howbeit they be in a strong place, and as far as we can imagine they are in one battle; howbeit they be wisely ordered, and along the way they have fortified strongly the hedges and bushes: one part of their archers are along by the hedge, so that none can go nor ride that way, but must pass by them, and that way must ye go an ye purpose to fight with them. In this hedge there is but one entry and one issue by likelihood that four horsemen may ride afront. At the end of this hedge, whereas no man can go nor ride, there be men of arms afoot and archers afore them in manner of a herse, so that they will not be lightly discomfited." "Well," said the king, "what will ye then counsel us to do?" Sir Eustace said: "Sir, let us all be afoot,

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except three hundred men of arms, well horsed, of the best in your host and most hardiest, to the intent they somewhat to break and to open the archers, and then your battles to follow on quickly afoot and so to fight with their men of arms hand to hand. This is the best advice that I can give you: if any other think any other way better, let him speak."

The king said: "Thus shall it be done": then the two marshals rode from battle to battle and chose out a three hundred knights and squires of the most expert men of arms of all the host, every man well armed and horsed. Also it was ordained that the battles of Almaines should abide still on horseback to comfort the marshals, if need were, whereof the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl of Nidau and the Earl of Nassau were captains. King John of France was there armed, and twenty other in his apparel; and he did put the guiding of his eldest son to the Lord of Saint-Venant, the Lord of Landas and the Lord Thibault of Vaudenay; and the Lord Arnold of Cervolles, called the archpriest, was armed in the armor of the young Earl of Alençon.

How the Cardinal of Perigord treated to make agreement between the French King and the Prince before the Battle of Poitiers

WHEN the French king's battles was ordered and every lord under his banner among their own men,

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then it was commanded that every man should cut their spears to a five foot long and every man to put off their spurs. Thus as they were ready to approach, the Cardinal of Perigord came in great haste to the king. He came the same morning from Poitiers; he kneeled down to the king and held up his hands and desired him for God's sake a little to abstain setting forward till he had spoken with him: then he said: "Sir, ye have here all the flower of your realm against a handful of Englishmen as to regard your company, and, sir, if ye may have them accorded to you without battle, it shall be more profitable and honorable to have them by that manner rather than to adventure so noble chivalry as ye have here present. Sir, I require you in the name of God and humility that I may ride to the prince and show him what danger ye have him in." The king said: "It pleaseth me well, but return again shortly." The cardinal departed and diligently he rode to the prince, who was among his men afoot: then the cardinal alighted and came to the prince, who received him courteously. Then the cardinal after his salutation made he said: "Certainly, fair son, if you and your council advise justly the puissance of the French king, ye will suffer me to treat to make a peace between you, an I may." The prince, who was young and lusty, said: "Sir, the honor of me and of my people saved, I would gladly fall to any reasonable way." Then the cardinal said: "Sir, ye say well,

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and I shall accord you, an I can; for it should be great pity if so many noblemen and other as be here on both parties should come together by battle." Then the cardinal rode again to the king and said: "Sir, ye need not to make any great haste to fight with your enemies, for they cannot fly from you though they would, they be in such a ground: wherefore, sir, I require you forbear for this day till tomorrow the sun-rising." The king was loath to agree thereto, for some of his council would not consent to it; but finally the cardinal showed such reasons, that the king accorded that respite: and in the same place there was pight up a pavilion of red silk fresh and rich, and gave leave for that day every man to draw to their lodgings except the constable's and marshals' battles.

That Sunday all the day the cardinal travailed in riding from the one host to the other gladly to agree them: but the French king would not agree without he might have four of the principallest of the Englishmen at his pleasure, and the prince and all the other to yield themselves simply: howbeit there were many great offers made. The prince offered to render into the king's hands all that ever he had won in that voyage, towns and castles, and to quit all prisoners that he or any of his men had taken in that season, and also to swear not to be armed against the French king in seven year after; but the king and his council would none thereof: the uttermost that he

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would do was, that the prince and a hundred of his knights should yield themselves into the king's prison; otherwise he would not: the which the prince would in no wise agree unto.

In the mean season that the cardinal rode thus between the hosts in trust to do some good, certain knights of France and of England both rode forth the same Sunday, because it was truce for that day, to coast the hosts and to behold the dealing of their enemies. So it fortuned that the Lord John Chandos rode the same day coasting the French host, and in like manner the Lord of Clermont, one of the French marshals, had ridden forth and aviewed the state of the English host; and as these two knights returned toward their hosts, they met together: each of them bare one manner of device, a blue lady embroidered in a sunbeam above on their apparel. Then the Lord Clermont said: "Chandos, how long have ye taken on you to bear my device?" "Nay, ye bear mine," said Chandos, "for it is as well mine as yours." "I deny that," said Clermont, "but an it were not for the truce this day between us, I should make it good on you incontinent that ye have no right to bear my device." "Ah, sir," said Chandos, "ye shall find me to-morrow ready to defend you and to prove by feat of arms that it is as well mine as yours." Then Clermont said: "Chandos, these be well the words of you Englishmen, for ye can devise nothing of new, but all that ye see is good and fair." So they departed

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without any more doing, and each of them returned to their host.

The Cardinal of Perigord could in no wise that Sunday make any agreement between the parties, and when it was near night he returned to Poitiers. That night the Frenchmen took their ease; they had provision enough, and the Englishmen had great default; they could get no forage, nor they could not depart thence without danger of their enemies. That Sunday the Englishmen made great dikes and hedges about their archers, to be the more stronger; and on the Monday in the morning the prince and his company were ready apparelled as they were before, and about the sun-rising in like manner were the Frenchmen. The same morning betimes the cardinal came again to the French host and thought by his preaching to pacify the parties; but then the Frenchmen said to him: "Return whither ye will: bring hither no more words of treaty nor peace: an ye love yourself depart shortly." When the cardinal saw that he travailed in vain, he took leave of the king and then he went to the prince and said: "Sir, do what ye can: there is no remedy but to abide the battle, for I can find none accord in the French king." Then the prince said: "The same is our intent and all our people: God help the right!" So the cardinal returned to Poitiers. In his company there were certain knights and squires, men of arms, who were more favorable to the French king than to

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the prince: and when they saw that the parties should fight, they stole from their masters and went to the French host; and they made their captain the chate-lain of Amposte, who was as then there with the cardinal, who knew nothing thereof till he was come to Poitiers.

The certainty of the order of the Englishmen was showed to the French king, except they had ordained three hundred men a-horseback and as many archers a-horseback to coast under covert of the mountain and to strike into the battle of the Duke of Normandy, who was under the mountain afoot. This ordinance they had made of new, that the Frenchmen knew not of. The prince was with his battle down among the vines and had closed in the weakest part with their carriages.

Now will I name some of the principal lords and knights that were there with the prince: the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Suffolk, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Oxford, the Lord Raynold Cobham, the Lord Spencer, the Lord James Audley, the Lord Peter his brother, the Lord Berkeley, the Lord Basset, the Lord Warin, the Lord Delaware, the Lord Manne, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Bartholomew de Burghersh, the Lord of Felton, the Lord Richard of Pembroke, the Lord Stephen of Cosington, the Lord Bradetane and other Englishmen; and of Gascon there was the Lord of Pommiers, the Lord of Languiran, the Captal of Buch, the Lord John of

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Caumont, the Lord de Lesparre, the Lord of Rauzan, the Lord of Condon, the Lord of Montferrand, the Lord of Landiras, the Lord Soudic of Latrau and other that I cannot name; and of Hainowes the Lord Eustace d'Aubrecicourt, the Lord John of Ghistelles, and two other strangers, the Lord Daniel Pasele and the Lord Denis of Morbeke: all the prince's company passed not an eight thousand men one and other, and the Frenchmen were a sixty thousand fighting men, whereof there were more than three thousand knights.

Of the Battle of Poitiers between the Prince of Wales and the French King

WHEN the prince saw that he should have battle and that the cardinal was gone without any peace or truce making, and saw that the French king did set but little store by him, he said then to his men: "Now, sirs, though we be but a small company as in regard to the puissance of our enemies, let us not be abashed therefor; for the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but whereas God will send it. If it fortune that the journey be ours, we shall be the most honored people of all the world; and if we die in our right quarrel, I have the king my father and brethren, and also ye have good friends and kinsmen; these shall revenge us. Therefore, sirs, for God's sake I require you do your devoirs this day;

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for if God be pleased and Saint George, this day ye shall see me a good knight." These words and such other that the prince spake comforted all his people. The Lord Sir John Chandos that day never went from the prince, nor also the Lord James Audley of a great season; but when he saw that they should needs fight, he said to the prince: "Sir, I have served always truly my lord your father and you also, and shall do as long as I live. I say this because I made once a vow that the first battle that other the king your father or any of his children should be at, how that I would be one of the first setters on, or else to die in the pain: therefore I require your grace, as in reward for any service that ever I did to the king your father or to you, that you will give me licence to depart from you and to set myself thereas I may accomplish my vow." The prince accorded to his desire and said, "Sir James, God give you this day that grace to be the best knight of all other," and so took him by the hand. Then the knight departed from the prince and went to the foremost front of all the battles, all only accompanied with four squires, who promised not to fail him. This Lord James was a right sage and a valiant knight, and by him was much of the host ordained and governed the day before. Thus Sir James was in the front of the battle ready to fight with the battle of the marshals of France. In like wise the Lord Eustace d'Aubreci-court did his pain to be one of the foremost to set on.

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When Sir James Audley began to set forward to his enemies, it fortun'd to Sir Eustace d'Aubrecicourt as ye shall hear after. Ye have heard before how the Almain in the French host were appointed to be still a-horseback. Sir Eustace being a-horseback laid his spear in the rest and ran into the French battle, and then a knight of Almaine, called the Lord Louis of Recombes, who bare a shield silver, five roses gules, and Sir Eustace bare ermines, two hannedes of gules,—when this Almain saw the Lord Eustace come from his company, he rode against him and they met so rudely, that both knights fell to the earth. The Almain was hurt in the shoulder, therefore he rose not so quickly as did Sir Eustace, who when he was up and had taken his breath, he came to the other knight as he lay on the ground; but then five other knights of Almaine came on him all at once and bare him to the earth, and so perforce there he was taken prisoner and brought to the Earl of Nassau, who as then took no heed of him; and I cannot say whether they sware him prisoner or no, but they tied him to a chare and there let him stand.

Then the battle began on all parts, and the battles of the marshals of France approached, and they set forth that were appointed to break the array of the archers. They entered a-horseback into the way where the great hedges were on both sides set full of archers. As soon as the men of arms entered, the archers began to shoot on both sides and did slay and

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hurt horses and knights, so that the horses when they felt the sharp arrows they would in no wise go forward, but drew aback and flang and took on so fiercely, that many of them fell on their masters, so that for press they could not rise again; insomuch that the marshals' battle could never come at the prince. Certain knights and squires that were well horsed passed through the archers and thought to approach to the prince, but they could not. The Lord James Audley with his four squires was in the front of that battle and there did marvels in arms, and by great prowess he came and fought with Sir Arnold d'Audrehem under his own banner, and there they fought long together and Sir Arnold was there sore handled. The battle of the marshals began to disorder by reason of the shot of the archers with the aid of the men of arms, who came in among them and slew of them and did what they list, and there was the Lord Arnold d'Audrehem taken prisoner by other men than by Sir James Audley or by his four squires; for that day he never took prisoner, but always fought and went on his enemies.

Also on the French party the Lord John Clermont fought under his own banner as long as he could endure: but there he was beaten down and could not be relieved nor ransomed, but was slain without mercy: some said it was because of the words that he had the day before to Sir John Chandos. So within a short space the marshals' battles

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were discomfited, for they fell one upon another and could not go forth; and the Frenchmen that were behind and could not get forward reculed back and came on the battle of the Duke of Normandy, the which was great and thick and were afoot, but anon they began to open behind; for when they knew that the marshals' battle was discomfited, they took their horses and departed, he that might best. Also they saw a rout of Englishmen coming down a little mountain a-horseback, and many archers with them, who brake in on the side of the duke's battle. True to say, the archers did their company that day great advantage; for they shot so thick that the Frenchmen wist not on what side to take heed, and little and little the Englishmen won ground on them.

And when the men of arms of England saw that the marshals' battle was discomfited and that the duke's battle began to disorder and open, they leaped then on their horses, the which they had ready by them: then they assembled together and cried, "Saint George! Guyenne!" and the Lord Chandos said to the prince: "Sir, take your horse and ride forth; this journey is yours: God is this day in your hands: get us to the French king's battle, for there lieth all the sore of the matter. I think verily by his valiantness he will not fly: I trust we shall have him by the grace of God and Saint George, so he be well fought withal: and, sir, I heard you say that this day, I should see you a good knight." The prince said, "Let us

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go forth; ye shall not see me this day return back," and said, "Advance, banner, in the name of God and of Saint George." The knight that bare it did his commandment: there was then a sore battle and a perilous, and many a man overthrown, and he that was once down could not be relieved again without great succor and aid. As the prince rode and entered in among his enemies, he saw on his right hand in a little bush lying dead the Lord Robert of Duras and his banner by him, and a ten or twelve of his men about him. Then the prince said to two of his squires and to three archers: "Sirs, take the body of this knight on a targe and bear him to Poitiers, and present him from me to the cardinal of Perigord, and say how I salute him by that token." And this was done. The prince was informed that the cardinal's men were on the field against him, the which was not pertaining to the right order of arms, for men of the church that cometh and goeth for treaty of peace ought not by reason to bear harness nor to fight for neither of the parties; they ought to be indifferent: and because these men had done so, the prince was displeased with the cardinal, and therefore he sent unto him his nephew the Lord Robert of Duras dead: and the chatelain of Amposte was taken, and the prince would have had his head stricken off, because he was pertaining to the cardinal, but then the Lord Chandos said: "Sir, suffer for a season: intend to a greater matter: and peradventure the car-

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dinal will make such excuse that ye shall be content."

Then the prince and his company dressed them on the battle of the Duke of Athens, constable of France. There was many a man slain and cast to the earth. As the Frenchmen fought in companies, they cried, "Mountjoy! Saint Denis!" and the Englishmen, "Saint George! Guyenne!" Anon the prince with his company met with the battle of Almain, whereof the Earl of Sarrebruck, the Earl Nassau and the Earl Nidau were captains, but in a short space they were put to flight: the archers shot so wholly together that none durst come in their dangers: they slew many a man that could not come to no ransom: these three earls were there slain, and divers other knights and squires of their company, and there was the Lord d'Aubrecicourt rescued by his own men and set on horseback, and after he did that day many feats of arms and took good prisoners. When the Duke of Normandy's battle saw the prince approach, they thought to save themselves, and so the duke and the king's children, the Earl of Poitiers and the Earl of Touraine, who were right young, believed their governors and so departed from the field, and with them more than eight hundred spears, that strake no stroke that day. Howbeit the Lord Guichard d'Angle and the Lord John of Saintr , who were with the Earl of Poitiers, would not fly, but entered into the thickest press of the battle. The king's

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three sons took the way to Chauvigny, and the Lord John of Landras and the Lord Thibauld of Vaudenay, who were set to await on the Duke of Normandy, when they had brought the duke a long league from the battle, then they took leave of the duke and desired the Lord of Saint-Venant that he should not leave the duke, but to bring him in safeguard, whereby he should win more thanks of the king than to abide still in the field. Then they met also the Duke of Orleans and a great company with him, who were also departed from the field with clear hands: there were many good knights and squires, though that their masters departed from the field, yet they had rather a died than to have had any reproach.

Then the king's battle came on the Englishmen: there was a sore fight and many a great stroke given and received. The king and his youngest son met with the battle of the English marshals, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Suffolk, and with them of Gascons the Captal of Buch, the Lord of Pommiers, the Lord Amery of Tastes, the Lord of Mussidan, the Lord of Languiran and the Lord de Latrau. To the French party there came time enough the Lord John of Landras and the Lord of Vaudenay; they alighted afoot and went into the king's battle, and a little beside fought the Duke of Athens, Constable of France, and a little above him the Duke of Bourbon and many good knights of Bourbonnais and of Pi-

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cardy with him, and a little on the one side there were the Poitevins, the Lord de Pons, the Lord of Partenay, the Lord of Dammartin, the Lord of Tan-nay-Bouton, the Lord of Surgieres, the Lord John Saintr , the Lord Guichard d'Angle, the Lord Argenton, the Lord of Linieres, the Lord of Montendre and divers other, also the viscount of Rochechouart and the Earl of Aunay; and of Burgoyne the Lord James of Beaujeu, the Lord de Chateau-Vilain and other: in another part there was the Earl of Ventadour and of Montpensier, the Lord James of Bourbon, the Lord John d'Artois and also the Lord James his brother, the Lord Arnold of Cervolles, called the archpriest, armed for the young Earl of Alen on; and of Auvergne there was the Lord of Merc eur, the Lord de la Tour, the Lord of Chalen on, the Lord of Montaigu, the Lord of Rochfort, the Lord d'Acier, the Lord d'Acon; and of Limousin there was the Lord de Melval, the Lord of Mareuil, the Lord of Pierrebuffiere; and of Picardy there was the Lord William of Nesle, the Lord Arnold of Rayneval, the Lord Geoffrey of Saint-Dizier, the Lord of Chauny, the Lord of Helly, the Lord of Montsault, the Lord of Hangest and divers other: and also in the king's battle there was the Earl Douglas of Scotland, who fought a season right valiantly, but when he saw the discomfiture, he departed and saved himself; for in no wise he would be taken of the Englishmen, he had rather been there

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slain. On the English part the Lord James Audley with the aid of his four squires fought always in the chief of the battle: he was sore hurt in the body and in the visage: as long as his breath served him he fought; at last at the end of the battle his four squires took and brought him out of the field and laid him under a hedge side for to refresh him; and they unarmed him and bound up his wounds as well as they could. On the French party King John was that day a full right good knight: if the fourth part of his men had done their devoirs as well as he did, the journey had been his by all likelihood. Howbeit they were all slain and taken that were there, except a few that saved themselves, that were with the king. There was slain the Duke Peter of Bourbon, the Lord Guichard of Beaujeu, the Lord of Landas, and the Duke of Athens, Constable of France, the Bishop of Chalons in Champagne, the Lord William of Nesle, the Lord Eustace of Ribemont, the Lord de la Tour, the Lord William of Montaigu, Sir Grismouton of Chambly, Sir Baudrin de la Heuse, and many other, as they fought by companies; and there were taken prisoners the Lord of Vaudenay, the Lord of Pompadour, and the archpriest, sore hurt, the Earl of Vaudimont, the Earl of Mons, the Earl of Joinville, the Earl of Vendome, Sir Louis of Melval, the Lord Pierrebuffiere and the Lord of Serignac: there were at that brunt slain and taken more than two hundred knights.

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Of two Frenchmen that fled from the Battle of Poitiers, and two Englishmen that followed them

AMONG the battles, recounterings, chases and pursuits that were made that day in the field, it fortun'd so to Sir Oudart of Renty that when he departed from the field because he saw the field was lost without recovery, he thought not to abide the danger of the Englishmen; wherefore he fled all alone and was gone out of the field a league, and an English knight pursued him and ever cried to him and said, "Return again, sir knight, it is a shame to fly away thus." Then the knight turned, and the English knight thought to have stricken him with his spear in the targe, but he failed, for Sir Oudart swerved aside from the stroke, but he failed not the English knight, for he strake him such a stroke on the helm with his sword, that he was astonied and fell from his horse to the earth and lay still. Then Sir Oudart alighted and came to him or he could rise, and said, "Yield you, rescue or no rescue, or else I shall slay you." The Englishman yielded and went with him, and afterward was ransomed. Also it fortun'd that another squire of Picardy called John de Hellenes was fled from the battle and met with his page, who delivered him a new fresh horse, whereon he rode away alone. The same season there was in the field the Lord Berkeley of England,

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a young lusty knight, who the same day had reared his banner, and he all alone pursued the said John of Hellenes. And when he had followed the space of a league, the said John turned again and laid his sword in the rest instead of a spear, and so came running toward the Lord Berkeley, who lift up his sword to have stricken the squire; but when he saw the stroke come he turned from it so that the Englishman lost his stroke and John strake him as he passed on the arm, that the Lord Berkeley's sword fell into the field. When he saw his sword down, he lighted suddenly off his horse and came to the place where his sword lay, and as he stooped down to take up his sword, the French squire did pike his sword at him, and by hap strake him through both the thighs, so that the knight fell to the earth and could not help himself. And John alighted off his horse and took the knight's sword that lay on the ground, and came to him and demanded if he would yield him or not. The knight then demanded his name. "Sir," said he, "I hight John of Hellenes; but what is your name?" "Certainly," said the knight, "my name is Thomas and am Lord of Berkeley, a fair castle on the river of Severn in the marches of Wales." "Well, sir," quoth the squire, "then ye shall be my prisoner, and I shall bring you in safeguard and I shall see that you shall be healed of your hurt." "Well," said the knight, "I am content to be your prisoner, for ye have by law of arms won

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me." There he sware to be his prisoner, rescue or no rescue. Then the squire drew forth the sword out of the knight's thighs and the wound was open: then he wrapped and bound the wound and set him on his horse and so brought him fair and easily to Chatelleraut, and there tarried more than fifteen days for his sake and did get him remedy for his hurt: and when he was somewhat amended, then he gat him a litter and so brought him at his ease to his house in Picardy. There he was more than a year till he was perfectly whole; and when he departed he paid for his ransom six thousand nobles, and so this squire was made a knight by reason of the profit that he had of the Lord Berkeley.

How King John was taken prisoner at the Battle of Poitiers

OFTENTIMES the adventures of amours and of war are more fortunate and marvellous than any man can think or wish. Truly this battle, the which was near to Poitiers in the fields of Beauvoir and Maupertuis, was right great and perilous, and many deeds of arms there was done the which all came not to knowledge. The fighters on both sides endured much pain: King John with his own hands did that day marvels in arms: he had an axe in his hands wherewith he defended himself and fought in the breaking of the press. Near to the king there was

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taken the Earl of Tancarville, Sir Jaques of Bourbon Earl of Ponthieu, and the Lord John of Artois Earl of Eu, and a little above that under the banner of the Captal of Buch was taken Sir Charles of Artois and divers other knights and squires. The chase endured to the gates of Poitiers: there were many slain and beaten down, horse and man, for they of Poitiers closed their gates and would suffer none to enter; wherefore in the street before the gate was horrible murder, men hurt and beaten down. The Frenchmen yielded themselves as far off as they might know an Englishman: there were divers English archers that had four, five or six prisoners: the Lord of Pons, a great baron of Poitou, was there slain, and many other knights and squires; and there was taken the Earl of Rochechouart, the Lord of Dammartin, the Lord of Partenay, and of Saintonge the Lord of Montendre and the Lord John of Saintré, but he was so sore hurt that he had never health after: he was reputed for one of the best knights in France. And there was left for dead among other dead men the Lord Guichard d'Angle, who fought that day by the king right valiantly, and so did the Lord of Charny, on whom was great press, because he bare the sovereign banner of the king's: his own banner was also in the field, the which was of gules, three scutcheons silver. So many Englishmen and Gascons came to that part, that perforce they opened the king's battle, so that the Frenchmen were so min-

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gled among their enemies that sometime there was five men upon one gentleman. There was taken the Lord of Pompadour and the Lord Bartholomew de Burghersh, and there was slain Sir Geoffrey of Charny with the king's banner in his hands: also the Lord Raynold Cobham slew the Earl of Dammartin. Then there was a great press to take the king, and such as knew him cried, "Sir, yield you, or else ye are but dead." There was a knight of Saint-Omer's, retained in wages with the King of England, called Sir Denis Morbeke, who had served the Englishmen five year before, because in his youth he had forfeited the realm of France for a murder that he did at Saint-Omer's. It happened so well for him, that he was next to the king when they were about to take him: he stepped forth into the press, and by strength of his body and arms he came to the French king and said in good French, "Sir, yield you." The king beheld the knight and said: "To whom shall I yield me? Where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? If I might see him, I would speak with him." Denis answered and said: "Sir, he is not here; but yield you to me and I shall bring you to him." "Who be you?" quoth the king. "Sir," quoth he, "I am Denis of Morbeke, a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England because I am banished the realm of France and I have forfeited all that I had there." Then the king gave him his right gauntlet, saying, "I yield me to you." There

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was a great press about the king, for every man enforced him to say, "I have taken him," so that the king could not go forward with his young son the Lord Philip with him because of the press.

The Prince of Wales, who was courageous and cruel as a lion, took that day great pleasure to fight and to chase his enemies. The Lord John Chandos, who was with him, of all that day never left him nor never took heed of taking of any prisoner: then at the end of the battle he said to the prince: "Sir, it were good that you rested here and set your banner a-high in this bush, that your people may draw hither, for they be sore spread abroad, nor I can see no more banners nor pennons of the French party; wherefore, sir, rest and refresh you, for ye be sore chafed." Then the prince's banner was set up a-high on a bush, and trumpets and clarions began to sown. Then the prince did off his bassenet, and the knights for his body and they of his chamber were ready about him, and a red pavilion pight up, and then drink was brought forth to the prince and for such lords as were about him, the which still increased as they came from the chase: there they tarried and their prisoners with them. And when the two marshals were come to the prince, he demanded of them if they knew any tidings of the French king. They answered and said: "Sir, we hear none of certainty, but we think verily he is other dead or taken, for he is not gone out of the battles." Then the prince said

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to the Earl of Warwick and to Sir Raynold Cobham: "Sirs, I require you go forth and see what ye can know, that at your return ye may show me the truth." These two lords took their horses and departed from the prince and rode up a little hill to look about them: then they perceived a flock of men of arms coming together right wearily: there was the French king afoot in great peril, for Englishmen and Gascons were his masters; they had taken him from Sir Denis Morbeke perforce, and such as were most of force said, "I have taken him;" "Nay," quoth another, "I have taken him:" so they strave which should have him. Then the French king, to eschew that peril, said: "Sirs, strive not: lead me courteously, and my son, to my cousin the prince, and strive not for my taking, for I am so great a lord to make you all rich." The king's words somewhat appeased them; howbeit ever as they went they made riot and brawled for the taking of the king. When the two foresaid lords saw and heard that noise and strife among them, they came to them and said: "Sirs, what is the matter that ye strive for?" "Sirs," said one of them, "it is for the French king, who is here taken prisoner, and there be more than ten knights and squires that challengeth the taking of him and of his son." Then the two lords entered into the press and caused every man to draw aback, and commanded them in the prince's name on pain of their heads to make no more noise nor to approach the

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king no nearer, without they were commanded. Then every man gave room to the lords, and they alighted and did their reverence to the king, and so brought him and his son in peace and rest to the Prince of Wales.

*Of the gift that the prince gave to the Lord Audley
after the Battle of Poitiers*

AS soon as the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Cobham were departed from the prince, as ye have heard before, then the prince demanded of the knights that were about him for the Lord Audley, if any knew anything of him. Some knights that were there answered and said: "Sir, he is sore hurt and lieth in a litter here beside." "By my faith," said the prince, "of his hurts I am right sorry: go and know if he may be brought hither, or else I will go and see him thereas he is." Then two knights came to the Lord Audley and said: "Sir, the prince desireth greatly to see you, other ye must go to him or else he will come to you." "Ah, sir," said the knight, "I thank the prince when he thinketh on so poor a knight as I am." Then he called eight of his servants and caused them to bear him in his litter to the place whereas the prince was. Then the prince took him in his arms and kissed him and made him great cheer and said: "Sir James, I ought greatly to honor you, for by your valiance ye have this day

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achieved the grace and renown of us all, and ye are reputed for the most valiant of all other." "Ah, sir," said the knight, "ye say as it pleaseth you: I would it were so: and if I have this day anything advanced myself to serve you and to accomplish the vow that I made, it ought not to be reputed to me an prowess." "Sir James," said the prince, "I and all ours take you in this journey for the best doer in arms, and to the intent to furnish you the better to pursue the wars, I retain you for ever to be my knight with five hundred marks of yearly revenues, the which I shall assign you on mine heritage in England." "Sir," said the knight, "God grant me to deserve the great goodness that ye show me:" and so he took his leave of the prince, for he was right feeble, and so his servants brought him to his lodging. And as soon as he was gone, the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Cobham returned to the prince and presented to him the French king. The prince made lowly reverence to the king and caused wine and spices to be brought forth, and himself served the king in sign of great love.

*How the Lord James Audley gave to his four squires
the five hundred marks of revenues that
the prince had given him*

WHEN Sir James Audley was brought to his lodging, then he sent for Sir Peter Audley his brother and for the Lord Bartholomew of Burg-

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hersh, the Lord Stephen of Cosington, the Lord of Willoughby and the Lord Ralph Ferrers, all these were of his lineage, and then he called before him his four squires, that had served him that day well and truly. Then he said to the said lords: "Sirs, it hath pleased my lord the prince to give me five hundred marks of revenues by years in heritage, for the which gift I have done him but small service with my body. Sirs, behold here these four squires, who hath always served me truly and specially this day: that honor that I have is by their valiantness. Wherefore I will reward them: I give and resign into their hands the gift that my lord the prince hath given me of five hundred marks of yearly revenues, to them and to their heirs for ever, in like manner as it was given me. I clearly disherit me thereof and inherit them without any repeal or condition." The lords and other that were there, every man beheld other and said among themselves: "It cometh of a great nobleness to give this gift." They answered him with one voice: "Sir, be it as God will; we shall bear witness in this behalf wheresoever we be come." Then they departed from him, and some of them went to the prince, who the same night would make a supper to the French king and to the other prisoners, for they had then enough to do withal, of that the Frenchmen brought with them, for the Englishmen wanted victual before, for some in three days had no bread before.

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*How the prince made a supper to the French king
the same day of the Battle*

THE same day of the battle at night the prince made a supper in his lodging to the French king and to the most part of the great lords that were prisoners. The prince made the king and his son, the Lord James of Bourbon, the Lord John d'Artois, the Earl of Tancarville, the Earl of Estampes, the Earl Dammartin, the Earl of Joinville and the Lord of Partenay to sit all at one board, and other lords, knights and squires at other tables; and always the prince served before the king as humbly as he could, and would not sit at the king's board for any desire that the king could make, but he said he was not sufficient to sit at the table with so great a prince as the king was. But then he said to the king: "Sir, for God's sake make none evil nor heavy cheer, though God this day did not consent to follow your will; for, sir, surely the king my father shall bear you as much honor and amity as he may do, and shall accord with you so reasonably that ye shall ever be friends together after. And, sir, methink ye ought to rejoice, though the journey be not as ye would have had it, for this day ye have won the high renown of prowess and have passed this day in valiantness all other of your party. Sir, I say not this to mark you, for all that be on our party, that saw

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every man's deeds, are plainly accorded by true sentence to give you the prize and chaplet." Therewith the Frenchmen began to murmur and said among themselves how the prince had spoken nobly, and that by all estimation he should prove a noble man, if God send him life and to persevere in such good fortune.

How the prince returned to Bordeaux after the Battle of Poitiers

WHEN supper was done, every man went to his lodging with their prisoners. The same night they put many to ransom and believed them on their faiths and troths, and ransomed them but easily, for they said they would set no knight's ransom so high, but that he might pay at his ease and maintain still his degree. The next day, when they had heard mass and taken some repast and that everything was trussed and ready, then they took their horses and rode toward Poitiers. The same night there was come to Poitiers the Lord of Roye with a hundred spears: he was not at the battle, but he met the Duke of Normandy near to Chauvigny, and the duke sent him to Poitiers to keep the town till they heard other tidings. When the Lord of Roye knew that the Englishmen were so near coming to the city, he caused every man to be armed and every man to go to his defence to the walls, towers and gates; and the En-

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glishmen passed by without any approaching, for they were so laded with gold, silver and prisoners, that in their returning they assaulted no fortress; they thought it a great deed if they might bring the French king, with their other prisoners and riches that they had won, in safeguard to Bordeaux. They rode but small journeys because of their prisoners and great carriages that they had: they rode in a day no more but four or five leagues and lodged ever betimes, and rode close together in good array saving the marshals' battles, who rode ever before with five hundred men of arms to open the passages as the prince should pass; but they found no encounters, for all the country was so frayed that every man drew to the fortresses.

As the prince rode, it was showed him how the Lord Audley had given to his four squires the gift of the five hundred marks that he had given unto him: then the prince sent for him and he was brought in his litter to the prince, who received him courteously and said: "Sir James, we have knowledge that the revenues that we gave you, as soon as ye came to your lodging, you gave the same to four squires: we would know why ye did so, and whether the gift was agreeable to you or not." "Sir," said the knight, "it is of truth I have given it to them, and I shall show you why I did so. These four squires that be here present have a long season served me well and truly in many great businesses, and, sir, in this last

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battle they served me in such wise that an they had never done else, I was bound to reward them, and before the same day they had never nothing of me in reward. Sir, I am but a man alone; but by the aid and comfort of them I took on me to accomplish my vow long before made. I had been dead in the battle an they had not been: wherefore, sir, when I considered the love that they bare unto me, I had not been courteous if I would not a rewarded them. I thank God I have had and shall have enough as long as I live: I will never be abashed for lack of good. Sir, if I have done this without your pleasure, I require you to pardon me, for, sir, both I and my squires shall serve you as well as ever we did." Then the prince said: "Sir James, for anything that ye have done I cannot blame you, but can you good thank therefor; and for the valiantness of these squires, whom ye praise so much, I accord to them your gift, and I will render again to you six hundred marks in like manner as ye had the other."

Thus the prince and his company did so much that they passed through Poitou and Saintonge without damage, and came to Blaye, and there passed the river of Gironde and arrived in the good city of Bordeaux. It cannot be recorded the great feast and cheer that they of the city with the clergy made to the prince, and how honorably they were there received. The prince brought the French king into the abbey of Saint Andrew's, and there they lodged

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both, the king in one part and the prince in the other. The prince bought of the lords, knights and squires of Gascoyne the most part of the earls of the realm of France, such as were prisoners, and paid ready money for them. There was divers questions and challenges made between the knights and squires of Gascoyne for taking of the French king; howbeit Denis Morbeke by right of arms and by true tokens that he showed challenged him for his prisoner. Another squire of Gascoyne called Bernard of Truttes said how he had right to him: there was much ado and many words before the prince and other lords that were there, and because these two challenged each other to fight in that quarrel, the prince caused the matter to rest till they came in England and that declaration should be made but afore the King of England his father; but because the French king himself aided to sustain the challenge of Denis Morbeke, for he inclined more to him than to any other, the prince therefore privily caused to be delivered to the said Sir Denis two thousand nobles to maintain withal his estate.

Anon after the prince came to Bordeaux, the Cardinal of Perigord came thither, who was sent from the pope in legation, as it was said. He was there more than fifteen days or the prince would speak with him because of the chatelain of Amposte and his men, who were against him in the battle of Poitiers. The prince believed that the cardinal sent

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them thither, but the cardinal did so much by the means of the Lord of Caumont, the Lord of Montferrand and the Captal of Buch, who were his cousins, they showed so great reasons to the prince, that he was content to hear him speak. And when he was before the prince, he excused himself so sagely that the prince and his council held him excused, and so he fell again into the prince's love and redeemed out his men by reasonable ransoms; and the chatelain was set to his ransom of ten thousand franks, the which he paid after. Then the cardinal began to treat on the deliverance of the French king, but I pass it briefly because nothing was done. Thus the prince, the Gascons and the Englishmen tarried still at Bordeaux till it was Lent in great mirth and revel, and spent foolishly the gold and silver that they had won. In England also there was great joy when they heard tidings of the battle of Poitiers, of the discomfiting of the Frenchmen and taking of the king: great solemnities were made in all churches and great fires and wakes throughout all England. The knights and squires, such as were come home from that journey, were much made of and praised more than other.

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How the prince conveyed the French king from Bordeaux into England

THE same winter the Prince of Wales and such of England as were with him at Bordeaux ordained for ships to convey the French king and his son and all other prisoners into England. And when the time of his departure approached, then he commanded the Lord d'Albret, the Lord of Mussidan, the Lord de Lesparre, the Lord of Pommiers and the Lord of Rauzan to keep the country there till his return again. Then he took the sea, and certain Lords of Gascoyne with him. The French king was in a vessel by himself, to be the more at his ease, accompanied with two hundred men of arms and two thousand archers; for it was showed the prince that the three estates by whom the realm of France was governed had laid in Normandy and Crotoy two great armies, to the intent to meet with him and to get the French king out of his hands, if they might; but there were no such that appeared, and yet they were on the sea eleven days, and on the twelfth day they arrived at Sandwich. Then they issued out of their ship and lay there all that night and tarried there two days to refresh them, and on the third day they rode to Canterbury. When the King of England knew of their coming, he commanded them of London to prepare them and their city to receive

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such a man as the French king was. Then they of London arrayed themselves by companies and the chief mesters [with] clothing different [each] from the other. At Saint Thomas of Canterbury the French king and the prince made their offerings and there tarried a day, and then rode to Rochester and tarried there that day, and the next day to Dartford and the fourth day to London, where they were honorably received, and so they were in every good town as they passed. The French king rode through London on a white courser well apparelled, and the prince on a little black hobby by him. Thus he was conveyed along the city, till he came to the Savoy, the which house pertained to the heritage of the Duke of Lancaster. There the French king kept his house a long season, and thither came to see him the king and the queen oftentimes and made him great feast and cheer. Anon after by the commandment of Pope Innocent the Sixth there came into England the Lord Talleyrand, Cardinal of Perigord, and the Lord Nicholas, Cardinal of Urgel: they treated for a peace between the two kings, but they could bring nothing to effect, but at last by good means they procured a truce between the two kings and all their assisters, to endure till the feast of Saint John the Baptist in the year of our Lord MCCCLIX.; and out of this truce was excepted the Lord Philip of Navarre and his allies, the Countess of Montfort and the Duchy of Bretayne. Anon after the French

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king was removed from the Savoy to the castle of Windsor, and all his household, and went a-hunting and a-hawking thereabout at his pleasure, and the Lord Philip his son with his: and all the other prisoners abode still at London and went to see the king at their pleasure and were received all only on their faiths.

How the Earl of Cambridge departed out of England to go into Portugal; and how the commons of England rebelled against the noblemen

IN the mean season while this treaty was, there fell in England great mischief and rebellion of moving of the common people, by which deed England was at a point to have been lost without recovery. There was never realm nor country in so great adventure as it was in that time, and all because of the ease and riches that the common people were of, which moved them to this rebellion, as sometime they did in France, the which did much hurt, for by such incidents the realm of France hath been greatly grieved.

It was a marvellous thing and of poor foundation that this mischief began in England, and to give ensample to all manner of people I will speak thereof as it was done, as I was informed, and of the incidents thereof. There was an usage in England, and yet is in divers countries, that the noblemen hath

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great franchise over the commons and keepeth them in servage, that is to say, their tenants ought by custom to labor the lords' lands, to gather and bring home their corns, and some to thresh and to fan, and by servage to make their hay and to hew their wood and bring it home. All these things they ought to do by servage, and there be more of these people in England than in any other realm. Thus the noblemen and prelates are served by them, and specially in the county of Kent, Essex, Sussex and Bedford. These unhappy people of these said countries began to stir, because they said they were kept in great servage, and in the beginning of the world, they said, there were no bondmen, wherefore they maintained that none ought to be bond, without he did treason to his lord, as Lucifer did to God; but they said they could have no such battle, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but men formed to the similitude of their lords, saying why should they then be kept so under like beasts; the which they said would no longer suffer, for they would be all one, and if they labored or did anything for their lords, they would have wages therefor as well as other. And of this imagination was a foolish priest in the country of Kent called John Ball, for the which foolish words he had been three times in the Bishop of Canterbury's prison: for this priest used oftentimes on the Sundays after mass, when the people were going out of the minster, to go into the cloister and preach, and

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made the people to assemble about him, and would say thus: "Ah, ye good people, the matters goeth not well to pass in England, nor shall not do till everything be common, and that there be no villains nor gentlemen, but that we may be all unied together, and that the lords be no greater masters than we be. What have we deserved, or why should we be kept thus in servage? We be all, from one father and one mother, Adam and Eve: whereby can they say or show that they be greater lords than we be, saving by that they cause us to win and labor for that they dispend? They are clothed in velvet and camel furred with grise, and we be vested with poor cloth: they have their wines, spices and good bread, and we have the drawing out of the chaff and drink water: they dwell in fair houses, and we have the pain and travail, rain and wind in the fields; and by that that cometh of our labors they keep and maintain their estates: we be called their bondmen, and without we do readily them service, we be beaten; and we have no sovereign to whom we may complain, nor that will hear us nor do us right. Let us go to the king, he is young, and show him what servage we be in, and show him how we will have it otherwise, or else we will provide us of some remedy; and if we go together, all manner of people that be now in any bondage will follow us to the intent to be made free; and when the king seeth us, we shall have some remedy, either by fairness or otherwise." Thus

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John Ball said on Sundays, when the people issued out of the churches in the villages; wherefore many of the mean people loved him, and such as intended to no goodness said how he said truth; and so they would murmur one with another in the fields and in the ways as they went together, affirming how John Ball said truth.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was informed of the saying of this John Ball, caused him to be taken and put in prison a two or three months to chastise him: howbeit, it had been much better at the beginning that he had been condemned to perpetual prison or else to have died, rather than to have suffered him to have been again delivered out of prison; but the bishop had conscience to let him die. And when this John Ball was out of prison, he returned again to his error, as he did before.

Of his words and deeds there were much people in London informed, such as had great envy at them that were rich and such as were noble; and then they began to speak among them and said how the realm of England was right evil governed, and how that gold and silver was taken from them by them that were named noblemen: so thus these unhappy men of London began to rebel and assembled them together, and sent word to the foresaid countries that they should come to London and bring their people with them, promising them how they should find London open to receive them and the commons of the city to

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be of the same accord, saying how they would do so much to the king that there should not be one bond-man in all England.

This promise moved so them of Kent, of Essex, of Sussex, of Bedford and of the countries about, that they rose and came toward London to the number of sixty thousand. They had a captain called Water Tyler, and with him in company was Jack Straw and John Ball: these three were chief sovereign captains, but the head of all was Water Tyler, and he was indeed a tiler of houses, an ungracious patron. When these unhappy men began thus to stir, they of London, except such as were of their band, were greatly affrayed. Then the Mayor of London and the rich men of the city took counsel together, and when they saw the people thus coming on every side, they caused the gates of the city to be closed and would suffer no man to enter into the city. But when they had well imagined, they advised not so to do, for they thought they should thereby put their suburbs in great peril to be brent; and so they opened again the city, and there entered in at the gates in some place a hundred, two hundred, by twenty and by thirty, and so when they came to London, they entered and lodged: and yet of truth the third part of these people could not tell what to ask or demand, but followed each other like beasts, as the shepherds did of old time, saying how they would go conquer the Holy Land, and at last all came to nothing. In like wise

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these villains and poor people came to London, a hundred mile off, sixty mile, fifty mile, forty mile and twenty mile off, and from all countries about London, but the most part came from the countries before named, and as they came they demanded ever for the king. The gentlemen of the countries, knights and squires, began to doubt, when they saw the people began to rebel; and though they were in doubt, it was good reason; for a less occasion they might have been affrayed. So the gentlemen drew together as well as they might.

The same day that these unhappy people of Kent were coming to London, there returned from Canterbury the king's mother, Princess of Wales, coming from her pilgrimage. She was in great jeopardy to have been lost, for these people came to her chare and dealt rudely with her, whereof the good lady was in great doubt lest they would have done some villany to her or to her damosels. Howbeit, God kept her, and she came in one day from Canterbury to London, for she never durst tarry by the way. The same time King Richard her son was at the Tower of London: there his mother found him, and with him there was the Earl of Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Robert of Namur, the Lord of Gommegnies and divers other, who were in doubt of these people that thus gathered together, and wist not what they demanded. This rebellion was well known in the king's court, or any of these people began to stir

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out of their houses; but the king nor his council did provide no remedy therefor, which was great marvel. And to the intent that all lords and good people and such as would nothing but good should take ensample to correct them that be evil and rebellious, I shall show you plainly all the matter, as it was.

The evil deeds that these commons of England did to the king's officers, and how they sent a knight to speak with the king

THE Monday before the feast of Corpus Christi the year of our Lord God a thousand three hundred and eighty-one these people issued out of their houses to come to London to speak with the king to be made free, for they would have had no bondman in England. And so first they came to Saint Thomas of Canterbury, and there John Ball had thought to have found the Bishop of Canterbury, but he was at London with the king. When Wat Tyler and Jack Straw entered into Canterbury, all the common people made great feast, for all the town was of their assent; and there they took counsel to go to London to the king, and to send some of their company over the river of Thames into Essex, into Sussex and into the counties of Stafford and Bedford, to speak to the people that they should all come to the further side of London and thereby to close London round about, so that the king should not stop their passages, and

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that they should all meet together on Corpus Christi day. They that were at Canterbury entered into Saint Thomas' Church and did there much hurt, and robbed and broke up the bishop's chamber, and in robbing and bearing out their pillage they said: "Ah, this chancellor of England hath had a good market to get together all this riches: he shall give us now account of the revenues of England and of the great profits that he hath gathered sith the king's coronation." When they had this Monday thus broken the Abbey of Saint Vincent, they departed in the morning and all the people of Canterbury with them, and so took the way to Rochester and sent their people to the villages about. And in their going they beat down and robbed houses of advocates and procurers of the king's court and of the archbishop, and had mercy on none. And when they were come to Rochester, they had there good cheer; for the people of that town tarried for them, for they were of the same sect, and then they went to the castle there and took the knight that had the rule thereof, he was called Sir John Newton, and they said to him: "Sir, it behoveth you to go with us and you shall be our sovereign captain and to do that we will have you." The knight excused himself honestly and showed them divers considerations and excuses, but all availed him nothing, for they said unto him: "Sir John, if ye do not as we will have you, ye are but dead." The knight, seeing these people in that fury

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and ready to slay him, he then doubted death and agreed to them, and so they took him with them against his inward will; and in like wise did they of other countries in England, as Essex, Sussex, Stafford, Bedford and Warwick, even to Lincoln; for they brought the knights and gentlemen into such obeisance, that they caused them to go with them, whether they would or not, as the Lord Moylays, a great baron, Sir Stephen of Hales and Sir Thomas of Cosington and other.

Now behold the great fortune. If they might have come to their intents, they would have destroyed all the noblemen of England, and thereafter all other nations would have followed the same and have taken foot and ensample by them and by them of Gaunt and Flanders, who rebelled against their lord. The same year the Parisians rebelled in like wise and found out the mallets of iron, of whom there were more than twenty thousand, as ye shall hear after in this history; but first we will speak of them of England.

When these people thus lodged at Rochester departed, and passed the river and came to Brentford, alway keeping still their opinions, beating down before them and all about the places and houses of advocates and procurers, and striking off the heads of divers persons. And so long they went forward till they came within a four mile of London, and there lodged on a hill called Blackheath; and as they went

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they said ever they were the king's men and the noble commons of England: and when they of London knew that they were come so near to them, the mayor, as ye have heard before, closed the gates and kept straitly all the passages. This order caused the mayor, who was called Nicholas Walworth, and divers other rich burgesses of the city, who were not of their sect; but there were in London of their unhappy opinions more than thirty thousand.

Then these people thus being lodged on Blackheath, determined to send their knight to speak with the king and to show him how all that they have done or will do is for him and his honor, and how the realm of England hath not been well governed a great space for the honor of the realm nor for the common profit by his uncles and by the clergy, and specially by the Archbishop of Canterbury his chancellor; whereof they would have account. This knight durst do none otherwise, but so came by the river of Thames to the Tower. The king and they that were with him in the Tower, desiring to hear tidings, seeing this knight coming made him way, and was brought before the king into a chamber; and with the king was the princess his mother and his two brethren, the Earl of Kent and the Lord John Holland, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord of Saint John's, Sir Robert of Namur, the Lord of Vertaing, the Lord of Gommeg-

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nies, Sir Henry of Senzeille, the Mayor of London and divers other notable burgesses. This knight Sir John Newton, who was well known among them, for he was one of the king's officers, he kneeled down before the king and said: "My right redoubted lord, let it not displease your grace the message that I must needs show you, for, dear sir, it is by force and against my will." "Sir John," said the king, "say what ye will: I hold you excused." "Sir, the commons of this your realm hath sent me to you to desire you to come and speak with them on Blackheath; for they desire to have none but you: and, sir, ye need not to have any doubt of your person, for they will do you no hurt; for they hold and will hold you for their king. But, sir, they say they will show you divers things, the which shall be right necessary for you to take heed of, when they speak with you; of the which things, sir, I have no charge to show you: but, sir, an it may please you to give me an answer such as may appease them and that they may know for truth that I have spoken with you; for they have my children in hostage till I return again to them, and without I return again, they will slay my children incontinent."

Then the king made him an answer and said: "Sir, ye shall have an answer shortly." Then the king took counsel what was best for him to do, and it was anon determined that the next morning the king should go down the river by water and without

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fail to speak with them. And when Sir John Newton heard that answer, he desired nothing else and so took his leave of the king and of the lords and returned again into his vessel, and passed the Thames and went to Blackheath, where he had left more than threescore thousand men. And there he answered them that the next morning they should send some of their council to the Thames, and there the king would come and speak with them. This answer greatly pleased them, and so passed that night as well as they might, and the fourth part of them fasted for lack of victual, for they had none, wherewith they were sore displeased, which was good reason.

All this season the Earl of Buckingham was in Wales, for there he had fair heritages by reason of his wife, who was daughter to the Earl of Northumberland and Hereford; but the voice was all through London how he was among these people. And some said certainly how they had seen him there among them; and all was because there was one Thomas in their company, a man of the county of Cambridge, that was very like the earl. Also the lords that lay at Plymouth to go into Portugal were well informed of this rebellion and of the people that thus began to rise; wherefore they doubted lest their viage should have been broken, or else they feared lest the commons about Hampton, Winchester and Arundel would have come on them: where-

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fore they weighed up their anchors and issued out of the haven with great pain, for the wind was sore against them, and so took the sea and there cast anchor abiding for the wind. And the Duke of Lancaster, who was in the marches of Scotland between Moorlane and Roxburgh entreating with the Scots, where it was showed him of the rebellion, whereof he was in doubt, for he knew well he was but little beloved with the commons of England; howbeit, for all those tidings, yet he did sagely demean himself as touching the treaty with the Scots. The Earl Douglas, the Earl of Moray, the Earl of Sutherland and the Earl Thomas Versy, and the Scots that were there for the treaty knew right well the rebellion in England, how the common people in every part began to rebel against the noblemen; wherefore the Scots thought that England was in great danger to be lost, and therefore in their treaties they were the more stiffer again the Duke of Lancaster and his council.

Now let us speak of the commons of England and how they persevered.

How the commons of England entered into London, and of the great evil that they did, and of the death of the Bishop of Canterbury and divers other

IN the morning on Corpus Christi day King Richard heard mass in the Tower of London, and

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all his lords, and then he took his barge with the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Oxford and certain knights, and so rowed down along the Thames to Rotherhithe, whereas was descended down the hill a ten thousand men to see the king and to speak with him. And when they saw the king's barge coming, they began to shout, and made such a cry, as though all the devils of hell had been among them. And they had brought with them Sir John Newton to the intent that, if the king had not come, they would have stricken him all to pieces, and so they had promised him. And when the king and his lords saw the demeanor of the people, the best assured of them were in dread; and so the king was counselled by his barons not to take any landing there, but so rowed up and down the river. And the king demanded of them what they would, and said how he was come thither to speak with them, and they said all with one voice: "We would that ye should come aland, and then we shall show you what we lack." Then the Earl of Salisbury answered for the king and said: "Sirs, ye be not in such order nor array that the king ought to speak with you." And so with those words no more said: and then the king was counselled to return again to the Tower of London, and so he did.

And when these people saw that, they were inflamed with ire and returned to the hill where the great band was, and there showed them what answer

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they had and how the king was returned to the Tower of London. Then they cried all with one voice: "Let us go to London," and so they took their way thither; and in their going they beat down abbeys and houses of advocates and of men of the court, and so came into the suburbs of London, which were great and fair, and there beat down divers fair houses, and specially they broke up the king's prisons, as the Marshalsea and other, and delivered out all the prisoners that were within: and there they did much hurt, and at the bridge foot they threat them of London because the gates of the bridge were closed, saying how they would bren all the suburbs and so conquer London by force, and to slay and bren all the commons of the city. There were many within the city of their accord, and so they drew together and said: "Why do we not let these good people enter into the city? They are our fellows, and that that they do is for us." So therewith the gates were opened, and then these people entered into the city and went into houses and sat down to eat and drink. They desired nothing but it was incontinent brought to them, for every man was ready to make them good cheer and to give them meat and drink to appease them.

Then the captains, as John Ball, Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, went throughout London and a twenty thousand with them, and so came to the Savoy in the way to Westminster, which was a goodly house and it pertained to the Duke of Lancaster. And when

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they entered, they slew the keepers thereof and robbed and piled the house, and when they had so done, then they set fire on it and clean destroyed and brent it. And when they had done that outrage, they left not therewith, but went straight to the fair hospital of the Rhodes called Saint John's, and there they brent house, hospital, minster and all. Then they went from street to street and slew all the Flemings that they could find in church or in any other place, there was none respited from death. And they broke up divers houses of the Lombards and robbed them and took their goods at their pleasure, for there was none that durst say them nay. And they slew in the city a rich merchant called Richard Lyon, to whom before that time Wat Tyler had done service in France; and on a time this Richard Lyon had beaten him, while he was his varlet, which Wat Tyler then remembered, and so came to his house and struck off his head and caused it to be borne on a spear-point before him all about the city. Thus these ungracious people demeaned themselves like people enraged and wood, and so that day they did much sorrow in London.

And so against night they went to lodge at Saint Katherine's before the Tower of London, saying how they would never depart thence till they had the king at their pleasure and till he had accorded to them all [they would ask, and] that they would ask accounts of the chancellor of England, to know where

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all the good was become that he had levied through the realm, and without he made a good account to them thereof, it should not be for his profit. And so when they had done all these evils to the strangers all the day, at night they lodged before the Tower.

Ye may well know and believe that it was great pity for the danger that the king and such as were with him were in. For some time these unhappy people shouted and cried so loud, as though all the devils of hell had been among them. In this evening the king was counselled by his brethren and lords and by Sir Nicholas Walworth, mayor of London, and divers other notable and rich burgesses, that in the night time they should issue out of the Tower and enter into the city, and so to slay all these unhappy people, while they were at their rest and asleep; for it was thought that many of them were drunken, whereby they should be slain like flies; also of twenty of them there was scant one in harness. And surely the good men of London might well have done this at their ease, for they had in their houses secretly their friends and servants ready in harness, and also Sir Robert Knolles was in his lodging keeping his treasure with a sixscore ready at his commandment; in likewise was Sir Perducas d'Albret, who was as then in London, insomuch that there might well [have] assembled together an eight thousand men ready in harness. Howbeit, there was nothing done, for the residue of the commons of the city were sore doubted,

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lest they should rise also, and the commons before were a threescore thousand or more. Then the Earl of Salisbury and the wise men about the king said: "Sir, if ye can appease them with fairness, it were best and most profitable, and to grant them everything that they desire, for if we should begin a thing which we could not achieve, we should never recover it again, but we and our heirs ever to be disherited." So this counsel was taken and the mayor countermanded, and so commanded that he should not stir; and he did as he was commanded, as reason was. And in the city with the mayor there were twelve aldermen, whereof nine of them held with the king and the other three took part with these ungracious people, as it was after well known, which they full dearly bought.

And on the Friday in the morning the people, being at Saint Katherine's near to the Tower, began to apparel themselves and to cry and shout, and said, without the king would come out and speak with them, they would assail the Tower and take it by force, and slay all them that were within. Then the king doubted these words and so was counselled that he should issue out to speak with them: and then the king sent to them that they should all draw to a fair plain place called Mile-end, whereas the people of the city did sport them in the summer season, and there the king to grant them that they desired; and there it was cried in the king's name, that whosoever

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would speak with the king let him go to the said place, and there he should not fail to find the king. Then the people began to depart, specially the commons of the villages, and went to the same place: but all went not thither, for they were not all of one condition; for there were some that desired nothing but riches and the utter destruction of the noblemen and to have London robbed and pillaged; that was the principal matter of their beginning, which they well showed; for as soon as the Tower gate opened and that the king was issued out with his two brethren and the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Robert of Namur, the Lord of Vertaing, the Lord Gommegnies and divers other, then Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and John Ball and more than four hundred entered into the Tower and broke up chamber after chamber, and at last found the Archbishop of Canterbury, called Simon, a valiant man and a wise, and chief chancellor of England, and a little before he had said mass before the king. These gluttons took him and struck off his head, and also they beheaded the Lord of Saint John's and a friar minor, master in medicine, pertaining to the Duke of Lancaster, they slew him in despite of his master, and a sergeant-at-arms called John Leg; and these four heads were set on four long spears and they made them to be borne before them through the streets of London and at last set them a-high on London bridge, as though they had been traitors to the

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king and to the realm. Also these gluttons entered into the princess' chamber and broke her bed, whereby she was so sore afraid that she swooned; and there she was taken up and borne to the water side and put into a barge and covered, and so conveyed to a place called the Queen's Wardrobe; and there she was all that day and night like a woman half dead, till she was comforted with the king her son, as ye shall hear after.

How the Nobles of England were in great peril to have been destroyed, and how these Rebels were punished and sent home to their own houses

WHEN the king came to the said place of Mile-end without London, he put out of his company his two brethren, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, and the Lord of Gommegnies, for they durst not appear before the people: and when the king and his other lords were there, he found there a three-score thousand men of divers villages and of sundry countries in England; so the king entered in among them and said to them sweetly: "Ah, ye good people, I am your king: what lack ye? what will ye say?" Then such as understood him said: "We will that ye make us free for ever, ourselves, our heirs and our lands, and that we be called no more bond nor so reputed." "Sirs," said the king, "I am well agreed thereto. Withdraw you home into your own houses

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and into such villages as ye came from, and leave behind you of every village two or three, and I shall cause writings to be made and seal them with my seal, which they shall have with them, containing everything that ye demand; and to the intent that ye shall be the better assured, I shall cause my banners to be delivered into every bailiwick, shire and countries."

These words appeased well the common people, such as were simple and good plain men, that were come thither and wist not why. They said: "It was well said, we desire no better." Thus these people began to be appeased and began to withdraw them into the city of London. And the king also said a word, which greatly contented them. He said: "Sirs, among you good men of Kent ye shall have one of my banners with you, and ye of Essex another, and ye of Sussex, of Bedford, of Cambridge, of Yarmouth, of Stafford, and of Lynn, each of you one; and also I pardon everything that ye have done hitherto, so that ye follow my banners and return home to your houses." They all answered how they would so do: thus these people departed and went into London. Then the king ordained more than thirty clerks the same Friday, to write with all diligence letter patents and sealed with the king's seal, and delivered them to these people; and when they had received the writing, they departed and returned into their own countries: but the great venom remained still behind, for

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Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball said, for all that these people were thus appeased, yet they would not depart so, and they had of their accord more than thirty thousand. So they abode still and made no press to have the king's writing nor seal, for all their intents was to put the city to trouble in such wise as to slay all the rich and honest persons and to rob and pill their houses. They of London were in great fear of this, wherefore they kept their houses privily with their friends and such servants as they had, every man according to his puissance. And when these said people were this Friday thus somewhat appeased, and that they should depart as soon as they had their writings, every man home into his own country, then King Richard came into the Royal, where the queen his mother was, right sore affrayed: so he comforted her as well as he could and tarried there with her all that night.

Yet I shall show you of an adventure that fell by these ungracious people before the city of Norwich, by a captain among them called Guillian Lister of Stafford. The same day of Corpus Christi that these people entered into London and brent the Duke of Lancaster's house, called the Savoy, and the hospital of Saint John's and broke up the king's prisons and did all this hurt, as ye have heard before, the same time there assembled together they of Stafford, of Lynn, of Cambridge, of Bedford and of Yarmouth; and as they were coming toward London, they had a

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captain among them called Lister. And as they came, they rested them before Norwich, and in their coming they caused every man to rise with them, so that they left no villains behind them. The cause why they rested before Norwich I shall show you. There was a knight, captain of the town, called Sir Robert Sale. He was no gentleman born, but he had the grace to be reputed sage and valiant in arms, and for his valiantness King Edward made him knight. He was of his body one of the biggest knights in all England. Lister and his company thought to have had this knight with them and to make him their chief captain, to the intent to be the more feared and beloved: so they sent to him that he should come and speak with them in the field, or else they would burn the town. The knight considered that it was better for him to go and speak with them rather than they should do that outrage to the town: then he mounted on his horse and issued out of the town all alone, and so came to speak with them. And when they saw him, they made him great cheer and honored him much, desiring him to alight off his horse and to speak with them, and so he did: wherein he did great folly; for when he was alighted, they came round about him and began to speak fair to him and said: "Sir Robert, ye are a knight and a man greatly beloved in this country and renowned a valiant man; and though ye be thus, yet we know you well, ye be no gentleman born, but son to a villain such as we be.

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Therefore come you with us and be our master, and we shall make you so great a lord, that one-quarter of England shall be under your obeisance." When the knight heard them speak thus, it was greatly contrarious to his mind, for he thought never to make any such bargain, and answered them with a felonous regard: "Fly away, ye ungracious people, false and evil traitors that ye be: would you that I should forsake my natural lord for such a company of knaves as ye be, to my dishonor for ever? I had rather ye were all hanged, as ye shall be; for that shall be your end." And with those words he had thought to have leaped again upon his horse, but he failed of the stirrup and the horse started away. Then they cried all at him and said: "Slay him without mercy." When he heard those words, he let his horse go and drew out a good sword and began to scrimmish with them, and made a great place about him, that it was pleasure to behold him. There was none that durst approach near him: there were some that approached near him, but at every stroke that he gave he cut off other leg, head or arm: there was none so hardy but that they feared him: he did there such deeds of arms that it was marvel to regard. But there were more than forty thousand of these unhappy people: they shot and cast at him, and he was unarmed: to say truth, if he had been of iron or steel, yet he must needs have been slain; but yet, or he died, he slew twelve out of hand, beside them that he hurt. Fi-

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nally he was stricken to the earth, and they cut off his arms and legs and then struck his body all to pieces. This was the end of Sir Robert Sale, which was great damage; for which deed afterward all the knights and squires of England were angry and sore displeased when they heard thereof.

Now let us return to the king. The Saturday the king departed from the Wardrobe in the Royal and went to Westminster and heard mass in the church there, and all his lords with him. And beside the church there was a little chapel with an image of our Lady, which did great miracles and in whom the kings of England had ever great trust and confidence. The king made his orisons before this image and did there his offering; and then he leaped on his horse, and all his lords, and so the king rode toward London; and when he had ridden a little way, on the left hand there was a way to pass without London.

The same proper morning Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball had assembled their company to common together in a place called Smithfield, whereas every Friday there is a market of horses; and there were together all of affinity more than twenty thousand, and yet there were many still in the town, drinking and making merry in the taverns and paid nothing, for they were happy that made them best cheer. And these people in Smithfield had with them the king's banners, which were delivered them the day before, and all these gluttons were

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in mind to overrun and to rob London the same day; for their captains said how they had done nothing as yet. "These liberties that the king hath given us is to us but a small profit: therefore let us be all of one accord and let us overrun this rich and puissant city, or they of Essex, of Sussex, of Cambridge, of Bedford, of Arundel, of Warwick, of Reading, of Oxford, of Guildford, of Lynn, of Stafford, of Yarmouth, of Lincoln, of York, and of Durham do come hither. For all these will come hither; Baker and Lister will bring them hither; and if we be first lords of London and have the possession of the riches that is therein, we shall not repent us; for if we leave it, they that come after will have it from us."

To this counsel they all agreed; and therewith the king came the same way unware of them, for he thought to have passed that way without London, and with him a forty horse. And when he came before the abbey of Saint Bartholomew and beheld all these people, then the king rested and said how he would go no further till he knew what these people ailed, saying, if they were in any trouble, how he would rappease them again. The lords that were with him tarried also, as reason was when they saw the king tarry. And when Wat Tyler saw the king tarry, he said to his people: "Sirs, yonder is the king: I will go and speak with him. Stir not from hence, without I make you a sign; and when I make you that sign, come on and slay all them except the king;

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but do the king no hurt, he is young, we shall do with him as we list and shall lead him with us all about England, and so shall we be lords of all the realm without doubt." And there was a doublet-maker of London called John Tyle, and he had brought to these gluttons a sixty doublets, which they ware: then he demanded of these captains who should pay him for his doublets; he demanded thirty mark. Wat Tyler answered him and said: "Friend, appease yourself, thou shalt be well paid or this day be ended. Keep thee near me; I shall be thy creditor." And therewith he spurred his horse and departed from his company and came to the king, so near him that his horse head touched the croup of the king's horse, and the first word that he said was this: "Sir king, seest thou all yonder people?" "Yea truly," said the king, "wherefore sayest thou?" "Because," said he, "they be all at my commandment and have sworn to me faith and truth, to do all that I will have them." "In a good time," said the king, "I will well it be so." Then Wat Tyler said, as he that nothing demanded but riot: "What believest thou, king, that these people and as many more as be in London at my commandment, that they will depart from thee thus without having thy letters?" "No," said the king, "ye shall have them: they be ordained for you and shall be delivered every one each after other. Wherefore, good fellows, withdraw fair and easily to your people and cause them to depart out of London; for it is our

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intent that each of you by villages and townships shall have letters patents, as I have promised you."

With those words Wat Tyler cast his eye on a squire that was there with the king bearing the king's sword, and Wat Tyler hated greatly the same squire, for the same squire had displeased him before for words between them. "What," said Tyler, "art thou there? Give me thy dagger." "Nay," said the squire, "that will I not do: wherefore should I give it thee?" The king beheld the squire and said: "Give it him; let him have it." And so the squire took it him sore against his will. And when this Wat Tyler had it, he began to play therewith and turned it in his hand, and said again to the squire: "Give me also that sword." "Nay," said the squire, "it is the king's sword: thou art not worthy to have it, for thou art but a knave; and if there were no more here but thou and I, thou durst not speak those words for as much gold in quantity as all yonder abbey. "By my faith," said Wat Tyler, "I shall never eat meat till I have thy head." And with those words the mayor of London came to the king with a twelve horses well armed under their coats, and so he broke the press and saw and heard how Wat demeaned himself, and said to him: "Ha, thou knave, how art thou so hardy in the king's presence to speak such words? It is too much for thee so to do." Then the king began to chafe and said to the mayor: "Set hands on him." And while the king said so, Tyler said to the mayor: "A God's

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name what have I said to displease thee?" "Yes truly," quoth the mayor, "thou false stinking knave, shalt thou speak thus in the presence of the king my natural lord? I commit never to live, without thou shalt dearly abye it. And with those words the mayor drew out his sword and struck Tyler so great a stroke on the head, that he fell down at the feet of his horse, and as soon as he was fallen, they environed him all about, whereby he was not seen of his company. Then a squire of the king's alighted, called John Standish, and he drew out his sword and put it into Wat Tyler's belly, and so he died.

Then the ungracious people there assembled, perceiving their captain slain, began to murmur among themselves and said: "Ah, our captain is slain, let us go and slay them all." And therewith they arranged themselves on the place in manner of battle, and their bows before them. Thus the king began a great outrage; howbeit, all turned to the best: for as soon as Tyler was on the earth, the king departed from all his company and all alone he rode to these people, and said to his own men: "Sirs, none of you follow me; let me alone." And so when he came before these ungracious people, who put themselves in ordinance to revenge their captain, then the king said to them: "Sirs, what aileth you? Ye shall have no captain but me: I am your king: be all in rest and peace." And so the most part of the people that heard the king speak and saw him among them, were

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shamefast and began to wax peaceable and to depart; but some, such as were malicious and evil, would not depart, but made semblant as though they would do somewhat.

Then the king returned to his own company and demanded of them what was best to be done. Then he was counselled to draw into the field, for to fly away was no boot. Then said the mayor: "It is good that we do so, for I think surely we shall have shortly some comfort of them of London and of such good men as be of our part, who are purveyed and have their friends and men ready armed in their houses." And in the meantime voice and bruit ran through London how these unhappy people were likely to slay the king and the mayor in Smithfield; through which noise all manner of good men of the king's party issued out of their houses and lodgings well armed, and so came all to Smithfield and to the field where the king was, and they were anon to the number of seven or eight thousand men well armed. And first thither came Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Perducas d'Albret, well accompanied, and divers of the aldermen of London, and with them a six hundred men in harness, and a puissant man of the city, who was the king's draper, called Nicholas Bramber, and he brought with him a great company; and ever as they came, they ranged them afoot in order of battle: and on the other part these unhappy people were ready ranged, making semblance to give battle, and

Great Men and Famous Deeds

they had with them divers of the king's banners. There the king made three knights, the one the mayor of London Sir Nicholas Walworth, Sir John Standish, and Sir Nicholas Bramber. Then the lords said among themselves: "What shall we do? We see here our enemies, who would gladly slay us, if they might have the better hand of us." Sir Robert Knolles counselled to go and fight with them and slay them all; yet the king would not consent thereto, but said: "Nay, I will not so: I will send to them commanding them to send me again my banners, and thereby we shall see what they will do. Howbeit, other by fairness or otherwise, I will have them." "That is well said, sir," quoth the Earl of Salisbury. Then these new knights were sent to them, and these knights made token to them not to shoot at them, and when they came so near them that their speech might be heard, they said: "Sirs, the king commandeth you to send to him again his banners, and we think he will have mercy of you." And incontinent they delivered again the banners and sent them to the king. Also they were commanded on pain of their heads, that all such as had letters of the king to bring them forth and to send them again to the king; and so many of them delivered their letters, but not all. Then the king made them to be all to-torn in their presence; and as soon as the king's banners were delivered again, these unhappy people kept none array, but the most part of them did cast down their bows, and so

The Chronicles of Froissart

broke their array and returned into London. Sir Robert Knolles was sore displeased in that he might not go to slay them all: but the king would not consent thereto, but said he would be revenged of them well enough; and so he was after.

Thus these foolish people departed, some one way and some another; and the king and his lords and all his company right ordinately entered into London with great joy. And the first journey that the king made he went to the lady princess his mother, who was in a castle in the Royal called the Queen's Wardrobe, and there she had tarried two days and two nights right sore abashed, as she had good reason; and when she saw the king her son, she was greatly rejoiced and said: "Ah, fair son, what pain and great sorrow that I have suffered for you this day!" Then the king answered and said: "Certainly, madam, I know it well; but now rejoice yourself and thank God, for now it is time. I have this day recovered mine heritage and the realm of England, which I had near lost." Thus the king tarried that day with his mother, and every lord went peaceably to their own lodgings. Then there was a cry made in every street in the king's name, that all manner of men, not being of the city of London and have not dwelt there the space of one year, to depart; and if any such be found there the Sunday by the sun-rising, that they should be taken as traitors to the king and to lose their heads. This cry thus made, there was none that

Great Men and Famous Deeds

durst brake it, and so all manner of people departed and sparkled abroad every man to their own places. John Ball and Jack Straw were found in an old house hidden, thinking to have stolen away, but they could not, for they were accused by their own men. Of the taking of them the king and his lords were glad, and then struck off their heads and Wat Tyler's also, and they were set on London bridge, and the valiant men's heads taken down that they had set on the Thursday before. These tidings anon spread abroad, so that the people of the strange countries, which were coming toward London, returned back again to their own houses and durst come no further.

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And, taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'ards Agincourt
In happy hour,
(Skirmishing day by day,
With those oppose his way)
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then :
Though they to one be ten,
 Be not amazed !
Yet have we well begun ;
Battles so bravely won,
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

And for myself (quoth he) —
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me ;—
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain :
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopp'd the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vanward led,

Ballad of Agincourt

With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen.
Exceter had the rear,
A braver man not there—
O Lord! how hot they were,
 On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone:
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan—
 To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake—
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which didst the signal aim
 To our hid forces—
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather—

Great Men and Famous Deeds

None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms from the shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Into the host did fling,
As to o'erwhelm it,
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruisèd his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,

Flodden

Though but a maiden knight
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrars and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen,
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?
—*M. Drayton*

FLODDEN

NEXT morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power
Encamped on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked: at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
 Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For flashing on the hedge of spears
 The eastern sunbeam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel bridge.
 High sight it is and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile;
 Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorne-tree,
 Troop after troop are disappearing;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,

Flodden

Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn to many a trumpet clang,
Twisel! thy rocks deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry "Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn!
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden hill.

.
"But see! look up—on Flodden bent
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.

Flodden

They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness naught descry.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And first the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But naught distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high

Great Men and Famous Deeds

They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white
And Edmund Howard's lion bright
Still bear them bravely in the fight:

Although against them come
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
'And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain: but Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!

A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:

Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, forced back, now low, now high,
The pennon sank and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,

Flodden

When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.

.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their King,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
Where's now their victor vaward wing,
Where Huntly, and where Home?
O for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come,
When Roland brave, and Olivier,
And every paladin and peer,
On Roncesvalles died!
Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
To quit the plunder of the slain,
And turn the doubtful day again,
While yet on Flodden side
Afar the Royal Standard flies,
And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies
Our Caledonian pride!

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep

Great Men and Famous Deeds

That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves from wasted lands
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field, as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds
 blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band
Disordered through her currents dash,

The Armada

To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to town and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

—*Scott*

THE ARMADA

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble Eng-
land's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in
ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in
vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of
Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to
Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond
Aurigny's isle,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many
a mile.

At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial
grace;

And the tall "Pinta," till the noon, had held her close
in chase.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the
wall;

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's
lofty hall;

Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the
coast,

And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland
many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff
comes;

Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound
the drums;

His yeomen round the market cross make clear an
ample space;

For there behooves him to set up the standard of Her
Grace.

And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gayly dance
the bells,

As slow upon the laboring wind the royal blazon
swells.

Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient
crown,

The Armada

And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies
down!

So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed
Picard field,

Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's
eagle shield.

So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned
to bay,

And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely
hunters lay.

Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter
flowers, fair maids:

Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw
your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously: ye breezes, waft her
wide;

Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that ban-
ner's massy fold;

The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty
scroll of gold;

Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple
sea,

Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again
shall be.

From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to
Milford Bay,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the
day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-
flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone: it shone on
Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each south-
ern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling
points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering
waves:
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's
sunless caves!
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the
fiery herald flew:
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers
of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out
from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on
Clifton down;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the
night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of
blood-red light:
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like
silence broke,

The Armada

And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city
 woke.

At once on all her stately gates arose the answering
 fires;

At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling
 spires;

From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the
 voice of fear;

And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a
 louder cheer;

And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of
 hurrying feet,

And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed
 down each roaring street;

And broader still became the blaze, and louder still
 the din,

As fast from every village round the horse came
 spurring in.

And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the
 warlike errand went,

And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant
 squires of Kent.

Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those
 bright couriers forth;

High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they
 started for the north;

And on, and on, without a pause, untired they
 bounded still:

Great Men and Famous Deeds

All night from tower to tower they sprang; they
sprang from hill to hill:
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's
rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills
of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's
lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's
crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's
stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the
boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln
sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale
of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's em-
battled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers
of Carlisle.

—*Macaulay*

THE FIGHT ABOUT THE ISLES OF AZORES

BY THE HONORABLE SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT

BECAUSE the rumors are diversely spread, as well in England as in the Low Countries and elsewhere, of this late encounter between her Majesty's ships and the Armada of Spain; and that the Spaniards, according to their usual manner, fill the world with their vain-glorious vaunts, making great appearance of victories when, on the contrary, themselves are most commonly and shamefully beaten and dishonored; it is agreeable with all good reason, for manifestation of the truth, to overcome falsehood and untruth, that the beginning, continuance, and success of this late honorable encounter of Sir Richard Grenville and other her Majesty's Captains with the Armada of Spain should be truly set down and published without partiality or false imaginations. And it is no marvel that the Spaniard should seek by false and slanderous pamphlets, advisoes, and letters, to cover their own loss, and to derogate from others their due honors, especially in this fight performed far off; seeing they were not ashamed in the year 1588, when they proposed the invasion of this land, to publish in sundry languages in print great vic-

Great Men and Famous Deeds

tories in words, which they pleaded to have obtained against this realm, and spread the same in a most false sort over all parts of France, Italy, and elsewhere. When shortly after, it was happily manifested in very deed to all nations how their navy, which they termed invincible, consisting of one hundred and forty sail of ships, not only of their own kingdom but strengthened with the greatest argosies—Portugal caracks, Florentines, and huge hulks of other countries—were by thirty of her Majesty's own ships of war, and a few of our own merchants, by the wise, valiant, and advantageous conduct of the Lord Charles Howard, high Admiral of England, beaten and shuffled together, even from the Lizard in Cornwall, first to Portland, where they shamefully left Don Pedro de Valdes with his mighty ship; from Portland to Calais, where they lost Hugo de Moncado with the galleys of which he was captain; and from Calais, driven with squibs from their anchors, were chased out of the sight of England, round about Scotland and Ireland. Where for the sympathy of their religion hoping to find succor and assistance, a great part of them were crushed against the rocks, and those other that landed, being very many in number, were, notwithstanding, broken, slain, and taken, and so sent from village to village, coupled in halters, to be shipped into England. Where her Majesty, of her princely disposition, disdaining to put them to death, and scorning either to retain or entertain them, sent

The Fight About the Isles of Azores

them all back again to their countries, to witness and recount the worthy achievements of their invincible and dreadful navy: of which the number of soldiers, the fearful burthen of their ships, the commanders' names of every squadron, with all their magazines of provisions, were put in print as an army and navy unresistible, and disdaining prevention. With all which so great and terrible an ostentation, they did not in all their sailing round about England so much as sink, or take, one ship, bark, pinnace, or cockboat of ours, or ever burned so much as one sheepcote of this land. Whenas, on the contrary, Sir Francis Drake with only eight hundred soldiers not long before landed in their Indies and forced Sant-Iago, Santo Domingo, Carthagena, and the forts of Florida. And after that, Sir John Norris marched from Peniche in Portugal with a handful of soldiers to the gates of Lisbon, being above forty English miles. Where the Earl of Essex himself and other valiant gentlemen braved the city of Lisbon, encamped at the very gates; from whence, after many days' abode, they made retreat by land, in despite of all their garrisons, both of horse and foot.

In this sort I have a little digressed from my first purpose only by the necessary comparison of their and our actions; the one covetous of honor without vaunt of ostentation; the other so greedy to purchase the opinion of their own affairs, and by false rumors to resist the blasts of their own dishonors, that they

Great Men and Famous Deeds

will not only not blush to spread all manner of untruths, but even for the least advantage, be it but for the taking of one poor adventurer of the English, will celebrate the victory with bonfires in every town—always spending more in fagots than the purchase was worth they obtained. Whenas we never thought it worth the consumption of two billets, when we have taken eight or ten of their Indian ships at one time, and twenty of the Brazil fleet. Such is the difference between true valor and ostentation, and between honorable actions and frivolous, vain-glorious vaunts. But now to return to my purpose.

The Lord Thomas Howard with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark "Raleigh," and two or three other pinnaces riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada. Which Middleton, being in a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news than the fleet was in sight. Many of our ships' companies were on shore; some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. By reason whereof our ships were all pestered, and

The Fight About the Isles of Azores

rummaging everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one-half part of the men of every ship sick and utterly unserviceable: for in the "Revenge" there were ninety diseased; in the "Bonaventure" not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. The rest, for the most part, were in little better state. The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the "Defiance," which was admiral; the "Revenge," vice-admiral; the "Bonaventure," commanded by Captain Crosse; the "Lion," by George Fenner; the "Foresight," by M. Thomas Vavasour; and the "Crane," by Duffield. The "Foresight" and the "Crane" being but small ships: only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the bark "Raleigh," commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand that our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed—to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas, with the rest, very hardly recovered the wind: which Sir Richard Grenville, not being able to do, was persuaded by the master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship; for the squadron of Seville were

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on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonor himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff and fell under the lee of the "Revenge." But the other course had been the better, and might right well have answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing. Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded. In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great "San Philip" being in the wind of him and coming toward him, becalmed his sails in such sort that the ship could neither make way nor feel the helm—so huge and high was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. Who after laid the "Revenge" aboard. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee, luffing up, also laid him aboard. The said "Philip" carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase, besides those of her stern ports.

After the "Revenge" was entangled with this "Philip," four others boarded her, two on her larboard and two on her starboard. The fight, beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon continued

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very terrible all that evening. But the great "San-Philip" having received the lower tier of the "Revenge," discharged with a cross bar-shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we can not report it for truth unless we are assured. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the "Revenge," and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers, but were repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. In the beginning of the fight, the "George Noble" of London having received some shot through her from the Armada, fell under the lee of the "Revenge," and asked Sir Richard what he would command her, being one of the victuallers and of small force. Sir Richard bade her save herself and leave him to his fortune. After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain or hurt, and one of the greatest galleons of the Armada and the admiral of the hulks both sank: and in many

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other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the "Revenge's" own company, brought home in a ship of Lime from the islands (examined by some of the lords and others), affirmed that he was never so wounded as to forsake the upper deck till an hour before midnight: and then being shot into the body with a musket, as he was a-dressing, he was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon was wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship being returned, which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of her Majesty's privy chamber.

But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the "Revenge," as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places (she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her) so that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment, that they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For

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none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the "Pilgrim," commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success; but in the morning, bearing with the "Revenge," was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the "Revenge," to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and fourscore and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those hundred all was sustained—the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron: all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons: the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed, and in effect evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overboard either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen

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several armadas (all by turns aboard him) and by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries; and finding himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him (the "Revenge" not able to move one way or the other, but as she was moved with the waves and billows of the sea), commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards—seeing in so many hours' fight and with so great a navy they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty and three sail of men-of-war to perform it withal—and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honor of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The master gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the captain and the master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniards would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same, and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and prince acceptable

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service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of her Majesty, seeing they had so long and so notably defended themselves, they answered that the ship had six feet of water in hold, three shot under water (which were so weakly stopped that with the first working of the sea she must needs sink, and was besides so crushed and bruised that she could never be removed out of the place.

While the matter was thus in dispute and Sir Richard was refusing to hearken to any of their reasons, the master of the "Revenge" (for the captain had won unto himself the greater party) was convoyed aboard the "General" of Don Alphonso Baçan, who, finding none over-hasty to enter the "Revenge" again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the master of the "Revenge" his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent to England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear; and in the mean season they were to be free from galleys or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescend as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville whom for his notable valor he seemed greatly to honor and admire.

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When this answer was returned—that safety of life was promised—the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the master gunner. It was no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The master gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the general sent many boats aboard the “Revenge,” and divers of our men, fearing Sir Richard’s disposition, stole away aboard the “General” and other ships. Sir Richard thus overmatched was sent unto by Alphonso Baçan to remove out of the “Revenge,” the ship being marvellous unsavory, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned: and, reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valor and worthiness and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a rare spectacle and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which

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and more is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same armada and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the "Lion of London," a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The general commander of the "Armada" was Don Alphonso Baçan, brother to the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Britandona; of the squadron of Seville, the Marquis of Arumburch. The hulks and flyboats were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near one thousand of the enemies and two special commanders, Don Luis de St. John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The "Admiral" of the hulks and the "Ascension" of Seville were both sunk by the side of the "Revenge;" one other recovered the road of Saint Michael and sank also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the "General": and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it was buried in the sea or on the land we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honorably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity, and

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that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honor.

For the rest of her majesty's ships that entered not so far into the fight as the "Revenge," the reasons and causes were these. . . . The island of Flores was on the one side, fifty-three sail of the Spanish, divided into squadrons, on the other, all as full filled with soldiers as they could contain. Almost the one half of our men sick and not able to serve; the ships grown foul, unrummaged, and scarcely able to bear any sail for want of ballast, having been six months at the sea before. If all the rest had entered, all had been lost, for the very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, if no other violence had been offered, would have crushed them between them into shivers. Of which the dishonor and loss to the queen had been far greater than the spoil or harm that the enemy could any way have received. Notwithstanding, it is very true that the "Lord Thomas" would have entered between the squadrons, but the rest would not condescend: and the master of his own ship offered to leap into the sea rather than to conduct that her majesty's ship and the rest, to be a prey to the enemy where there was no hope nor possibility either of defence or victory. Which also in my opinion had ill sorted or answered the discretion and trust of a general—to commit himself and his charge to an assured destruction without hope or any likelihood of prevailing, thereby to diminish the strength

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of her majesty's navy, and to enrich the pride and glory of the enemy. The "Foresight," of the queen's, commanded by M. Thomas Vavasour, performed a very great fight and stayed two hours as near the "Revenge" as the weather would permit him, not forsaking the fight till he was likely to be encompassed by the squadrons, and with great difficulty cleared himself. The rest gave divers volleys of shot and entered as far as the place permitted, and their own necessities to keep the weather gage of the enemy, until they were parted by night. A few days after the fight was ended and the English prisoners dispersed into the Spanish and Indian ships, there arose so great a storm from the west and northwest that all the fleet was dispersed, as well as the Indian fleet which was then come unto them, as the rest of the Armada that attended their arrival, of which fourteen sail, together with the "Revenge," and in her two hundred Spaniards, were cast away upon the island of Saint Michael. So it pleased them to honor the burial of that renowned ship, the "Revenge," not suffering her to perish alone for the great honor she had achieved in her lifetime.

THE "REVENGE"

A BALLAD OF THE FLEET

I

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying
from far away:

"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have sighted fifty-
three!"

Then sware Lord Thomas Howard: "'Fore God I
am no coward;

But I can not meet them here, for my ships are out of
gear,

And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow
quick.

We are six ships of the line; can we fight with fifty-
three?"

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are
no coward;

You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are lying sick
ashore.

I should count myself the coward if I left them, my
Lord Howard,

To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of
Spain."

The "Revenge"

III

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war
that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer
heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from
the land
Very carefully and slow,
Men of Bideford in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not
left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of
the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and
to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard
came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather
bow.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
For to fight is but to die!
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be
set."

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And Sir Richard said again: "We be all good English men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,

For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah, and so

The little "Revenge" ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,

With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;

For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,

And the little "Revenge" ran on thro' the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks and laugh'd,

Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little craft

Running on and on, till delay'd

By their mountain-like "San Philip" that, of fifteen hundred tons,

And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers of guns,

Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

The "Revenge"

VII

And while now the great "San Philip" hung above
us like a cloud
Whence the thunderbolt will fall
Long and loud,
Four galleons drew away
From the Spanish fleet that day,
And two upon the larboard and two upon the star-
board lay,
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

VIII

But anon the great "San Philip," she bethought her-
self and went
Having that within her womb that had left her ill
content;
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought
us hand to hand,
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and
musketeers,
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that
shakes his ears
When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far
over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and
the fifty-three.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-
built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her bat-
tle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back
with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so
could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world
before?

X

For he said "Fight on! fight on!"
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
And it chanced that, when half of the short summer
night was gone,
With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,
But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly
dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the side and
the head,
And he said "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far
over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round
us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd
that we still could sting,

The "Revenge"

So they watch'd what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,
And half of the rest of us maim'd for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate
 strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were most of
 them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the
 powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying over the
 side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
"We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die—does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split
 her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of
 Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said "Ay, ay," but the seamen made
 reply:
"We have children, we have wives,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And the Lord hath spared our lives.

We will make the Spaniards promise, if we yield,
to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike another
blow."

And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the
foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore
him then,

Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard
caught at last,

And they praised him to his face with their courtly
foreign grace;

But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:

"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant
man and true;

I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:

With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!"

And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant
and true,

And had holden the power and glory of Spain so
cheap

The "Revenge"

That he dared her with one little ship and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor down into the deep,
And they mann'd the "Revenge" with a swarthier alien crew,
And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,
And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little "Revenge" herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

BY OBADIAH BIND-THEIR-KINGS-IN-CHAINS-AND-
THEIR-NOBLES-WITH-LINKS-OF-IRON, SER-
GEANT IN IRETON'S REGIMENT

OH! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from
the North,

With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment
all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous
shout?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which
ye tread?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we
trod;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and
the strong,

Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of
God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cui-
rasses shine,

And the Man of Blood was there, with his long
essenced hair,

And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.

The Battle of Naseby

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,

The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd
into a shout

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church, for the
Laws!

For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the
Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his
drums,

His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes,
close your ranks,

For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken!
We are gone!

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the
blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the
right!

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to
the last.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground:

Hark! hark!—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.

Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row.

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide

Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar:

And he—he turns, he flies:—shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and, ere ye strip the slain,

First give another stab to make your search secure,

The Battle of Naseby

Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-
pieces and locket,

The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools? your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans
to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in
the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven
and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your
blades,

Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your
oaths,

Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds
and your spades?

Down, down, forever down with the mitre and the
crown,

With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon
of the Pope;

There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Dur-
ham's Stalls:

The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends his
cope.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's
ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of Eng-
land's sword;
And the king's of earth in fear shall shudder when
they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the
Houses and the Word.

—*Lord Macaulay*

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON OLIVER CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

THE forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armor's rust;
Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star;

An Horatian Ode

And like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide.

For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous, or enemy;
And, with such, to inclose,
Is more than to oppose.

Then burning through the air he went,
And palaces and temples rent;
And Cæsar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame;
And, if we would speak true
Much to the man is due,

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot,)

Could by industrious valor climb
To ruin the great work of time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mold!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Though justice against fate complain,
And plead the ancient rights in vain—
But those do hold or break,
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war,
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands,

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

An Horatian Ode

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
 But bowed his comely head
 Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour,
Which first assured the forcèd power;
 So, when they did design
 The capitol's first line,

A bleeding head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run;
 And yet in that the state
 Foresaw its happy fate.

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
 So much one man can do,
 That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
 How good he is, how just,
 And fit for highest trust:

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the republic's hand,
 How fit he is to sway
 That can so well obey.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

He to the commons' feet presents
A kingdom for his first year's rents,
And (what he may) forbears
His fame to make it theirs:

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the public's skirt:
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more doth search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our isle presume,
While victory his crest does plume?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year?

As Cæsar, he, ere long, to Gaul;
To Italy an Hannibal;
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-colored mind;
But, from this valor sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid—

Bonny Dundee

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the war's and fortune's son,
March indefatigably on;
And, for the last effect,
Still keep the sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

—*Andrew Marvell*

BONNY DUNDEE

TO the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to
be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honor and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!"

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are
beat;

But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let
him be,

The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of
Dundee."

As he rode down the sanctified bend of the Bow,
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked couthie
and slee,

Thinking, luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
crammed,

As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each
e'e,

As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was
free,

At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

He spurred to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;

Bonny Dundee

“Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three

For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.”

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes :

“Where’er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!

Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,

Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond
Forth,

If there’s lords in the Lowlands, there’s chiefs in the
North;

There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times
three,

Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

“There’s brass on the target of barked bull-hide;

There’s steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;

The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free

At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

“Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,

Ere I own an usurper, I’ll couch with the fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,

You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!”

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,

The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!
—*Sir Walter Scott*

SONNET

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through
a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.
—*John Milton*

GLENCOE

“O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?”

—“No, not to these, for they have rest:—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

“Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum:
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

“The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host’s kind breast to feel
 Meed, for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm’d that hand,
At midnight arm’d it with the brand,
That bade destruction’s flames expand
 Their red and fearful blazonry.

“Then woman’s shriek was heard in vain,—
Nor infancy’s unpitied plain
More than the warrior’s groan, could gain
 Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
 Far more than Southron clemency.

“Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone;
They can but sound in desert lone
 Their gray-hair’d master’s misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
 ‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’ ”

—*Sir W. Scott*

AFTER BLENHEIM

IT was a summer evening;
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plow
The plowshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

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"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for?"

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;

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For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;"
—"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine;
"Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory!"

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
—"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin:—
"Why, that I can not tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."—*R. Southey*

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

LORD MACAULAY

WITHIN a week after Hastings landed at Plymouth (1785), Burke gave notice in the House of Commons of a motion seriously affecting a gentleman lately returned from India. . . .

Hastings, it is clear, was not sensible of the danger of his position. Indeed that sagacity, that judgment, that readiness in devising expedients, which

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had distinguished him in the East, seemed now to have forsaken him; not that his abilities were at all impaired; not that he was not still the same man who had triumphed over Francis and Nuncomar, who had made the Chief Justice and the Nabob Vizier his tools, who had deposed Cheyte Sing and repelled Hyder Ali. But an oak, as Mr. Grattan finely said, should not be transplanted at fifty. A man who, having left England when a boy, returns to it after thirty or forty years passed in India, will find, be his talents what they may, that he has much both to learn and to unlearn before he can take a place among English statesmen.

The working of a representative system, the war of parties, the arts of debate, the influence of the press, are startling novelties to him. Surrounded on every side by new machines and new tactics, he is as much bewildered as Hannibal would have been at Waterloo, or Themistocles at Trafalgar. His very acuteness deludes him. His very vigor causes him to stumble. The more correct his maxims, when applied to the state of society to which he is accustomed, the more certain they are to lead him astray. This was strikingly the case with Hastings. . . .

The zeal of Burke was still fiercer; but it was far purer. Men unable to understand the elevation of his mind have tried to find out some discreditable motive for the vehemence and pertinacity which he showed on this occasion. . . .

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The plain truth is that Hastings had committed some great crimes, and that the thought of those crimes made the blood of Burke boil in his veins. For Burke was a man in whom compassion for suffering, and hatred of injustice and tyranny, were as strong as in Las Casas or Clarkson. And although in him, as in Las Casas and in Clarkson, these noble feelings were alloyed with the infirmity which belongs to human nature, he is, like them, entitled to this great praise, that he devoted years of intense labor to the service of a people with whom he had neither blood nor language, neither religion nor manners, in common, and from whom no requital, no thanks, no applause could be expected.

His knowledge of India was such as few, even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country, have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found

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something to instruct or to delight. His reason analyzed and digested those vast and shapeless masses; his imagination animated and colored them. Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he drew a rich abundance of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village crowds assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy idols, the devotee swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady—all those things were to him as the objects amid which his own life had been passed—as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James's Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors

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laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gypsy camp was pitched; from the bazaars, humming like bee-hives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

He saw that Hastings had been guilty of some most unjustifiable acts. All that followed was natural and necessary in a mind like Burke's. . . . He began his operations by applying for Papers. Some of the documents for which he asked were refused by the ministers, who, in debate, held language such as strongly confirmed the prevailing opinion that they intended to support Hastings. In April the charges were laid on the table. They had been drawn by Burke with great ability, though in a form too much resembling that of a pamphlet. Hastings was furnished with a copy of the accusation; and it was intimated to him that he might, if he thought fit, be heard in his own defence at the bar of the Commons.

Here again Hastings was pursued by the same fatality which had attended him ever since the day when he set foot on English ground. It seemed to be decreed that this man, so politic and so successful

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in the East, should commit nothing but blunders in Europe. Any judicious adviser would have told him that the best thing which he could do would be to make an eloquent, forcible, and affecting oration at the bar of the House; but that, if he could not trust himself to speak, and found it necessary to read, he ought to be as concise as possible. Audiences accustomed to extemporaneous debating of the highest excellence are always impatient of long written compositions. Hastings, however, sat down as he would have done at the Government House in Bengal, and prepared a paper of immense length. That paper, if recorded on the consultations of an Indian administration, would have been justly praised as a very able minute. But it was now out of place. It fell flat, as the best written defence must have fallen flat, on an assembly accustomed to the animated and strenuous conflicts of Pitt and Fox. . . .

On the thirteenth of February, 1788, the sittings of the Court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth of gold, more attractive to grown-up children than that which was then exhibited at Westminster; but, perhaps, there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all

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the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization, were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from co-operation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our constitution were laid, or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares, and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the her-

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alds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Eliott, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the king. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the

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stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition—a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir of the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There too was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire.

The Sergeants made proclamation. Hastings ad-

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vanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself, that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens aequa in arduis*; such was the aspect with which the great Proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, men all of whom were afterward raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession—the bold and strong-minded Law, afterward Chief-Justice of the King's Bench; the more humane and eloquent Dallas, afterward Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas; and Plomer, who, nearly twenty years later, successfully conducted in the same high court the defence of Lord Melville, and subsequently became Vice-chancellor and Master of the Rolls.

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But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery, a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment; and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant, indeed, or negligent of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by

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every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. At twenty-three he had been thought worthy to be ranked with the veteran statesmen who appeared as the delegates of the British Commons, at the bar of the British nobility. All who stood at that bar, save him alone, are gone, culprit, advocates, accusers. To the generation which is now in the vigor of life, he is the sole representative of a great age which has passed away. But those who, within the last ten years, have listened with delight, till the morning sun shone on the tapestries of the House of Lords, to the lofty and animated eloquence of Charles Earl Grey, are able to form some estimate of the powers of a race of men among whom he was not the foremost.

The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation

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of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the Company and of the English Presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and, for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out; smelling-bottles were handed round; hysterical sobs and screams were heard: and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it

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with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the Court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings and of his counsel was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defence began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The Chancellor took the side of Hastings. Lord Loughborough, who was now in opposition, supported the demand of the managers. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

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When the Court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days; but the Hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket. Sheridan, when he concluded, contrived, with a knowledge of stage effect which his father might have envied, to sink back, as if exhausted, into the arms of Burke, who hugged him with the energy of generous admiration.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer; and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard; and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the Court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over. What was behind was not of a nature to entice men

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of letters from their books in the morning, or to tempt ladies who had left the masquerade at two to be out of bed before eight. There remained examinations and cross-examinations. There remained statements of accounts. There remained the reading of papers, filled with words unintelligible to English ears, with lacs and crores, zemindars and aumils, sunnuds and perwannahs, jaghires and nuzzurs. There remained bickerings, not always carried on with the best taste or with the best temper, between the managers of the impeachment and the counsel for the defence, particularly between Mr. Burke and Mr. Law. There remained the endless marches and counter-marches of the Peers between their House and the Hall: for as often as a point of law was to be discussed, their Lordships retired to discuss it apart; and the consequence was, as a Peer wittily said, that the Judges walked and the trial stood still. . . .

At length, in the spring of 1795, the decision was pronounced, near eight years after Hastings had been brought by the Sergeant-at-arms of the Commons to the bar of the Lords. On the last day of this great procedure the public curiosity, long suspended, seemed to be revived. Anxiety about the judgment there could be none; for it had been fully ascertained that there was a majority for the defendant. Nevertheless many wished to see the pageant, and the Hall was as much crowded as on the first day. But those who, having been present on the first

Hohenlinden

day, now bore a part in the proceedings of the last, were few; and most of those few were altered men. . . .

Only twenty-nine Peers voted. Of these only six found Hastings guilty on the charges relating to Cheyte Sing and to the Begums. On other charges the majority in his favor was still greater. On some he was unanimously absolved. He was then called to the bar, was informed from the woolsack that the Lords had acquitted him, and was solemnly discharged. He bowed respectfully and retired.

HOHENLINDEN

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

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Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—*T. Campbell*

THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

—*T. Campbell*

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly
shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,

Battle of the Baltic

In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay the bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak!” our captains cried, when
 each gun
From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane,
To our cheering sent us back;

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,

Battle of the Baltic

Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their
grave!

While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing Glory to the souls
Of the brave!

—*T. Campbell.*

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;

Great Men and Famous Deeds

By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was
dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

The Eve of Waterloo

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

—*C. Wolfe*

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before;
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
State Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it
near,

His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who would guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

Last Charge of the French at Waterloo

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they
come! they come!"

—*Lord Byron*

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE FRENCH AT WATERLOO

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;

The war was waked anew,
Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.

Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
And hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peal'd wildly the imperial name!

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;

Great Men and Famous Deeds

For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep stay'd,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths
three,

Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And to augment the fray,
Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;

The Chronicle of the Drum

And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host!
Their leaders fall'n—their standards lost.
—*Sir W. Scott*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM.

PART I

AT Paris, hard by the Marine barriers,
Whoever will choose to repair,
'Midst a dozen of wooden-legged warriors
May haply fall in with old Pierre.
On the sunshiny bench of a tavern
He sits and he prates of old wars,
And moistens his pipe of tobacco
With a drink that is named after Mars.

The beer makes his tongue run the quicker,
And as long as his tap never fails,
Thus over his favorite liquor
Old Peter will tell his old tales.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Says he: "In my life's ninety summers
Strange changes and chances I've seen—
So here's to all gentlemen drummers
That ever have thumped on a skin.

"Brought up in the art military
For four generations we are;
My ancestors drummed for King Harry,
The Huguenot lad of Navarre.
And as each man in life has his station
According as Fortune may fix,
While Condé was waving the bâton,
My grandsire was trolling the sticks.

"Ah! those were the days for commanders!
What glories my grandfather won,
Ere bigots and lackeys and panders
The fortunes of France had undone!
In Germany, Flanders, and Holland—
What foeman resisted us then?
No; my grandsire was ever victorious,
My grandsire and Monsieur Turenne.

"He died: and our noble battalions
The jade, fickle Fortune, forsook;
And at Blenheim, in spite of our valiance,
The victory lay with Malbrook.
The news it was brought to King Louis;
Corbleu! how his Majesty swore,

The Chronicle of the Drum

When he heard they had taken my grandsire:
And twelve thousand gentlemen more.

“At Namur, Ramillies, and Malplaquet,
Were we posted, on plain or in trench:
Malbrook only need to attack it,
And away from him scampered we French.
Cheer up! ’tis no use to be glum, boys—
’Tis written, since fighting begun,
That sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.

“To fight and to run was our fate:
Our fortune and fame had departed.
And so perished Louis the Great—
Old, lonely, and half broken-hearted.
His coffin they pelted with mud,
His body they tried to lay hands on;
And so having buried King Louis
They loyally served his great-grandson.

“God save the beloved King Louis!
(For so he was nicknamed by some,)
And now came my father to do his
King’s orders and beat on the drum.
My grandsire was dead, but his bones
Must have shaken, I’m certain, for joy,
To hear daddy drumming the English
From the meadows of famed Fontenoy.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

"So well did he drum in that battle
That the enemy showed us their backs;
Corbleu! it was pleasant to rattle
The sticks and to follow old Saxe!
We next had Soubise as a leader,
And as luck hath its changes and fits,
At Rossbach, in spite of dad's drumming,
'Tis said we were beaten by Fritz.

"And now daddy crossed the Atlantic,
To drum for Montcalm and his men;
Morbleu! but it makes a man frantic,
To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he crossed the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

"In the year fifty-nine came the Britons—
Full well I remember the day—
They knocked at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moored in our bay.
Says our general: 'Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea whence they come!'
So we marched against Wolfe and his bull-
dogs,
We marched at the sound of the drum.

"I think I can see my poor mammy
With me in her hand as she waits,

The Chronicle of the Drum

And our regiment, slowly retreating,
Pours back through the citadel gates.
Dear mammy, she looks in their faces,
And asks if her husband is come?
—He is lying all cold on the glacis,
And will never more beat on the drum.

“Come, drink, ’tis no use to be glum, boys!
He died like a soldier in glory;
Here’s a glass to the health of all drum-boys,
And now I’ll commence my own story.
Once more did we cross the salt ocean,
We came in the year eighty-one;
And the wrongs of my father the drummer
Were avenged by the drummer his son.

“In Chesapeake Bay we were landed.
In vain strove the British to pass;
Rochambeau our armies commanded,
Our ships they were led by De Grasse.
Morbleu! how I rattled the drumsticks
The day we marched into Yorktown!
Ten thousand of beef-eating British
Their weapons we caused to lay down.

“Then homeward returning victorious,
In peace to our country we came,
And were thanked for our glorious actions
By Louis Sixteenth of the name.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

What drummer on earth could be prouder
Than I, while I drummed at Versailles
To the lovely court ladies in powder,
And lappets and long satin tails?

"The princess that day passed before us,
Our countrymen's glory and hope;
Monsieur, who was learned in Horace,
D'Artois, who could dance the tight-rope.
One night we kept guard for the Queen,
At her Majesty's opera-box,
While the King, that majestical monarch,
Sat filing at home at his locks.

"Yes, I drummed for the fair Antoinette,
And so smiling she looked, and so tender,
That our officers, privates, and drummers,
All vowed they would die to defend her.
But she cared not for us honest fellows,
Who fought and who bled in her wars,
She sneered at our gallant Rochambeau,
And turned Lafayette out of doors.

"Ventrebleu! then I swore a great oath
No more to such tyrants to kneel.
And so, just to keep up my drumming,
One day I drummed down the Bastile!
Ho, landlord! a stoup of fresh wine.
Come, comrades, a bumper we'll try,

The Chronicle of the Drum

And drink to the year eighty-nine
And the glorious fourth of July!

“Then bravely our cannon it thundered
As onward our patriots bore.
Our enemies were but a hundred,
And we twenty thousand or more.
They carried the news to King Louis.
He heard it as calm as you please,
And, like a majestical monarch,
Kept filing his locks and his keys.

“We showed our republican courage,
We stormed and we broke the great gate in,
And we murdered the insolent governor
For daring to keep us a-waiting.
Lambesc and his squadrons stood by;
They never stirred finger or thumb.
The saucy aristocrats trembled
As they heard the republican drum.

“Hurrah! what a storm was a-brewing!
The day of our vengeance was come;
Through scenes of what carnage and ruin
Did I beat on the patriot drum!
Let's drink to the famed tenth of August:
At midnight I beat a tattoo,
And woke up the pikemen of Paris
To follow the bold Barbaroux.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

"With pikes, and with shouts, and with
torches

Marched onward our dusty battalions,
And we girt the tall castle of Louis,
A million of tatterdemalions!
We stormed the fair gardens where towered
The walls of his heritage splendid.
Ah, shame on him, craven and coward,
That had not the heart to defend it!

"With the crown of his sires on his head,
His nobles and knights by his side,
At the foot of his ancestors' palace
'Twere easy, methinks, to have died.
But no: when we burst through his barriers,
'Mid heaps of the dying and dead,
In vain through the chambers we sought
him—
He had turned like a craven and fled.

.

"You all know the Place de la Concorde?
'Tis hard by the Tuileries wall;
'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
There rises an obelisk tall.
There rises an obelisk tall,
All garnished and gilded the base is:
'Tis surely the gayest of all
Our beautiful city's gay places.

The Chronicle of the Drum

“Around it are gardens and flowers,
And the Cities of France on their thrones,
Each crowned with her circlet of flowers
Sits watching this biggest of stones!
I love to go sit in the sun there,
The flowers and fountains to see,
And to think of the deeds that were done there
In the glorious year ninety-three.

“’Twas here stood the Altar of Freedom,
And though neither marble nor gilding
Was used in those days to adorn
Our simple republican building,
Corbleu! but the MERE GUILLOTINE
Cared little for splendor or show,
So you gave her an axe and a beam,
And a plank and a basket or so.

“Awful, and proud, and erect,
Here sate our republican goddess.
Each morning her table we decked
With dainty aristocrats’ bodies.
The people each day flocked around
As she sat at her meat and her wine:
’Twas always the use of our nation
To witness the sovereign dine.

“Young virgins with fair golden tresses,
Old silver-haired prelates and priests,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Dukes, marquises, barons, princesses,
Were splendidly served at her feasts.
Ventrebieu! but we pampered our ogress
With the best that our nation could bring,
And dainty she grew in her progress,
And called for the head of a King!

"She called for the blood of our King,
And straight from his prison we drew him;
And to her with shouting we led him,
And took him, and bound him, and slew
him.

'The monarchs of Europe against me
Have plotted a godless alliance:
I'll fling them the head of King Louis,'
She said, 'as my gage of defiance.'

"I see him as now, for a moment,
Away from his jailers he broke,
And stood at the foot of the scaffold,
And lingered, and fain would have spoke.
'Ho, drummer! quick, silence yon Capet,'
Says Santerre, 'with a beat of your drum.'
Lustily then did I tap it,
And the son of St. Louis was dumb."

• • • • •

The Chronicle of the Drum

PART II

“The glorious days of September
Saw many aristocrats fall;
'Twas then that our pikes drank the blood
In the beautiful breast of Lamballe.
Pardi, 'twas a beautiful lady!
I seldom have looked on her like;
And I drummed for a gallant procession,
That marched with her head on a pike.

“Let's show the pale head to the Queen,
We said—she'll remember it well.
She looked from the bars of her prison,
And shrieked as she saw it, and fell.
We set up a shout at her screaming,
We laughed at the fright she had shown
At the sight of the head of her minion;
How she'd tremble to part with her own!

“We had taken the head of King Capet,
We called for the blood of his wife;
Undaunted she came to the scaffold,
And bared her fair neck to the knife.
As she felt the foul fingers that touched her,
She shrunk, but she deigned not to speak:
She looked with a royal disdain,
And died with a blush on her cheek!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

" 'Twas thus that our country was saved;
So told us the safety committee!
But psha! I've the heart of a soldier,
All gentleness, mercy, and pity.
I loathed to assist at such deeds,
And my drum beat its loudest of tunes
As we offered to justice offended
The blood of the bloody tribunes.

"Away with such foul recollections!
No more of the axe and the block;
I saw the last fight of the sections,
As they fell 'neath our guns at Saint Rock
Young BONAPARTE led us that day;
When he sought the Italian frontier,
I followed my gallant young captain,
I followed him many a long year.

"We came to an army in rags,
Our general was but a boy
When we first saw the Austrian flags
Flaunt proud in the fields of Savoy.
In the glorious year ninety-six,
We marched to the banks of the Po;
I carried my drum and my sticks,
And we laid the proud Austrian low.

"In triumph we entered Milan,
We seized on the Mantuan keys;

The Chronicle of the Drum

The troops of the Emperor ran,
And the Pope he fell down on his knees."—
Pierre's comrades here called a fresh bottle,
And clubbing together their wealth.
They drank to the Army of Italy,
And General Bonaparte's health.

The drummer now bared his old breast,
And showed us a plenty of scars,
Rude presents that Fortune had made him,
In fifty victorious wars.
"This came when I followed bold Klèber—
'Twas shot by a Mameluke gun;
And this from an Austrian sabre,
When the field of Marengo was won.

"My forehead has many deep furrows,
But this is the deepest of all:
A Brunswicker made it at Jena,
Beside the fair river of Saal.
This cross, 'twas the Emperor gave it;
(God bless him!) it covers a blow;
I had it at Austerlitz fight,
As I beat on my drum in the snow.

"'Twas thus that we conquered and fought;
But wherefore continue the story?
There's never a baby in France
But has heard of our chief and our glory—

Great Men and Famous Deeds

But has heard of our chief and our fame,
His sorrows and triumphs can tell,
How bravely Napoleon conquered,
How bravely and sadly he fell.

“It makes my old heart to beat higher,
To think of the deeds that I saw;
I followed bold Ney through the fire,
And charged at the side of Murat.”
And so did old Peter continue
His story of twenty brave years;
His audience followed with comments—
Rude comments of curses and tears.

He told how the Prussians in vain
Had died in defence of their land;
His audience laughed at the story,
And vowed that their captain was grand!
He had fought the red English, he said,
In many a battle of Spain;
They cursed the red English, and prayed
To meet them and fight them again.

He told them how Russia was lost,
Had winter not driven them back;
And his company cursed the quick frost,
And doubly they cursed the Cossack.
He told how the stranger arrived;
They wept at the tale of disgrace;

The Chronicle of the Drum

And they longed but for one battle more,
The stain of their shame to efface!

“Our country their hordes overrun,
We fled to the fields of Champagne,
And fought them, though twenty to one,
And beat them again and again!
Our warrior was conquered at last;
They bade him his crown to resign;
To fate and his country he yielded
The rights of himself and his line.

“He came, and among us he stood,
Around him we pressed in a throng,
We could not regard him for weeping,
Who had led us and loved us so long.
‘I have led you for twenty long years,’
Napoleon said, ere he went;
‘Wherever was honor I found you,
And with you, my sons, am content.

“ ‘Though Europe against me was armed,
Your chiefs and my people are true;
I still might have struggled with fortune,
And baffled all Europe with you.

“ ‘But France would have suffered the while;
’Tis best that I suffer alone;
I go to my place of exile,
To write of the deeds we have done.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

“ ‘Be true to the king that they give you.
We may not embrace ere we part;
But, General, reach me your hand,
And press me, I pray, to your heart.’

“He called for our old battle standard;
One kiss to the eagle he gave.
‘Dear eagle!’ he said, ‘may this kiss
Long sound in the hearts of the brave!’
’Twas thus that Napoleon left us;
Our people were weeping and mute,
As he passed through the lines of his guard,
And our drums beat the notes of salute.

.
“I looked when our drumming was o’er,
I looked, but our hero was gone;
We were destined to see him once more,
When we fought on the Mount of St. John.
The Emperor rode through our files;
’Twas June, and a fair Sunday morn.
The lines of our warriors for miles
Stretched wide through the Waterloo corn.

“In thousands we stood on the plain,
The red-coats were crowning the height;
‘Go scatter yon English,’ he said;
‘We’ll sup, lads, at Brussels to-night.’
We answered his voice with a shout;
Our eagles were bright in the sun;

The Chronicle of the Drum

Our drums and our cannon spoke out,
And the thundering battle begun.

“One charge to another succeeds,
Like waves that a hurricane bears;
All day do our galloping steeds
Dash fierce on the enemy’s squares.
At noon we began the fell onset:
We charged up the Englishman’s hill;
And madly we charged it at sunset—
His banners were floating there still.

“—— Go to! I will tell you no more;
You know how the battle was lost.
Ho! fetch me a beaker of wine,
And, comrades, I’ll give you a toast.
I’ll give you a curse on all traitors,
Who plotted our Emperor’s ruin;
And a curse on those red-coated English,
Whose bayonets helped our undoing.

“A curse on those British assassins
Who ordered the slaughter of Ney;
A curse on Sir Hudson, who tortured
The life of our hero away.
A curse on all Russians—I hate them—
On all Prussian and Austrian fry;
And O! but I pray we may meet them,
And fight them again ere I die.”

—*William Makepeace Thackeray*

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

—*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

THE WHITE PACHA

Vain is the dream! However Hope may rave,
He perished with the folk he could not save,
And though none surely told us he is dead,
And though perchance another in his stead,
Another, not less brave, when all was done,
Had fled unto the southward and the sun,
Had urged a way by force, or won by guile
To streams remotest of the secret Nile,
Had raised an army of the Desert men,
And, waiting for his hour, had turned again
And fallen on that False Prophet, yet we know
GORDON is dead, and these things are not so!
Nay, not for England's cause, nor to restore
Her trampled flag—for he loved Honor more—
Nay, not for Life, Revenge, or Victory,
Would he have fled, whose hour had dawned to
die.

He will not come again, whate'er our need,
He will not come, who is happy, being freed
From the deathly flesh and perishable things,

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And lies of statesmen and rewards of kings.
Nay, somewhere by the sacred River's shore
He sleeps like those who shall return no more,
No more return for all the prayers of men—
Arthur and Charles—they never come again!
They shall not wake, though fair the vision seem:
Whate'er sick Hope may whisper, vain the dream!
—*Lang*

FRANKLIN: THE PLAN OF UNION.

IN 1754, war with France being again apprehended, a congress of commissioners from the different colonies was, by an order of the Lords of Trade, to be assembled at Albany, there to confer with the chiefs of the Six Nations concerning the means of defending both their country and ours. Governor Hamilton, having received this order, acquainted the House with it, requesting they would furnish proper presents for the Indians, to be given on this occasion; and naming the speaker (Mr. Norris) and myself to join Mr. Thomas Penn and Mr. Secretary Peters as commissioners to act for Pennsylvania. The House approved the nomination, and provided the goods for the present, though they did not much like treating out of the provinces; and we met the other commissioners at Albany about the middle of June.

In our way thither, I projected and drew a plan

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for the union of all the colonies under one government, so far as might be necessary for defence and other important general purposes. As we passed through New York, I had there shown my project to Mr. James Alexander and Mr. Kennedy, two gentlemen of great knowledge in public affairs, and, being fortified by their approbation, I ventured to lay it before the Congress. It then appeared that several of the commissioners had formed plans of the same kind. A previous question was first taken, whether a union should be established, which passed in the affirmative unanimously. A committee was then appointed, one member from each colony, to consider the several plans, and report. Mine happened to be preferred, and, with a few amendments, was accordingly reported.

By this plan the general government was to be administered by a president-general, appointed and supported by the crown, and a grand council was to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several colonies, met in their respective assemblies. The debates upon it in Congress went on daily, hand in hand with the Indian business. Many objections and difficulties were started, but at length they were all overcome, and the plan was unanimously agreed to, and copies ordered to be transmitted to the Board of Trade and to the assemblies of the several provinces. Its fate was singular: the assemblies did not adopt it, as they all thought there was too much *pre-*

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rogative in it, and in England it was judged to have too much of the *democratic*. The Board of Trade therefore did not approve of it, nor recommend it for the approbation of his majesty; but another scheme was formed, supposed to answer the same purpose better, whereby the governors of the provinces, with some members of their respective councils, were to meet and order the raising of troops, building of forts, etc., and to draw on the treasury of Great Britain for the expense, which was afterward to be refunded by an act of Parliament laying a tax on America. My plan, with my reasons in support of it, is to be found among my political papers that are printed.

Being the winter following in Boston, I had much conversation with Governor Shirley upon both the plans. Part of what passed between us on the occasion may also be seen among those papers. The different and contrary reasons of dislike to my plan makes me suspect that it was really the true medium; and I am still of opinion it would have been happy for both sides the water if it had been adopted. The colonies, so united, would have been sufficiently strong to have defended themselves; there would then have been no need of troops from England; of course, the subsequent pretence for taxing America, and the bloody contest it occasioned, would have been avoided. But such mistakes are not new: history is full of the errors of states and princes.

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“Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!”

Those who govern, having much business on their hands, do not generally like to take the trouble of considering and carrying into execution new projects. The best public measures are therefore seldom *adopted from previous wisdom, but forced by the occasion.*

The Governor of Pennsylvania, in sending it down to the Assembly, expressed his approbation of the plan, “as appearing to him to be drawn up with great clearness and strength of judgment, and therefore recommended it as well worthy of their closest and most serious attention.” The House, however, by the management of a certain member, took it up when I happened to be absent, which I thought not very fair and reprobated it without paying any attention to it at all, to my no small mortification.

In my journey to Boston this year, I met at New York with our new governor, Mr. Morris, just arrived there from England, with whom I had been before intimately acquainted. He brought a commission to supersede Mr. Hamilton, who, tired with the disputes his proprietary instructions subjected him to, had resigned. Mr. Morris asked me if I thought he must expect as uncomfortable an administration. I said, “No; you may, on the contrary, have a very comfortable one, if you will only take care not to enter into any dispute with the Assembly.” “My

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dear friend," says he, pleasantly, "how can you advise my avoiding disputes? You know I love disputing; it is one of my greatest pleasures; however, to show the regard I have for your counsel, I promise you I will, if possible, avoid them." He had some reason for loving to dispute, being eloquent, an acute sophister, and therefore generally successful in argumentative conversation. He had been brought up to it from a boy, his father, as I have heard, accustoming his children to dispute with one another for his diversion, while sitting at table after dinner; but I think the practice was not wise; for, in the course of my observation, these disputing, contradicting, and confuting people are generally unfortunate in their affairs. They get victory sometimes, but they never get good will, which would be of more use to them. We parted, he going to Philadelphia, and I to Boston.

In returning, I met at New York with the votes of the Assembly, by which it appeared that, notwithstanding his promise to me, he and the House were already in high contention; and it was a continual battle between them as long as he retained the government. I had my share of it; for, as soon as I got back to my seat in the Assembly, I was put on every committee for answering his speeches and messages, and by the committees always desired to make the drafts. Our answers, as well as his messages, were often tart, and sometimes indecently abusive; and as he knew I wrote for the Assembly, one might have

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imagined that, when we met, we could hardly avoid cutting throats; but he was so good-natured a man that no personal difference between him and me was occasioned by the contest, and we often dined together.

One afternoon, in the height of this public quarrel, we met in the street. "Franklin," says he, "you must go home with me and spend the evening; I am to have some company that you will like;" and taking me by the arm, he led me to his house. In gay conversation over our wine, after supper, he told us, jokingly, that he much admired the idea of Sancho Panza, who, when it was proposed to give him a government, requested it might be a government of *blacks*, as then, if he could not agree with his people, he might sell them. One of his friends, who sat next to me, says, "Franklin, why do you continue to side with these damned Quakers? Had you not better sell them? The proprietor would give a good price." "The governor," says I, "has not yet *blackened* them enough." He, indeed, had labored hard to blacken the Assembly in all his messages, but they wiped off his coloring as fast as he laid it on, and placed it, in return, thick upon his own face; so that, finding he was likely to be negrofied himself, he, as well as Mr. Hamilton, grew tired of the contest, and quitted the government.

These public quarrels were all at bottom owing to the proprietaries, our hereditary governors,

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who, when any expense was to be incurred for the defence of their province, with incredible meanness instructed their deputies to pass no act for levying the necessary taxes, unless their vast estates were in the same act expressly excused; and they had even taken bonds of these deputies to observe such instructions. The Assemblies for three years held out against this injustice, though constrained to bend at last. At length Captain Denny, who was Governor Morris's successor, ventured to disobey those instructions.

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WAR being in a manner commenced with France, the government of Massachusetts Bay projected an attack upon Crown Point, and sent Mr. Quincy to Pennsylvania, and Mr. Pownall, afterward Governor Pownall, to New York, to solicit assistance. As I was in the Assembly, knew its temper, and was Mr. Quincy's countryman, he applied to me for my influence and assistance. I dictated his address to them, which was well received. They voted an aid of ten thousand pounds, to be laid out in provisions. But the governor refusing his assent to their bill (which included this with other sums granted for the use of the crown), unless a clause were inserted exempting the proprietary estate from

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bearing any part of the tax that would be necessary, the Assembly, though very desirous of making their grant to New England effectual, were at a loss how to accomplish it. Mr. Quincy labored hard with the governor to obtain his assent, but he was obstinate.

I then suggested a method of doing the business without a governor, by orders on the trustees of the Loan Office, which, by law, the Assembly had the right of drawing. There was, indeed, little or no money at that time in the office, and therefore I proposed that the orders should be payable in a year, and to bear an interest of five per cent. With these orders I supposed the provisions might easily be purchased. The Assembly, with very little hesitation, adopted the proposal. The orders were immediately printed, and I was one of the committee directed to sign and dispose of them. The fund for paying them was the interest of all the paper currency then extant in the province upon loan, together with the revenue arising from the excise, which being known to be more than sufficient, they obtained instant credit, and were not only received in payment for the provisions, but many moneyed people, who had cash lying by them, vested it in those orders, which they found advantageous, as they bore interest while upon hand, and might on any occasion be used as money, so that they were eagerly all bought up, and in a few weeks none of them were to be seen.

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Thus this important affair was by my means completed. Mr. Quincy returned thanks to the Assembly in a handsome memorial, went home highly pleased with the success of his embassy, and ever after bore for me the most cordial and affectionate friendship.

The British government, not choosing to permit the union of the colonies as proposed at Albany, and to trust that union with their defence, lest they should thereby grow too military and feel their own strength, suspicions and jealousies at this time being entertained of them, sent over General Braddock with two regiments of regular English troops for that purpose. He landed at Alexandria, in Virginia, and thence marched to Fredericktown, in Maryland, where he halted for carriages. Our Assembly apprehending, from some information, that he had conceived violent prejudices against them, as averse to the service, wished me to wait upon him, not as from them, but as postmaster-general, under the guise of proposing to settle with him the mode of conducting with most celerity and certainty the despatches between him and the governors of the several provinces, with whom he must necessarily have continual correspondence, and of which they proposed to pay the expense. My son accompanied me on this journey.

We found the general at Fredericktown, waiting impatiently for the return of those he had sent through the back parts of Maryland and Virginia

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to collect wagons. I stayed with him several days, dined with him daily, and had full opportunity of removing all his prejudices, by the information of what the Assembly had before his arrival actually done, and were still willing to do, to facilitate his operations. When I was about to depart, the returns of wagons to be obtained were brought in, by which it appeared that they amounted only to twenty-five, and not all of those were in serviceable condition. The general and all the officers were surprised, declared the expedition was then at an end, being impossible, and exclaimed against the ministers for ignorantly landing them in a country destitute of the means of conveying their stores, baggage, etc., not less than one hundred and fifty wagons being necessary.

I happened to say I thought it was a pity they had not been landed rather in Pennsylvania, as in that country almost every farmer had his wagon. The general eagerly laid hold of my words, and said, "Then you, sir, who are a man of interest there, can probably procure them for us; and I beg you will undertake it." I asked what terms were to be offered the owners of the wagons; and I was desired to put on paper the terms that appeared to me necessary. This I did, and they were agreed to, and a commission and instructions accordingly prepared immediately. What those terms were will appear in the advertisement I published as soon as I arrived at

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Lancaster, which being, from the great and sudden effect it produced, a piece of some curiosity, I shall insert it at length, as follows:

"ADVERTISEMENT

"LANCASTER, *April 26, 1755.*

"Whereas, one hundred and fifty wagons, with four horses to each wagon, and fifteen hundred saddle or pack horses, are wanted for the service of his Majesty's forces now about to rendezvous at Will's Creek, and his excellency General Braddock having been pleased to empower me to contract for the hire of the same, I hereby give notice that I shall attend for that purpose at Lancaster from this day to next Wednesday evening, and at York from next Thursday morning till Friday evening, where I shall be ready to agree for wagons and teams, or single horses, on the following terms, viz.: 1. That there shall be paid for each wagon, with four good horses and a driver, fifteen shillings per diem; and for each able horse with a pack-saddle or other saddle and furniture, two shillings per diem; and for each able horse without a saddle, eighteen pence per diem. 2. That the pay commence from the time of their joining the forces at Will's Creek, which must be on or before the 20th of May ensuing, and that a reasonable allowance be paid over and above for the time necessary for their travelling to Will's Creek and home again after their discharge. 3. Each wagon and team, and every saddle or pack horse, is to be valued by indif-

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ferent persons chosen between me and the owner; and in case of the loss of any wagon, team, or other horse in the service, the price according to such valuation is to be allowed and paid. 4. Seven days' pay is to be advanced and paid in hand by me to the owner of each wagon and team or horse, at the time of contracting, if required, and the remainder to be paid by General Braddock, or by the paymaster of the army, at the time of their discharge, or from time to time, as it shall be demanded. 5. No drivers of wagons, or persons taking care of the hired horses, are on any account to be called upon to do the duty of soldiers, or be otherwise employed than in conducting or taking care of their carriages or horses. 6. All oats, Indian corn, or other forage that wagons or horses bring to the camp, more than is necessary for the subsistence of the horses, is to be taken for the use of the army, and a reasonable price paid for the same.

"Note.—My son, William Franklin, is empowered to enter into like contracts with any person in Cumberland county. B. FRANKLIN.

"To the Inhabitants of the Counties of Lancaster, York, and Cumberland

"FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN—Being occasionally at the camp at Frederick a few days since, I found the general and officers extremely exasperated on account of their not being supplied with horses

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and carriages, which had been expected from this province, as most able to furnish them; but, through the dissensions between our governor and Assembly, money had not been provided, nor any steps taken for that purpose.

"It was proposed to send an armed force immediately into these counties, to seize as many of the best carriages and horses as should be wanted, and compel as many persons into the service as would be necessary to drive and take care of them.

"I apprehended that the progress of British soldiers through these counties on such an occasion, especially considering the temper they are in, and their resentment against us, would be attended with many and great inconveniences to the inhabitants, and therefore more willingly took the trouble of trying first what might be done by fair and equitable means. The people of these back counties have lately complained to the Assembly that a sufficient currency was wanting; you have an opportunity of receiving and dividing among you a very considerable sum; for, if the service of this expedition should continue, as it is more than probable it will, for one hundred and twenty days, the hire of these wagons and horses will amount to upward of thirty thousand pounds, which will be paid you in silver and gold of the king's money.

"The service will be light and easy, for the army will scarce march above twelve miles per day, and

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the wagons and baggage-horses, as they carry those things that are absolutely necessary to the welfare of the army, must march with the army, and no faster; and are, for the army's sake, always placed where they can be most secure, whether in a march or in a camp.

"If you are really, as I believe you are, good and loyal subjects to his majesty, you may now do a most acceptable service, and make it easy to yourselves; for three or four of such as can not separately spare from the business of their plantations a wagon and four horses and a driver, may do it together, one furnishing the wagon, another one or two horses, and another the driver, and divide the pay proportionably between you; but if you do not this service to your king and country voluntarily, when such good pay and reasonable terms are offered to you, your loyalty will be strongly suspected. The king's business must be done; so many brave troops, come so far for your defence, must not stand idle through your backwardness to do what may be reasonably expected from you; wagons and horses must be had; violent measures will probably be used, and you will be left to seek for a recompense where you can find it, and your case, perhaps, be little pitied or regarded.

"I have no particular interest in this affair, as, except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do good, I shall have only my labor for my pains. If this method of obtaining the wagons and horses is not

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likely to succeed, I am obliged to send word to the general in fourteen days; and I suppose Sir John St. Clair, the hussar, with a body of soldiers, will immediately enter the province for the purpose, which I shall be sorry to hear, because I am very sincerely and truly your friend and well-wisher,

"B. FRANKLIN."

I received of the general about eight hundred pounds, to be disbursed in advance-money to the wagon owners, etc.; but that sum being insufficient, I advanced upward of two hundred pounds more, and in two weeks the one hundred and fifty wagons, with two hundred and fifty-nine carrying horses, were on their march for the camp. The advertisement promised payment according to the valuation, in case any wagon or horse should be lost. The owners, however, alleging they did not know General Braddock, or what dependence might be had on his promise, insisted on my bond for the performance, which I accordingly gave them.

While I was at the camp, supping one evening with the officers of Colonel Dunbar's regiment, he represented to me his concern for the subalterns, who, he said, were generally not in affluence, and could ill afford, in this dear country, to lay in the stores that might be necessary in so long a march, through a wilderness, where nothing was to be purchased. I commiserated their case, and resolved to

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endeavor procuring them some relief. I said nothing, however, to him of my intention, but wrote the next morning to the committee of the Assembly, who had the disposition of some public money, warmly recommending the case of these officers to their consideration, and proposing that a present should be sent them of necessaries and refreshments. My son, who had some experience of a camp life, and of its wants, drew up a list for me, which I inclosed in my letter. The committee approved, and used such diligence that, conducted by my son, the stores arrived at the camp as soon as the wagons. They consisted of twenty parcels, each containing—

6 lbs. loaf sugar.	1 Gloucester cheese.
6 lbs. good Muscovado do.	1 keg containing 20 lbs.
1 lb. good green tea.	good butter.
1 lb. good bohea do.	2 doz. old Madeira wine.
6 lbs. good ground coffee.	2 gallons Jamaica spirits.
6 lbs. chocolate.	1 bottle flour of mustard.
1-2 cwt. best white biscuit.	2 well-cured hams.
1-2 lb. pepper.	1-2 dozen dried tongues.
1 quart best white wine	6 lbs. rice.
vinegar.	6 lbs. raisins.

These twenty parcels, well packed, were placed on as many horses, each parcel, with the horse, being intended as a present for one officer. They were very thankfully received, and the kindness acknowledged by letters to me from the colonels of both regiments, in the most grateful terms. The general, too, was highly satisfied with my conduct in

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procuring him the wagons, etc., and readily paid my account of disbursements, thanking me repeatedly, and requesting my further assistance in sending provisions after him. I undertook this also, and was busily employed in it till we heard of his defeat, advancing for the service of my own money upward of one thousand pounds sterling, of which I sent him an account. It came to his hands, luckily for me, a few days before the battle, and he returned me immediately an order on the paymaster for the round sum of one thousand pounds, leaving the remainder to the next account. I consider this payment as good luck having never been able to obtain that remainder, of which more hereafter.

This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, joined him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides, scouts, etc., if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them, and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if

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the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before resolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place not yet completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of

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an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advanced guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through wagons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank: the officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and scampered; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side;

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and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people; and, though he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding, and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc., to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight toward the settlements, and less lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, that he would post his troops on the frontiers, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

In their first march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered

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and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march through the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

Captain Orme, who was one of the general's aides-de-camp, and, being grievously wounded, was brought off with him, and continued with him to his death, which happened in a few days, told me that he was totally silent all day, and at night only said, "*Who would have thought it?*" That he was silent again the following day, saying only at last, "*We shall better know how to deal with them another time;*" and died in a few minutes after.

The secretary's papers, with all the general's orders, instructions, and correspondence, falling into the enemy's hands, they selected and translated into French a number of the articles, which they printed, to prove the hostile intentions of the British court before the declaration of war. Among these I saw some letters of the general to the ministry, speaking highly of the great service I had rendered the army, and recommending me to their notice. David Hume,

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too, who was some years after secretary to Lord Hertford, when minister in France, and afterward to General Conway, when secretary of state, told me he had seen among the papers in that office, letters from Braddock highly recommending me. But the expedition having been unfortunate, my service, it seems, was not thought of much value, for those recommendations were never of any use to me.

As to rewards from himself, I asked only one, which was that he would give orders to his officers not to enlist any more of our bought servants, and that he would discharge such as had been already enlisted. This he readily granted, and several were accordingly returned to their masters, on my application. Dunbar, when the command devolved on him, was not so generous. He being at Philadelphia, on his retreat, or rather flight, I applied to him for the discharge of the servants of three poor farmers of Lancaster county that he had enlisted, reminding him of the late general's orders on that head. He promised me that, if the masters would come to him at Trenton, where he should be in a few days on his march to New York, he would there deliver their men to them. They accordingly were at the expense and trouble of going to Trenton, and there he refused to perform his promise, to their great loss and disappointment.

As soon as the loss of the wagons and horses was generally known, all the owners came upon me for

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the valuation which I had given bond to pay. Their demands gave me a great deal of trouble, my acquainting them that the money was ready in the paymaster's hands, but that orders for paying it must first be obtained from General Shirley, and my assuring them that I had applied to that general by letter, but he being at a distance, an answer could not soon be received, and they must have patience; all this was not sufficient to satisfy, and some began to sue me. General Shirley at length relieved me from this terrible situation by appointing commissioners to examine the claims, and ordering payment. They amounted to nearly twenty thousand pounds, which to pay would have ruined me.

Before we had the news of this defeat, the two Doctors Bond came to me with a subscription paper for raising money to defray the expense of a grand firework, which it was intended to exhibit at a rejoicing on receipt of the news of our taking Fort Duquesne. I looked grave, and said it would, I thought, be time enough to prepare for the rejoicing when we knew we should have occasion to rejoice. They seemed surprised that I did not immediately comply with their proposal. "Why . . . !" says one of them, "you surely don't suppose that the fort will not be taken?" "I don't know that it will not be taken, but I know that the events of war are subject to great uncertainty." I gave them the reasons of my doubting; the subscription was dropped, and the project-

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ors thereby missed the mortification they would have undergone if the firework had been prepared. Dr. Bond, on some other occasion afterward, said that he did not like Franklin's forebodings.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend,—“If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently row'd to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The “Somerset,” British man-of-war:

Paul Revere's Ride

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climb'd to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade;
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapp'd in silence so deep and still,
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

The watchful night-wind as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurr'd, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walk'd Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamp'd the earth,
And turn'd and tighten'd his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watch'd with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

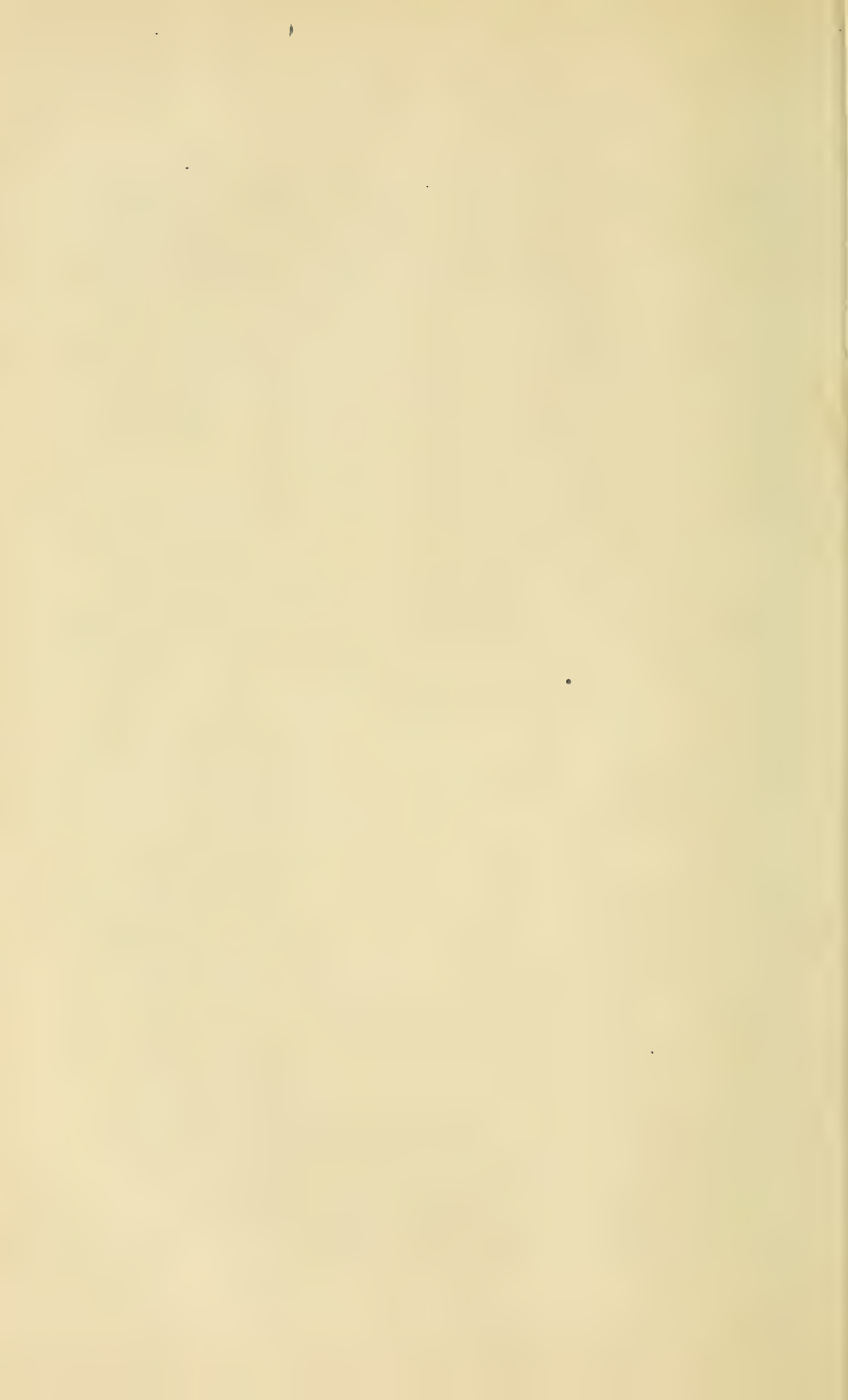
And, lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

Paul Revere's Ride

"A hurry of hoofs in a village street."

—Vol. VIII, p. 581.





Paul Revere's Ride

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he cross'd the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he pass'd,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled;
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*H. W. Longfellow*

CONCORD FIGHT

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may her dead redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—*R. W. Emerson*

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

ON their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,

Great Men and Famous Deeds

When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging

Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner
of the rampant

Unicorn,

And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll
of the drummer,

Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,

Stood our sires;

And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly

Blazed the fires;

As the roar

On the shore,

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-
sodded acres

Of the plain;

And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gun-
powder,

Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges

Worked the red St. George's

Cannoniers;

Carmen Bellicosum

And the "villanous saltpetre"
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears;
As the swift
Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards
clangor

On our flanks.

Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fash-
ioned fire

Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;

And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.

Then the blue
Bullets flew,

And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the
leaden

Rifle-breath;

And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-
pounder,

Hurling death!

—*Guy Humphrey McMaster*

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walks of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind

Song of Marion's Men

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil;
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away,
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And lovely ladies greet our band,
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

—*William Cullen Bryant*

THE DRUM

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarm-
drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the sol-
emn-sounding drum.

The Drum

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-
answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united, than in life a recreant,—
Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum,

Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, an-
swered, "Lord, we come!"

—*Bret Harte*

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored,

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps,

I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of
steel;

“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal:

Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with
his heel,

Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

Barbara Frietchie

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:

Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him—be jubilant,
my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

—*Julia Ward Howe*

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

Great Men and Famous Deeds

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

“Halt!”—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
“Fire!”—out blazed the rifle-blast.

Barbara Frietchie

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country’s flag,” she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman’s deed and word:

“Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

Great Men and Famous Deeds

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

—*Whittier*

“‘STONEWALL’ JACKSON’S WAY”

COME, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of “‘Stonewall’ Jackson's way.”

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew,
The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The “Blue-Light Elder” knows 'em well;
Says he, “That's Banks—he's fond of shell,
Lord save his soul! We'll give him”—well,
That's “‘Stonewall’ Jackson's way.”

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
“Old Blue-Light's” going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way.

“ ‘Stonewall’ Jackson’s Way ”

Appealing from his native sod,

In forma pauperis to God—

“Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod!

Amen!” That’s “ ‘Stonewall’s ’ way.”

He’s in the saddle now—Fall in!

Steady! the whole brigade!

Hill’s at the ford, cut off—we’ll win

His way out, ball and blade!

What matter if our shoes are worn?

What matter if our feet are torn?

“Quick-step! we’re with him before dawn!”

That’s “ ‘Stonewall’ Jackson’s way.”

The sun’s bright lances rout the mists

Of morning, and, by George!

Here’s Longstreet struggling in the lists,

Hemmed in an ugly gorge.

Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,—

“Bay’nets and grape!” hear “Stonewall” roar;

“Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby’s score!”

In “ ‘Stonewall’ Jackson’s way.”

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn

For news of “Stonewall’s” band!

Ah! widow, read with eyes that burn

That ring upon thy hand.

Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Thy life shall not be all forlorn;
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in " 'Stonewall's' way."

—*J. W. Palmer*

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,

Sheridan's Ride

As if he knew the terrible need ;
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering
 South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;
Or a trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls ;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full
 play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

What was done? what to do? A glance told him
both.

Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was
gray;

By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's
play,

He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!

Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!

And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame—
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

—*Thomas Buchanan Read*

NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT

BY THEODORE WINTHROP

OUR MARCH TO WASHINGTON

THROUGH THE CITY

AT three o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, April 19th, we took our peacemaker, a neat twelve-pound brass howitzer, down from the Seventh Regiment Armory, and stationed it in the rear of the building. The twin peacemaker is somewhere near us, but entirely hidden by this enormous crowd.

An enormous crowd of both sexes, of every age and condition. The men offer all kinds of truculent and patriotic hopes; the women shed tears, and say: "God bless you, boys!"

This is a part of the town where baddish cigars prevail. But good or bad, I am ordered to keep all away from the gun. So the throng stands back, peers curiously over the heads of its junior members, and seems to be taking the measure of my coffin.

After a patient hour of this, the word is given, we fall in, our two guns find their places at the right of the line of march, we move on through the thickening crowd.

At a great house on the left as we pass the Astor Library, I see a handkerchief waving for me. Yes;

Great Men and Famous Deeds

it is she who made the sandwiches in my knapsack. They were a trifle too thick as I afterward discovered, but otherwise perfection. Be these my thanks and the thanks of hungry comrades who had bites of them.

At the corner of Great Jones Street we halted for half an hour—then, everything ready, we marched down Broadway.

It was worth a life, that march. Only one who passed, as we did, through that tempest of cheers, two miles long, can know the terrible enthusiasm of the occasion. I could hardly hear the rattle of our own gun-carriages, and only once or twice the music of our band came to me muffled and quelled by the uproar. We knew now, if we had not before divined it, that our great city was with us as one man, utterly united in the great cause we were marching to sustain.

This grand fact I learned by two senses. If hundreds of thousands roared it into my ears, thousands slapped it into my back. My fellow-citizens smote me on the knapsack, as I went by at the gun-rope, and encouraged me each in his own dialect. "Bully for you!" alternated with benedictions, in the proportion of two "bullies" to one blessing.

I was not so fortunate as to receive more substantial tokens of sympathy. But there were parting gifts showered on the regiment, enough to establish a variety-shop. Handkerchiefs, of course, came

New York Seventh Regiment

floating down upon us from the windows, like a snow. Pretty little gloves pelted us with love-taps. The sterner sex forced upon us pocket-knives new and jagged, combs, soap, slippers, boxes of matches, cigars by the dozen and the hundred, pipes to smoke shag and pipes to smoke Latakia, fruit, eggs, and sandwiches. One fellow got a new purse with ten bright quarter-eagles.

At the corner of Grand Street, or thereabout, a "bhoy" in red flannel shirt and black pantaloons, leaning back against the crowd with Herculean shoulders, called me: "Saay, bully, take my dorg! he's one of the kind that holds till he draps." This gentleman, with his animal, was instantly shoved back by the police, and the Seventh lost the "dorg."

These were the comic incidents of the march, but underlying all was the tragic sentiment that we might have tragic work presently to do. The news of the rascally attack in Baltimore on the Massachusetts Sixth had just come in. Ours might be the same chance. If there were any of us not in earnest before, the story of the day would steady us. So we said good-by to Broadway, moved down Cortlandt Street under a bower of flags, and at half-past six shoved off in the ferry-boat.

Everybody has heard how Jersey City turned out and filled up the railroad station like an opera house, to give godspeed to us as a representative body, a guaranty of the unquestioning loyalty of the "con-

Great Men and Famous Deeds

servative" class in New York. Everybody has heard how the State of New Jersey, along the railroad line, stood through the evening and the night to shout their quota of good wishes. At every station the Jerseymen were there, uproarious as Jerseymen, to shake our hands and wish us a happy despatch. I think I did not see a rod of ground without its man, from dusk till dawn, from the Hudson to the Delaware.

Upon the train we made a jolly night of it. All knew that the more a man sings, the better he is likely to fight. So we sang more than we slept, and, in fact, that has been our history ever since.

PHILADELPHIA

At sunrise we were at the station in Philadelphia, and dismissed for an hour. Some hundreds of us made up Broad Street for the Lapierre House to breakfast. When I arrived, I found every place at table filled and every waiter ten deep with orders. So, being an old campaigner, I followed up the stream of provender to the fountain-head, the kitchen. Half a dozen other old campaigners were already there, most hospitably entertained by the cooks. They served us, hot and hot, with the best of their best, straight from the gridiron and the pan. I hope, if I live to breakfast again in the Lapierre House, that I may be allowed to help myself and choose for myself below-stairs.

New York Seventh Regiment

When we rendezvoused at the tram, we found that the orders were for every man to provide himself three days' rations in the neighborhood, and be ready for a start at a moment's notice.

A mountain of bread was already piled up in the station. I stuck my bayonet through a stout loaf, and, with a dozen comrades armed in the same way, went foraging about for other *viviers*.

It is a poor part of Philadelphia; but whatever they had in the shops or the houses seemed to be at our disposition. I stopped at a corner shop to ask for pork, and was amicably assailed by an earnest dame—Irish, I am pleased to say. She thrust her last loaf upon me, and sighed that it was not baked that morning for my "honor's service."

A little further on, two kindly Quaker ladies compelled me to step in. "What could they do?" they asked eagerly. "They had no meat in the house; but could we eat eggs? They had in the house a dozen and a half new laid." So the pot to the fire, and the eggs boiled, and bagged by myself and that tall Saxon, my friend E. of the Sixth Company. While the eggs simmered, the ladies thee-ed us prayerfully and tearfully, hoping that God would save our country from blood, unless blood must be shed to preserve law and liberty.

Nothing definite from Baltimore when we returned to the station. We stood by, waiting orders. About noon the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment took

Great Men and Famous Deeds

the train southward. Our regiment was ready to a man to try its strength with the Plug Uglies. If there had been any voting on the subject, the plan to follow the straight road to Washington would have been accepted by acclamation. But the higher powers deemed that "the longest way round was the shortest way home," and no doubt their decision was wise. The event proved it.

At two o'clock came the word to fall in. We handled our howitzers again, and marched down Jefferson Avenue to the steamer "Boston" to embark.

To embark for what port? For Washington, of course, finally; but by what route? That was to remain in doubt to us privates for a day or two.

The "Boston" is a steamer of the outside line from Philadelphia to New York. She just held our legion. We tramped on board and were allotted about the craft from the top to the bottom story. We took tents, traps, and grub on board, and steamed away down the Delaware in the sweet afternoon of April. If ever the heavens smiled fair weather on any campaign, they have done so on ours.

THE "BOSTON"

Soldiers on shipboard are proverbially fish out of water. We could not be called by the good old nickname of "lobsters" by the crew. Our gray jackets saved the sobriquet. But we floundered about the crowded vessel like boiling victims in a

New York Seventh Regiment

pot. At last we found our places, and laid ourselves about the decks to tan or bronze or burn scarlet, according to complexion. There were plenty of cheeks of lobster-hue before next evening on the "Boston."

A thousand young fellows turned loose on ship-board were sure to make themselves merry. Let the reader imagine that. We were like any other excursionists, except that the stacks of bright guns were always present to remind us of our errand, and regular guard-mounting and drill went on all the time. The young citizens growled or laughed at the minor hardships of the hasty outfit, and toughened rapidly to business.

Sunday, the 21st, was a long and somewhat anxious day. While we were bowling along in the sweet sunshine and sweeter moonlight of the halcyon time, Uncle Sam might be dethroned by somebody in buckram, or Baltimore burned by the boys from Lynn and Marblehead, revenging the massacre of their fellows. Every one begins to comprehend the fiery eagerness of men who live in historic times. "I wish I had control of chain-lightning for a few minutes," says O., the droll fellow of our company. "I'd make it come thick and heavy and knock spots out of secession."

At early dawn of Monday the 22d, after feeling along slowly all night, we see the harbor of Annapolis. A frigate with sails unbent lies at anchor. She flies the Stars and Stripes. Hurrah!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

A large steamboat is aground further in. As soon as we can see anything, we catch the glitter of bayonets on board.

By and by boats come off, and we get news that the steamer is the "Maryland," a ferry-boat of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad. The Massachusetts Eighth Regiment had been just in time to seize her on the north side of the Chesapeake. They learned that she was to be carried off by the crew and leave them blockaded. So they shot their Zouaves ahead as skirmishers. The fine fellows rattled on board and before the steamboat had time to take a turn or open a valve, she was held by Massachusetts in trust for Uncle Sam. Hurrah for the most important prize thus far in the war! It probably saved the "Constitution," "Old Ironsides," from capture by the traitors. It probably saved Annapolis and kept Maryland open without bloodshed.

As soon as the Massachusetts Regiment had made prize of the ferry-boat, a call was made for engineers to run her. Some twenty men at once stepped to the front. We of the New York Seventh afterward concluded that whatever was needed in the way of skill or handicraft could be found among those brother Yankees. They were the men to make armies of: they could tailor for themselves, shoe themselves, do their own blacksmithing, gunsmithing, and all other work that calls for sturdy arms and nimble fingers. In fact, I have such profound confidence in the univer-

New York Seventh Regiment

sal accomplishment of the Massachusetts Eighth that I have no doubt, if the order were: "Poets to the front!" "Painters present arms!" "Sculptors charge bayonets!" a baker's dozen out of every company would respond.

Well, to go on with their story—when they had taken their prize, they drove her straight downstream to Annapolis, the nearest point to Washington. There they found the Naval Academy in danger of attack, and "Old Ironsides," serving as a practice ship for the future midshipmen, also exposed. The call was now for seamen to man the old craft and save her from a worse enemy than her prototype met in the "Guerriere." Seamen? Of course! They were Marblehead men, Gloucester men, Beverly men, seamen all, *par excellence!* They clapped on the frigate to aid the middies, and by and by started her out into the stream.

In doing this their own pilot took the chance to run them purposely on a shoal in the intricate channel. A great error of judgment on his part! As he perceived, when he found himself in irons and in confinement. "The days of trifling with traitors are over!" think the Eighth Regiment of Massachusetts.

But there they were, hard and fast on the shoal, when we came up. Nothing to nibble on but knobs of anthracite. Nothing to sleep on softer or cleaner than coal dust. Nothing to drink but the brackish

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water under their keel. "Rather rough!" as they afterward patiently told us.

Meantime the "Constitution" had got hold of a tug, and was making her way to an anchorage where her guns commanded everything and everybody. Good and true men chuckled greatly over this. The Stars and Stripes also were still up at the fort at the Naval Academy.

Our dread, that, while we were off at sea, some great and perhaps fatal harm had been suffered, was greatly lightened by these good omens. If Annapolis was safe, why not Washington safe also? If treachery had got head at the Capital, would not treachery have reached out its hand and snatched this doorway? These were our speculations as we began to discern objects, before we heard news.

But news came presently. Boats pulled off to us. Our officers were put into communication with the shore. The scanty facts of our position became known from man to man. We privates have greatly the advantage in battling with the doubt of such a time. We know that we have nothing to do with rumors. Orders are what we go by. And orders are facts.

We lay a long, lingering day off Annapolis. The air was full of doubt, and we were eager to be let loose. All this while the "Maryland" stuck fast on the bar. We could see them, half a mile off, making every effort to lighten her. The soldiers tramped forward and aft, danced on her decks, shot over-

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board a heavy baggage truck. We saw them start the truck for the stern with a cheer. It crashed down. One end stuck in the mud. The other fell back and rested on the boat. They went at it with axes and presently it was clear.

As the tide rose, we gave our grounded friends a lift with a hawser. No go! The "Boston" tugged in vain. We got near enough to see the whites of the Massachusetts' eyes, and their unlucky faces and uniforms all grimy with their lodgings in the coal-dust. They could not have been blacker if they had been breathing battle-smoke and dust all day. That experience was clear gain to them.

By and by, greatly to the delight of the impatient Seventh, the "Boston" was headed for shore. Never speak ill of the beast you bestraddle! Therefore *requiescat* "Boston!" May her ribs lie on soft sand when she goes to pieces! May her engines be cut up into bracelets for the arms of the patriotic fair! Good-by to her, dear old, close, dirty, slow coach! She served her country well in a moment of trial. Who knows but she saved it? It was a race to see who should get first to Washington—and we and the Virginia mob, in alliance with the District mob, were perhaps nip and tuck for the goal.

ANNAPOLIS

So the Seventh Regiment landed and took Annapolis. We were the first troops ashore.

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The middies of the Naval Academy no doubt believe that they had their quarters secure. The Massachusetts boys are satisfied that they first took the town in charge. And so they did.

But the Seventh took it a little more. Not, of course, from its loyal men, but for its loyal men—for loyal Maryland and for the Union.

Has anybody seen Annapolis? It is a picturesque old place, sleepy enough, and astonished to find itself wide-awake by a war and obliged to take responsibility and share for good and ill in the movement of its time. The buildings of the Naval Academy stand parallel with the River Severn, with a green plateau toward the water and a lovely green lawn toward the town. All the scene was fresh and fair with April, and I fancied, as the "Boston" touched the wharf, that I discerned the sweet fragrance of apple-blossoms coming with the spring-time airs.

I hope that the companies of the Seventh, should the day arrive, will charge upon horrid batteries or serried ranks with as much alacrity as they marched ashore on the greensward of the Naval Academy. We disembarked, and were halted in line between the buildings and the river.

Presently, while we stood at ease, people began to arrive—some with smallish fruit to sell, some with smaller news to give. Nobody knew whether Washington was taken. Nobody knew whether Jeff.

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Davis was now spitting in the presidential spittoon, and scribbling his distiches with the nib of the presidential goose-quill. We were absolutely in doubt whether a seemingly inoffensive knot of rustics, on a mound without the inclosure, might not, at a tap of drum, unmask a battery of giant columbiads, and belch blazes at us, raking our line.

Nothing so entertaining happened. It was a parade, not a battle. At sunset our band played sweet strains enough to pacify all Secession, if Secession had music in its soul. Coffee, hot from the coppers of the Naval School, and biscuit were served out to us; and while we supped, we talked with our visitors, such as were allowed to approach.

First the boys of the school—fine little blue-jackets—had their story to tell.

“Do you see that white farmhouse across the river?” says a brave pygmy of a chap in navy uniform. “That is headquarters for Secession. They were going to take the school from us, sir, and the frigate; but we’ve got ahead of ’em and the Massachusetts boys have come down”—and he twinkled all over with delight. “We can’t study any more. We are on guard all the time. We’ve got howitzers too, and we’d like you to see, to-morrow, on drill, how we can handle ’em. One of their boats came by our sentry last night,” (a sentry probably five feet high) “and he blazed away, sir. So they thought they wouldn’t try us that time.”

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It was plain that these young souls had been well tried by the treachery about them. They, too, had felt the pang of the disloyalty of comrades. Nearly a hundred of the boys had been spoiled by the base example of their elders in the repudiating States, and had resigned.

After the middies, came anxious citizens from the town. Scared, all of them. Now that we were come and assured them that persons and property were to be protected, they ventured to speak of the disgusting tyranny to which they, American citizens, had been subjected. We came into contact here with utter social anarchy. No man, unless he was ready to risk assault, loss of property, exile, dared to act or talk like a freeman. "This great wrong must be righted," think the Seventh Regiment, as one man. So we tried to reassure the Annapolitans that we meant to do our duty as the nation's armed police, and mob-law was to be put down so far as we could do it.

Here, too, voices of war met us. The country was stirred up. If the rural population did not give us a bastard imitation of Lexington and Concord, as we tried to gain Washington, all Pluguglydom would treat us *à la* Plugugly somewhere near the junction of the Annapolis and Baltimore and Washington Railroad. The Seventh must be ready to shoot.

At dusk we were marched up to the Academy and quartered about in the buildings—some in the fort,

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some in the recitation halls. We lay down on our blankets and knapsacks. Up to this time our sleep and diet had been severely scanty.

We stayed all next day at Annapolis. The "Boston" brought the Massachusetts Eighth ashore that night. Poor fellows! what a figure they cut, when we found them bivouacked on the Academy grounds next morning. To begin; they had come off in hot patriotic haste, half-uniformed and half-outfitted. Finding that Baltimore had been taken by its own loafers and traitors, and that the Chesapeake ferry was impracticable, had obliged them to change line of march. They were out of grub. They were parched dry for want of water on the ferry-boat. Nobody could decipher Caucasian, much less Bunker-Hill Yankee, in their grimy visages.

But hungry, thirsty, grimy, these fellows were GRIT.

Massachusetts ought to be proud of such hardy, cheerful, faithful sons.

We of the Seventh are proud, for our part, that it was our privilege to share our rations with them, and to begin a fraternization which grows closer every day, and will be *historical*.

But I must make a shorter story. We drilled and were reviewed that morning on the Academy parade. In the afternoon the Naval School paraded their last before they gave up their barracks to the coming soldiery. So ended the 23d of April.

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Midnight 24th. We were rattled up by an alarm—perhaps a sham one, to keep us awake and lively. In a moment, the whole regiment was in order of battle in the moonlight on the parade. It was a most brilliant spectacle, as company after company rushed forward, with rifles glittering, to take their places in the array.

After this pretty spirit, we were rationed with pork, beef and bread for three days, and ordered to be ready to march on the instant.

WHAT THE MASSACHUSETTS EIGHTH HAD BEEN DOING

Meantime General Butler's command, the Massachusetts Eighth, had been busy knocking disorder in the head.

Presently after their landing, and before they were refreshed, they pushed companies out to occupy the railroad track beyond the town.

They found it torn up. No doubt the scamps who did the shabby job fancied that there would be no more travel that way until strawberry-time. They fancied the Yankees would sit down on the fences and begin to whittle white-oak toothpicks, darning the rebels, through their noses, meanwhile.

I know these men of the Eighth can whittle, and I presume they can say "darn it," if occasion requires; but just now track-laying was the business on hand.

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"Wanted, experienced track-layers!" was the word along the files.

All at once the line of the road became densely populated with experienced track-layers fresh from Massachusetts.

Presto change! the rails were relaid, spiked, and the roadway levelled and better ballasted than any road I ever saw south of Mason and Dixon's line. "We must leave a good job for these folks to model after," say the Massachusetts Eighth.

A track without a train is as useless as a gun without a man. Train and engine must be had. "Uncle Sam's mails and troops cannot be stopped another minute," our energetic friends conclude. So—the railroad company's people being either frightened or false—in marches Massachusetts to the station. "We, the people of the United States, want rolling stock for the use of the Union," they said, or words to that effect.

The engine—a frowzy machine at the best—had been purposely disabled.

Here appeared the *deus ex machina*, Charles Homans, Beverly-Light Guard, Company E, Eighth Massachusetts Regiment.

That is the man, name and titles in full, and he deserves well of his country.

He took a quiet squint at the engine—it was as helpless as a boned turkey—and he found "Charles Homans, his mark" written all over it.

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The old rattletrap was an old friend. Charles Homans had had a share in building it. The machine and the man said "How d'y' do?" at once. Homans called for a gang of engine-builders. Of course they swarmed out of the ranks. They passed their hands over the locomotive a few times, and presently it was ready to whistle and wheeze and rumble and gallop, as if no traitor had tried to steal the go and the music out of it.

This had all been done during the afternoon of the 23d. During the night, the renovated engine was kept cruising up and down the track to keep all clear. Guards of the Eighth were also posted to protect passage.

Our commander had, I presume, been co-operating with General Butler in this business. The Naval Academy authorities had given us every despatch and assistance, and the middies, frank personal hospitality. The day was halcyon, the grass was green and soft, the apple trees were just in blossom: it was a day to be remembered.

Many of us will remember it, and show the marks of it for months, as the day we had our heads cropped. By evening there was hardly one poll in the Seventh tenable by anybody's grip. Most sat in the shade and were shorn by a barber. A few were honored with a clip by the artist hand of the *petit caporal* of our Engineer Company.

While I rattle off these trifling details, let me not

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fail to call attention to the grave service done by our regiment, by its arrival, at the nick of time, at Annapolis. No clearer special Providence could have happened. The country-people of the traitor sort were aroused. Baltimore and its mob were but two hours away. The "Constitution" had been hauled out of reach of a rush by the Massachusetts men—first on the ground—but was half-manned and not fully secure. And there lay the "Maryland," helpless on the shoal, with six or seven hundred souls on board, so near the shore that the late Captain Rynder's gun could have sunk her from some ambush.

Yes; the Seventh Regiment at Annapolis was the Right Man in the Right Place!

OUR MORNING MARCH

Reveille. As nobody pronounces this word *à la française*, as everybody calls it "Revelee," why not drop it as an affectation, and translate it the "Stir your stumps," the "Peel your eyes," the "Tumble up," or literally the "Wake"?

Our snorers had kept up this call so lustily since midnight, that, when the drums sounded it, we were all ready.

The Sixth and Seventh Companies under Captain Nevers, are detached to lead the van. I see my brother Billy march off with the Sixth, in the dusk, half moonlight, half dawn, and hope that no beggar of a Secessionist will get a pat shot at him, by the road-

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side, without his getting a chance to let fly in return. Such little possibilities intensify the earnest detestation we feel for the treasons we come to resist and to punish. There will be some bitter work done, if we get to blows in this war—this needless, reckless, brutal assault upon the mildest of all governments.

Before the main body of the regiment marches, we learn that the "Baltic" and other transports came in last night with troops from New York and New England, enough to hold Annapolis against a square league of Plug Uglies. We do not go on without having our rear protected and our communications open. It is strange to be compelled to think of these things in peaceful America. But we really knew little more of the country before us than Cortés knew of Mexico. I have since learned from a high official, that thirteen different messengers were despatched from Washington in the interval of anxiety while the Seventh was not forthcoming, and only one got through.

At half-past seven we take up our line of march, pass out of the charming grounds of the Academy, and move through the quiet, rusty, picturesque old town. It has a romantic dulness—Annapolis—which deserves a parting compliment.

Although we deem ourselves a fine-looking set, although our belts are blanchèd with pipe-clay and our rifles shine sharp in the sun, yet the townspeople stare at us in a dismal silence. They have already

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the air of men quelled by a despotism. None can trust his neighbor. If he dares to be loyal, he must take his life into his hands. Most would be loyal, if they dared. But the system of society which has ended in this present chaos has gradually eliminated the bravest and best men. They have gone in search of Freedom and Prosperity; and now the bullies cow the weaker brothers. "There must be an end of this mean tyranny," think the Seventh, as they march through old Annapolis and see how sick the town is through doubt and alarm.

Outside the town, we strike the railroad and move along, the howitzers in front, bouncing over the sleepers. When our line is fully disengaged from the town, we halt.

Here the scene is beautiful. The van rests upon a high embankment, with a pool surrounded by pine-trees on the right, green fields on the left. Cattle are feeding quietly about. The air sings with birds. The chestnut leaves sparkle. Frogs whistle in the warm spring morning. The regiment groups itself along the bank and the cutting. Several Marylanders of the half-price age—under twelve—come gaping up to see us harmless invaders. Each of these young gentry is armed with a dead spring frog, perhaps by way of tribute. And here—hallo! here comes Horace Greeley in propria persona! He marches through our groups with the Greeley walk, the Greeley hat on the back of his head, the Greeley

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white coat on his shoulders, his trousers much too short, and an absorbed, abstracted demeanor. Can it be Horace reporting for himself? No; this is a Maryland production and disposed to be a little bit sulky.

After a few minutes' halt we hear the whistle of the engine. This machine is also an historic character in the war.

Remember it! "J. H. Nicholson" is its name. Charles Homans drives, and on either side stands a sentry with fixed bayonet. New spectacles for America! But it is grand to know that the bayonets are to protect, not to assail, Liberty and Law.

The train leads off. We follow, by the track. Presently the train returns. We pass it and trudge on in light marching order, carrying arms, blankets, haversacks, and canteens. Our knapsacks are upon the train.

Fortunate for our backs that they do not have to bear any more burden! For the day grows sultry. It is one of those breathless baking days that brew thunder-gusts. We march on for some four miles, when, coming upon the guards of the Massachusetts Eighth, our howitzer is ordered to fall out and wait for the train. With a comrade of the Artillery, I am placed on guard over it.

ON GUARD WITH HOWITZER NO. 2

Henry Bonnell is my fellow-sentry. He, like my-

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self, is an old campaigner in such campaigns as our generation has known. So we talk California, Oregon, Indian life, the Plains, keeping our eyes peeled meanwhile, and ranging the country. Men that will tear up track are quite capable of picking off a sentry. A giant chestnut gives us little dots of shade from its pygmy leaves. The country about us is open and newly plowed. Some of the worm-fences are new, and ten rails high; but the farming is careless, and the soil thin.

Two of the Massachusetts men come back to the gun while we are standing there. One is my friend Stephen Morris, of Marblehead, Sutton Light Infantry. I had shared my breakfast yesterday with Stephe. So we refraternize.

His business is: "I make shoes in winter and fishin' in summer." He gives me a few facts—suspicious persons seen about the track, men on horseback in the distance. One of the Massachusetts guard last night challenged his captain. Captain replied: "Officer of the night." Whereupon, says Stephe, "The recruit let squizzle and jest missed his ear." He then related to me the incident of the railroad station. "The first thing they know'd," says he, "we bit right into the depot and took charge." "I don't mind," Stephe remarked—"I don't mind life, nor yit death; but whenever I see a Massachusetts boy I stick by him, and if them Secessionists attack us to-night, or any other time, they'll get in debt."

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Whistle, again! and the train appears. We are ordered to ship our howitzer on a platform car. The engine pushes us on. This train brings our light baggage and the rear-guard.

A hundred yards further on is a delicious fresh spring below the bank. While the train halts, Stephe Morris rushes down to fill my canteen. "This a'n't like Marblehead," says Stephe, panting up; "but a man that can shin up *them* rocks can git right over *this* sand."

The train goes slowly on as a rickety train should. At intervals we see the fresh spots of track just laid by our Yankee friends. Near the sixth mile, we began to overtake hot and uncomfortable squads of our fellows. The unseasonable heat of this most breathless day was too much for many of the younger men, unaccustomed to rough work, and weakened by want of sleep and irregular food in our hurried movements thus far.

Charles Homans' private carriage was, however, ready to pick up tired men, thirsty men, men with corns, or men with blisters. They tumbled into the train in considerable numbers.

An enemy that dared could have made a moderate bag of stragglers at this time. But they would not have been allowed to straggle if any enemy had been about. By this time we were convinced that no attack was to be expected in this part of the way.

The main body of the regiment, under Major

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Shaler, a tall, soldierly fellow with a mustache of the fighting color, tramped on their own pins to the watering-place, eight miles or so from Annapolis. There troops and train came to a halt, with the news that a bridge over a country road was broken a mile further on.

It had been distinctly insisted upon, in the usual southern style, that we were not to be allowed to pass through Maryland, and that we were to be "welcomed to hospitable graves." The broken bridge was a capital spot for a skirmish. Why not look for it here?

We looked, but got nothing. The rascals could skulk about by night, tear up rails, and hide them where they might be found by a man with half an eye, or half-destroy a bridge; but there was no shoot in them. They have not faith enough in their cause to risk their lives for it, even behind a tree or from one of these thickets, choice spots for ambush.

So we had no battle there, but a battle of the elements. The volcanic heat of the morning was followed by a furious storm of wind and a smart shower. The regiment wrapped themselves in their blankets and took their wetting with more or less satisfaction. They were receiving samples of all the different little miseries of a campaign.

And here let me say a word to my fellow-volunteers, actual and prospective, in all the armies of all the States:

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A soldier needs besides his soldierly drill:

1. Good Feet.

2. A good Stomach.

3. And after these come the good Head and the good Heart.

But Good Feet are distinctly the first thing. Without them you cannot get to your duty. If a comrade, or a horse, or a locomotive, takes you on its back to the field, you are useless there. And when the field is lost, you cannot retire, run away, and save your bacon.

Good shoes and plenty of walking make good feet. A man who pretends to belong to an infantry company ought always to keep himself in training, so that any moment he can march twenty or thirty miles without feeling a pang or raising a blister. Was this the case with even a decimation of the army who rushed to defend Washington. Were you so trained, my comrades of the Seventh?

A captain of a company, who will let his men march with such shoes as I have seen on the feet of some poor fellows in this war, ought to be garroted with shoe-strings, or at least compelled to play Pope and wash the feet of the whole army of the Apostle of Liberty.

If you find a foot-soldier lying beat out by the roadside, desperate as a sea-sick man, five to one his heels are too high, or his soles too narrow or too thin, or his shoe is not made straight on the inside, so

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that the great toe can spread into its place as he treads.

I am an old walker over Alps across the water, and over Cordilleras, Sierras, deserts and prairies at home; I have done my near sixty miles a day without discomfort—and speaking from large experience, and with painful recollections of the suffering and death I have known for want of good feet on the march, I say to every volunteer: Trust in God; BUT KEEP YOUR SHOES EASY!

THE BRIDGE

When the frenzy of the brief tempest was over, it began to be a question: "What to do about the broken bridge?" The gap was narrow; but even Charles Homans could not promise to leap the "J. H. Nicholson" over it. Who was to be our Julius Cæsar in bridge-building? Who but Sergeant Scott, armorer of the Regiment, with my fellow-sentry of the morning, Bonnell, as First Assistant?

Scott called for a working party. There were plenty of handy fellows among our engineers and in the line. Tools were plenty in the engineer's chest. We pushed the platform car upon which howitzer No. 1 was mounted down to the gap, and began operations.

"I wish," says the *petit caporal* of the Engineer Company, patting his howitzer gently on the back,

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“that I could get this putty-blower pointed at the enemy, while you fellows are bridge-building.”

The inefficient destructives of Maryland had only half spoiled the bridge. Some of the old timber could be used—and for new ones, there was the forest.

Scott and his party made a good and a quick job of it. Our friends of the Massachusetts Eighth had now come up. They lent a ready hand as usual. The sun set brilliantly. By twilight there was a practicable bridge. The engine was despatched back to keep the road open. The two platform cars, freighted with our howitzers, were rigged with the gun-ropes for dragging along the rail. We passed through the files of the Massachusetts men, resting by the way, and eating by the fires of the evening the suppers we had in great part provided them; and so begins our night march.

THE NIGHT MARCH

O Gottschalk! what a poetic *Marche de Nuit* we then began to play, with our heels and toes, on the railroad track!

It was full moonlight and the night inexpressibly sweet and serene. The air was cool and vivified by the gust and shower of the afternoon. Fresh spring was in every breath. Our fellows had forgotten that this morning they were hot and disgusted. Every one hugged his rifle as if it were the arm of the girl

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of his heart, and stepped out gayly for the promenade. Tired or foot-sore men, or even lazy ones, could mount upon the two freight-cars we were using for artillery-wagons. There were stout arms enough to tow the whole.

The scouts went ahead under First Lieutenant Farnham of the Second Company. We were at school together—I am afraid to say how many years ago. He is just the same cool, dry, shrewd fellow he was as a boy, and a most efficient officer.

It was an original kind of march. I suppose a battery of howitzers never before found itself mounted on cars, ready to open fire at once and bang away into the offing with shrapnel or into the bushes with canister. Our line extended a half mile along the track. It was beautiful to stand upon the bank above a cutting and watch the files strike from the shadow of a wood into a broad flame of moonlight, every rifle sparkling up alert as it came forward. A beautiful sight to see the barrels writing themselves upon the dimness, each a silver flash.

By and by, "Halt!" came, repeated along from the front, company after company. "Halt! a rail gone."

It was found without difficulty. The imbeciles who took it up probably supposed we would not wish to wet our feet by searching for it in the dewy grass of the next field. With incredible doltishness they had also left the chairs and spikes beside the track.

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Bonnell took hold, and in a few minutes had the rail in place and firm enough to pass the engine. Remember, we were not only hurrying on to succor Washington, but opening the only convenient and practicable route between it and the loyal States.

A little further on, we came to a village—a rare sight in this scantily-peopled region. Here Sergeant Keeler, of our company, the tallest man in the regiment and one of the handiest, suggested that we should tear up the rails at a turn-out by the station, and so be prepared for chances. So “Out crowbars” was the word. We tore up and bagged half a dozen rails, with chairs and spikes complete. Here, too, some of the engineers found a keg of spikes. This was also bagged and loaded on our cars. We fought the chaps with their own weapons, since they would not meet us with ours.

These things made delay, and by and by there was a long halt, while the Colonel communicated, by orders sounded along the line, with the engine. Homans’ drag was hard after us bringing our knapsacks and traps.

After I had admired for some time the beauty of our moonlit line, and listened to the orders as they grew or died along the distance, I began to want excitement. Bonnell suggested that he and I should scout up the road and see if any rails were wanting. We travelled along into the quiet night.

A mile ahead of the line we suddenly caught the

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gleam of a rifle-barrel. "Who goes there?" one of our own scouts challenged smartly.

We had arrived at the nick of time. Three rails were up. Two of them were easily found. The third was discovered by beating the bush thoroughly. Bonnell and I ran back for tools, and returning at full trot with crowbar and sledge on our shoulders. There were plenty of willing hands to help—too many, indeed—and with the aid of a huge Massachusetts man we soon had the rail in place.

From this time on we were constantly interrupted. Not a half-mile passed without a rail up. Bonnell was always at the front laying track, and I am proud to say that he accepted me as aide-de-camp. Other fellows, unknown to me in the dark, gave hearty help. The Seventh showed that it could do something else than drill.

At one spot, on a high embankment over standing water, the rail was gone, sunk probably. Here we tried our rails brought from the turn-out. They were too short. We supplemented by a length of plank from our stores. We rolled our cars carefully over. They passed safe. But Homans shook his head. He could not venture a locomotive on that frail stuff. So we lost the society of the "J. H. Nicholson." Next day the Massachusetts commander called for some one to dive in the pool for the lost rail. Plump into the water went a little wiry chap and grappled the rail. "When I come up," says

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the brave fellow afterward to me, "our officer out with a twenty-dollar gold piece and wanted me to take it. 'That a'n't what I come for,' says I. 'Take it,' says he, 'and share with the others.' 'That a'n't what they come for,' says I. But I took a big cold," the diver continued, "and I'm condemned hoarse yit"—which was the fact.

Further on we found a whole length of track torn up, on both sides, sleepers and all, and the same thing repeated with alternations of breaks of single rails. Our howitzer-ropes came into play to hoist and haul. We were not going to be stopped.

But it was becoming a *Noche Triste* to some of our companions. We had now marched some sixteen miles. The distance was trifling. But the men had been on their legs pretty much all day and night. Hardly any one had had any full or substantial meal or sleep since we started from New York. They napped off, standing, leaning on their guns, dropping down in their tracks on the wet ground at every halt. They were sleepy, but plucky. As we passed through deep cuttings, places, as it were, built for defence, there was a general desire that the tedium of the night should be relieved by a shindy.

During the whole night, I saw our officers moving about the line, doing their duty vigorously, despite exhaustion, hunger, and sleeplessness.

About midnight our friends of the Eighth had joined us, and our whole little army straggled on to-

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gether. I find that I have been rather understating the troubles of the march. It seems impossible that such difficulty could be encountered within twenty miles of the capital of our nation. But we were making a rush to put ourselves in that capital, and we could not proceed in the slow, systematic way of an advancing army. We must take the risk and stand the suffering, whatever it was. So the Seventh Regiment went through the bloodless *Noche Triste*.

MORNING

At last we issued from the damp woods, two miles below the railroad junction. Here was an extensive farm. Our vanguard had halted and borrowed a few rails to make fires. These were, of course, carefully paid for at their proprietor's own price. The fires were bright in the gray dawn. About them the whole regiment was now halted. The men tumbled down to catch forty winks. Some, who were hungrier for food than for sleep, went off foraging among the farm-houses. They returned with appetizing legends of hot breakfasts in hospitable abodes, or scant fare given grudgingly in hostile ones. All meals, however, were paid for.

Here, as at other halts below, the country-people came up to talk to us. The traitors could easily be distinguished by their insolence disguised as obsequiousness. The loyal men were still timid, but more hopeful at last. All were very lavish with the

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monosyllable, sir. It was an odd coincidence, that the vanguard, halting off at a farm in the morning, found it deserted for the moment by its tenants, and protected only by an engraved portrait of our (former) Colonel Duryea, serenely smiling over the mantelpiece.

From this point, the railroad was pretty much all gone. But we were warmed and refreshed by a nap and a bite, and besides, had daylight and open country.

We put our guns on their own wheels, all dropped into ranks as if on parade, and marched the last two miles to the station. We still had no actual information. Until we actually saw the train awaiting us, and the Washington companies, who had come down to escort us, drawn up, we did not know whether our Uncle Sam was still a resident of the capital.

We packed into the train and rolled away to Washington.

WASHINGTON

We marched up to the White House, showed ourselves to the President, made our bow to him as our host, and then marched up to the Capitol, our grand lodgings.

There we are now, quartered in the Representatives Chamber.

And here I must hastily end this first sketch of

The High Tide at Gettysburg

the Great Defence. May it continue to be as firm and faithful as it is this day!

I have scribbled my story with a thousand men stirring about me. If any of my sentences miss their aim, accuse my comrades and the bewilderment of this martial crowd. For here are four or five thousand others on the same business as ourselves, and drums are beating, guns are clanking, companies are tramping, all the while. Our friends of the Eighth Massachusetts are quartered under the dome, and cheer us whenever we pass.

Desks marked John Covode, John Cochran, and Anson Burlingame, have allowed me to use them as I wrote.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Great Men and Famous Deeds

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

The High Tide at Gettysburg

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

Great Men and Famous Deeds

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—*Will Henry Thompson*

ADDRESS AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent a new nation,
conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposi-
tion that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing

Address at Gettysburg

whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN—At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation.

Second Inaugural Address

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

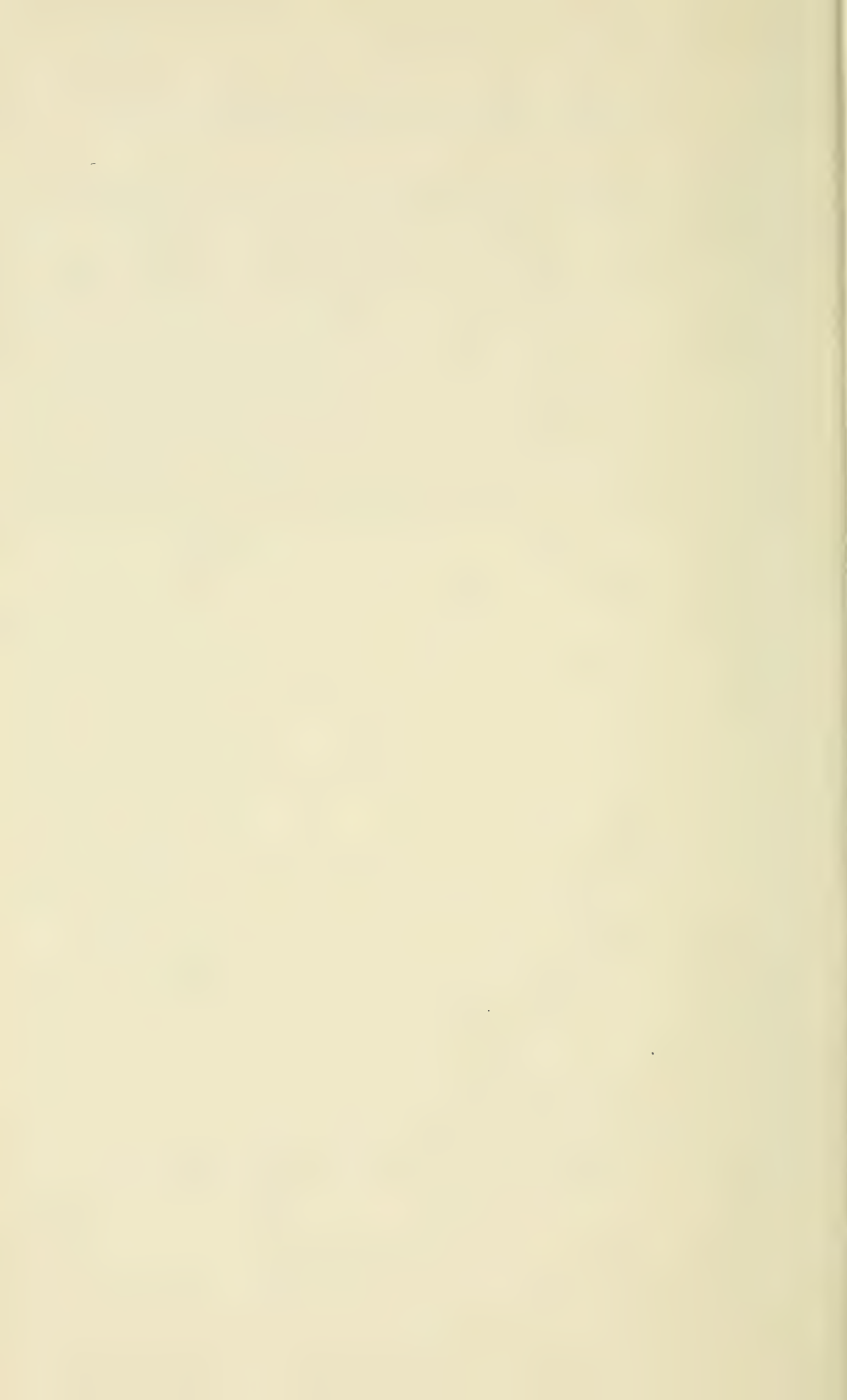
Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental than astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be

Great Men and Famous Deeds

that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.





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